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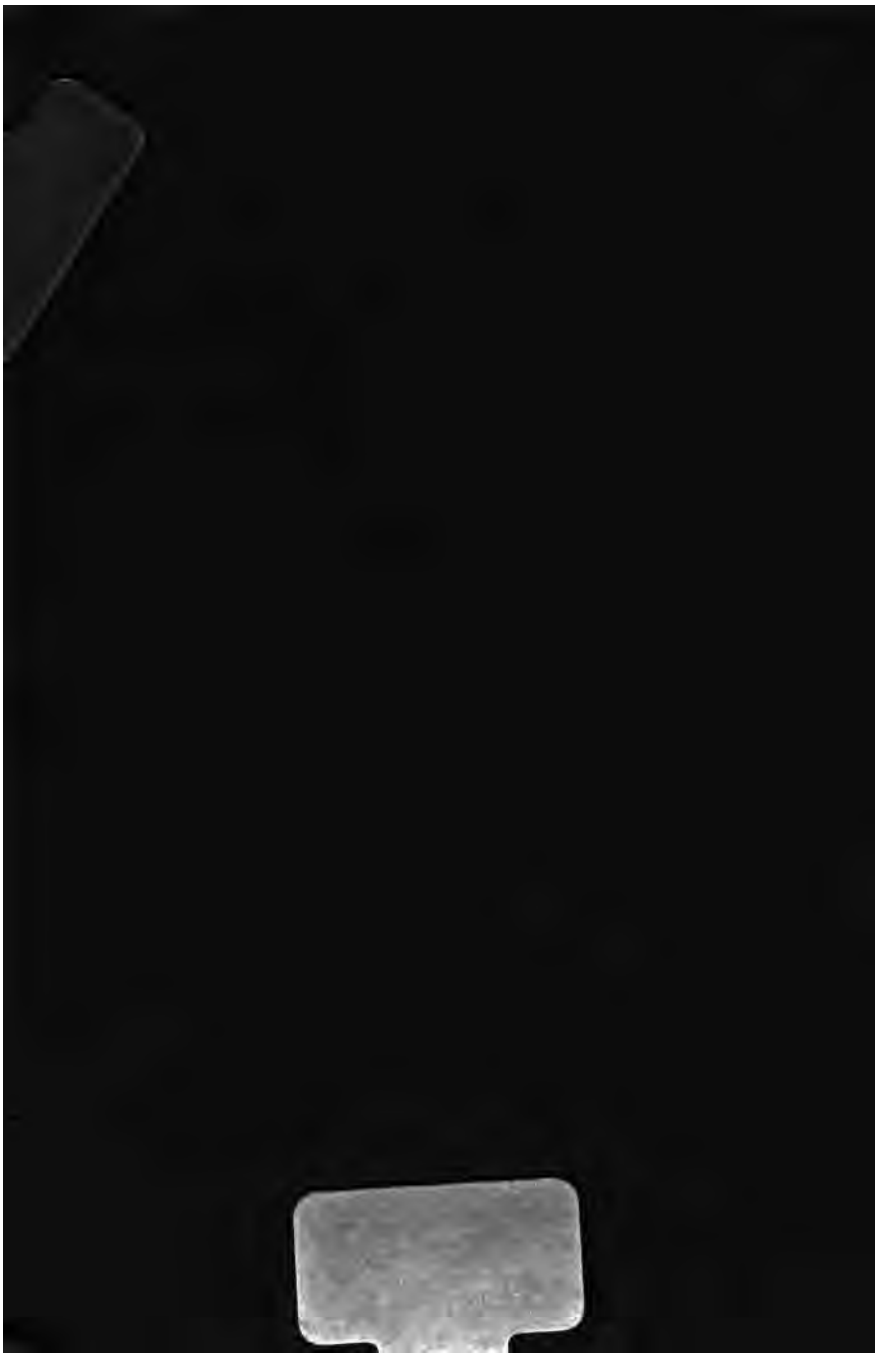


THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

VOL. III.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY:

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH

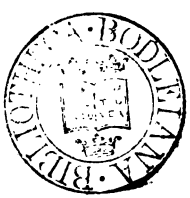
THE POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

G. OSBORN, D.D.

VOLUME III.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

In preparing this Volume it has been found needful to deviate, to some extent, from the chronological order of the several publications reprinted; and as a similar necessity will probably arise again, it is noticed here once for all. The deviation, however, is but slight; and as fac-simile titles are given wherever practicable, the means of correcting it are supplied. Some of the original wood-cuts have been reproduced as matters of curiosity, or helps to identify particular editions; but no valuable end would be answered by reproducing all. One or two archaisms will be found in this, as in former volumes, and one or two words employed in an unusual sense, which it has not been deemed right to correct, or to encumber the page by pointing out in a note. While the Editor is duly sensible of the kindness which leads some of his readers to ask for more frequent annotations, he is unwilling to intrude on the province of any Commentator who may either now, or at a future period, employ himself upon these volumes.

Richmond, Surrey.
March 22, 1869.

HYMNS

ON

GOD'S Everlasting Love.

PREFATORY NOTE.

"HYMNS ON GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE" is the title of two tracts, which, though they have been three times reprinted together, were originally separate publications; one of which was printed at London, and the other at Bristol, but both in the year 1741. Two or three of these hymns first appeared in the volume of "Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1740," but were afterwards transferred to one of these publications, and not reprinted elsewhere. About that time the United Societies were much disturbed by the predestinarian controversy. Having been originally constituted not on a doctrinal but an experimental basis, only one condition of admission was laid down,—viz., a desire on the part of those who joined them to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins. Members were left at liberty to attend their several places of worship, and to hold their peculiar opinions, on the understanding that they should not make them subjects of contention. By whom that understanding was first violated we have not now the means of ascertaining with exactness; but in Mr. Charles Wesley's Journal (vol. i., p. 155) there is mention of disputes on the subject as early as June 1739; and a year after-

wards a member of the Society in London was excluded because he insisted on disputing on election and reprobation wherever he was: he then predicted that on his dismissal all would be in confusion in a fortnight. (Wesley's Works, vol. i., p. 274.) A few weeks afterwards the differences between Wesley and the English Moravians rendered it necessary to occupy separate places of meeting, and he betook himself to the Foundery, commencing his services there on the 23d of July. The excitement connected with these transactions may have prevented the predestinarian disputes from being very actively carried on in London at that time, but in Bristol and South Wales they ran high. Mr. Cennick, after having publicly avowed his agreement with the Wesleys as to the extent of redemption, within a short time entirely changed his opinions; and as he persisted in preaching Calvinism, was excluded from the pulpit at Kingswood, and afterwards formed a separate Society. The proverbial zeal of new converts was sadly exemplified in this good but weak man, who imbued his adherents with his own spirit, and sought, by a secret correspondence, to sow discord between the Wesleys and Whitefield. Charles Wesley's journal furnishes several melancholy illustrations of the bitterness of his opponents at Bristol, where he spent most of his time in the latter end of the year 1740. He was contradicted in preaching, and bitterly cursed in the street. One "poor creature" even called for damnation on his own soul if Christ died for all, and more than one burnt the tracts that were distributed in defence of General Redemption.

The Wesleys had bestowed much kindness on Cennick; but his alienation from them, though very

painful, did not inflict so deep a wound as that of their early friend Whitefield. His intercourse with Presbyterians in America, Cennick's letters, and his theological reading, all combined to widen the distance between this saintly man and unrivalled orator, and the Wesleys; and on his return from America in 1741 he felt it to be his duty to preach against them, even when he occupied their own pulpit at the Foundery, and Charles Wesley sat by his side. He doubtless considered it much more his duty to bear the same testimony in places where he was under no such conventional restraints. Accordingly, in the Tabernacle and elsewhere among his own people he, after some hesitation, renounced fellowship with the advocates of General Redemption as enemies to the Gospel. (Wesley's Works, vol. i., p. 305.)

Under these circumstances, the "Hymns" now brought before the reader were composed. The defection of old friends and fellow-labourers, and the ignorant virulence of some of them, had touched the writers to the quick. It seemed as though the work of God entrusted to their care was to be overthrown by disputes and contentions about matters which confessedly are not of fundamental importance. Was it surprising that they threw their whole souls into the defence of the truth, as they had aforetime into its propagation? Would it not have been strange had they failed to do so? According to the urgency of the crisis was the extent of their labour. They preached twice daily: they plied the press. Wesley's sermon on Free Grace, with a long poem appended, was published in 1740. Tracts extracted from Dr. Watts and others followed in quick succession, and were

dispersed in large numbers. (Works, vol. xii., p. 107.) In the same year there appeared "A Dialogue between a Predestinarian and his Friend," in which all that the Calvinist interlocutor says is quoted from Calvin, Beza, Piscator, and other authors, and references subjoined to every quotation. But the "Hymns" were the great weapons of this warfare. Forcible, earnest, and ingenious, they admitted of no easy reply. The Christian temper of the writers is observable throughout. Never, surely, since English verse was written, has the entire dependence of man upon the grace of God for all good been more explicitly avowed. Never, probably, have the witnesses to evangelical truth borne their testimony with more of modesty and self-distrust, or with greater confidence in their cause; and never, so far as the Editor is aware, has there been a more remarkable combination of solemn prayer, compassionate appeal to sinners, and powerful Scriptural argument than these pages supply. The poets personate by turns the penitent sinner hoping for mercy, the believer rejoicing in God, the backslider, hardened in sin and dropping into hell, or penitent and imploring restoration to the favour of God; and in every instance an argument from Scripture is powerfully stated or clearly implied, so that devotional sentiment and doctrinal instruction go hand in hand throughout. The grateful and tender emotions of a pardoned sinner, the active sympathies of a working believer, and the lamentations of a despairing reprobate, all in succession, illustrate the great truth that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man; while the satire by which the reasons then commonly urged in favour of final

perseverance are put into the mouth of the great Deceiver, is among those "words of the wise" which "are as goads and as nails."

We could wish that where there is so much to praise and admire we might stop here; but we may freely own that in more than one place such language is used as is rather adapted to popular effect than characterized by theological accuracy; as where all mankind is spoken of as *forgiven* through the sufferings and death of the incarnate God, meaning doubtless no more than that a sufficient provision had been made for their forgiveness. Nor need the most ardent admirer of the Wesleys hesitate to admit that this noble work is blemished in some places by a spirit not quite in harmony with the habitual reverence of the writers. To which of the brothers this fault is specifically attributable we need not stop to inquire, since as the passages referred to remained unaltered during their lives neither can be wholly exempted. To stake their salvation on the truth of their views upon a much controverted point may show them sincere and in earnest, but can carry no conviction, and scarcely comports with the solemnity of the subject, or the majesty of the Person addressed. Far more effective as an argument, as well as more in harmony with the Christian temper, is the humble disclaimer of any peculiar privilege put in by the returning backslider, and the humble entreaty that he may share with the vilest the general grace.

To some readers not familiar with the tracts referred to on p. xv., it may be needful to state that the phrase which occurs so often in these poems, and

supplies the title of one, "The Horrible Decree," is borrowed from Calvin's Institutes. In the third book, chap. xxxiii., sect. 7, he writes as follows:—

"How is it that the fall of Adam involves so many nations, with their infant children, in eternal death without remedy, unless that it so seemed meet to God? Here the most loquacious tongues must be dumb. The decree, I admit, is dreadful (*Decretum quidem horribile fateor*); and yet it is impossible to deny that God foreknew what the end of man was to be before He made him, and foreknew because He had so ordained by His decree."*

This extract clearly shows that the necessary perdition of at least some infants was a part of the great French theologian's creed. Nor is the language which he uses in another place, regarding the dealings of God with the non-elect, any less explicit:—"Those, therefore, whom He has created for dishonour during life, and destruction at death, that they may be vessels of wrath and examples of severity, in bringing to their doom He at one time deprives of the means of hearing His word, at another by the hearing of it blinds and stupefies the more. . . . . He directs His voice to them that they may turn a deafer ear; He kindles a light, but it is that they may become more blind; He produces a doctrine, but it is that they may

* The three translators of the Institutes into English use different terms: Beveridge (1845) is quoted in the text; Allen (1813) has "awful"; Norton (1582), "terrible." Wesley rather adopts than translates; and the reader must judge which of these four words most fitly conveys the sense of the author, which in the French edition (Geneva, 1560) is expressed by *Je confesse que ce decret doit nous épouvanter.*

become more stupid; He employs a remedy, but it is that they may not be cured." (*Ibid*, chap. xxiv., sects. 8, 13.)

When read in the light of these and similar passages, the vehement invective of the sermon on Free Grace, as well as of these hymns and poems, is better understood and easily accounted for. There is a fulness and directness about the statements of Calvin which is wanting in those of many of his modern followers, and our authors meet them with other statements equally direct and unmistakable.

When, after the lapse of some years,—

> "The strife was past,
> And friends at first were friends again at last,—"*

one or more of these poems was dropped from the current edition. But when, after Whitefield's death, the controversy was revived by Hill, Toplady, and others, and carried on in a most unworthy manner, Wesley considered himself called upon to do more than stand (as he had hitherto done) on the defensive. (See his remarks on Mr. Hill's "Review," Works, vol. x., p. 413.) The dropped poem was inserted, with several others from this Collection, in the "Arminian Magazine."

A few years ago it would have seemed almost a work of supererogation to reprint these remarkable compositions; but we cannot now suppose that the need for such publications is at an end. There are still, unhappily, not a few who, while strenuously main-

* See C. Wesley's Epistle to Whitefield, a scarce and beautiful poem, which will be reprinted in a subsequent volume of this series.

taining, with Wesley, that grace is "free *in* all," as firmly hold with Whitefield that it is not "free *for* all;" and, with a singular inconsistency, denominate their restrictive schemes "the doctrines of grace." To such readers as seek for a settlement of the questions at issue by means of metaphysical reasoning, these hymns will afford no assistance; but such as are content to abide by "the law and the testimony" will find in them a treasure of great price.

It may be proper to add, that Wesley having published his "Serious Thoughts upon the Perseverance of the Saints," in 1751, to which Dr. Gill published an answer in the following year, there appeared in 1754 a tract entitled "An Answer to all which the Rev. Dr. Gill has printed on the Final Perseverance of the Saints, by the Rev. Mr. Wesley." This tract consisted of parts of the Hymns III., IV., V., found on pages 46—57 of this volume.

HYMNS

ON

GOD'S Everlasting Love.

To which is added,

The Cry of a *Reprobate,*

AND

The Horrible Decree.

BRISTOL:
Printed by *S.* and *F. Farley*, at *Shakespear's*-Head in *Castle-Green*, 1741.

HYMNS

ON

GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE.

HYMN I.*

1 FATHER, whose *everlasting love*
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to *all* did *freely* move,
And sent Him down a *world to save*:

2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who *died for all*,
The *general Saviour of mankind.*

3 Thy *undistinguishing regard*
Was cast on *Adam's* fallen race;
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 Jesus hath said, we *all* shall hope,
Preventing grace for all is free:
"And I, if I be lifted up,
I will *draw all men* unto Me."

* Inserted in "Arminian Magazine," 1778, p. 430.

5 What soul those drawings never knew?
With whom hath not Thy Spirit strove?
We all *must* own that God is true,
We all *may* feel that God is love.

6 O *all ye ends of earth*, behold
The bleeding, all-atoning Lamb!
Look unto Him for sinners sold,
Look and be *saved* through Jesu's name.

7 Behold the Lamb of God, who takes
The sins of all the world away!
His pity no exception makes;
But all that *will* receive Him, *may*.

8 *A world* He suffer'd to redeem;
For *all* He hath the' atonement made:
For those that *will not come* to Him
The ransom of His life was paid.

9 Their Lord, unto *His own* He came;
His own were who *received Him not*,
Denied and trampled on His name
And blood, by which themselves were bought.

10 Who under foot their Saviour trod,
Exposed *afresh*, and *crucified*,
Who trampled on the Son of God,—
For them, for them, their Saviour died.

11 For those who at the judgment day
On Him they pierced shall *look* with pain;
The Lamb for every *castaway*,
For *every soul of man* was slain.

12 Why then, Thou universal Love,
Should any of Thy grace despair?
To all, to all, Thy bowels move,
But straiten'd in our own we are.

13 'Tis *we*, the wretched abjects *we*,
Our blasphemies on Thee translate;
We think that fury is in Thee,
Horribly think, that God is hate.

14 "Thou hast compell'd the lost to die,
Hast *reprobated* from Thy face;
Hast others saved, but them *pass'd by*,
Or mock'd with only *damning grace*."*

15 How long, Thou jealous God! how long
Shall impious worms Thy word disprove,
Thy justice stain, Thy mercy wrong,
Deny Thy faithfulness and love?

16 Still shall the hellish doctrine stand,
And Thee for its dire author claim?
No: let it sink at Thy command
Down to the pit from whence it came.

17 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause!
The fulness of the *Gentiles* call:
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
And *all* shall own Thou diedst for all.

* More usually called, *Common grace.*

HYMN II.

1 LORD, not unto me, (The whole I disclaim,)
All glory to Thee Through Jesus's name!
Thy gifts and Thy graces, Pour'd down from above,
Demand all our praises, Our thanks and our love.

2 Thy faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to Thy word, So loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The foulest offender May turn and find grace.

3 The mercy I feel To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true;
Ye all may find favour, Who come at His call:
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for all.

4 To save what was lost, From heaven He came:
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus's name:
He offers you pardon, He bids you "Be free!
If sin is your burden O come unto Me!"

5 O let me commend My Saviour to you!
The publican's Friend, And Advocate too;
For you He is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding For sinners beneath.

6 Then let us submit His grace to receive,
Fall down at His feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven For Jesus's sake,
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

HYMN III.

1 O ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw near!
He utters a cry; Ye sinners, give ear:

From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out His hands;
Now, now, to receive you He graciously stands.

2 "If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto Me;
May drink of My Spirit, (Excepted is none,)
Lay claim to My merit, And take for his own."

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer Spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord, Thy call I obey;
My soul on Thy word Of promise I stay;
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love,
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace,
Of wisdom, of prayer, Of joy, and of praise;

6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in Thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath And brings us to God,
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain That washes us clean.

HYMN IV.

1 O *Saviour of all* In *Adam* that fell,
Attend to our call, And set to Thy seal,
Our thankful rehearsal If Thou dost approve,
Of grace universal, And infinite love.

2 For whom didst Thou die, Thou meek Lamb of God?
With all men may I Lay claim to Thy blood?
Me, me Thou redeemest, Who *for the unjust*
Hast *suffer'd*, and *camest To save what was lost.*

3 If *all* men *were dead*, And fell in the fall
Of *Adam*, our head, The type of us all,
Our *Adam* from heaven The loss doth retrieve;
For all Thou wast given, That all might *believe.*

4 If *all men have stray'd*, Of every one
The sins God *hath laid On Thee*, His dear Son;
And all may find pardon, For pardon who call;
Thou bearedst the burden, The guilt of us all.

5 In *Adam* we died, In Thee we *may* live;
Thy merits applied We all *may* receive:
The common salvation To all doth belong,
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

6 Our faith is not vain; But *death Thou didst taste*
For every man: 'Tis finish'd! 'Tis past!
The world is forgiven For Jesus's sake;
The kingdom of heaven By force we may *take.*

7 O bowels of love! O infinite grace!
So *freely* to move To all the lost race!
O wondrous compassion! O mercy Divine!
Eternal salvation, Through Jesus, is mine.

8 Dear Saviour of all, Attend while we sing;
On Thee do we call, Thy Witness to bring!
Whose arms were extended A world to embrace,
Whose love never ended, *Would* save the whole race.

9 Great Witness of God, To Thee we appeal!
His love shed abroad, His counsel reveal:
If *all* may find favour, Pure love if Thou art,
Speak inwardly, Saviour, *Amen* to my heart.

HYMN V.*

1 To the meek and gentle Lamb
I pour out my complaint;
Will not hide from Thee my shame,
But tell Thee what I want:
I am full of sin and pride;
I am all unclean, unclean;
Till Thy Spirit here abide,
I cannot cease from sin.

2 Clearly do I see the way,
My foot is on the path;
Now, this instant, *now* I may
Draw near by simple faith:
Thou art not a distant God,
Thou art still to sinners near;
Every moment, if I would,
My heart might feel Thee near.

3 Free as air Thy mercy streams,
Thy universal grace
Shines with undistinguish'd beams
On all the fallen race:
All from Thee a power receive
To reject, or hear, Thy call;
All *may* choose to die, or live;
Thy grace is free for all.

* Inserted in the third number of the "Arminian Magazine."

4 All the hindrance is in me:
Thou ready art to save;
But I will not come to Thee,
That I Thy life may have.
Stubborn and rebellious still,
From Thy arms of love I fly:
Yes, I will be lost; I will,
In spite of mercy, die.

5 Holy, meek, and gentle Lamb,
With me what canst Thou do?
Though Thou leav'st me as I am,
I own Thee good and true.
Thou wouldst have me life embrace,
Thou for me and all wast slain,
Thou hast offer'd me Thy grace;
'Twas I that made it vain.

6 O that I might yield at last,
By dying love subdued!
Lord, on Thee my soul is cast,
The purchase of Thy blood:
If Thou wilt the sinner have,
Thou canst work to will in me;
When, and as Thou pleasest, save;
I leave it all to Thee.

HYMN VI.*

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to Thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free:

* Inserted in the first number of the "Arminian Magazine."

Thou my debt of death hast paid,
Thou hast raised me from my fall,
Thou hast an atonement made:
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave His Father's breast?
Pity drew Him from above,
And would not let Him rest:
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.

3 God in this dark vale of tears
A Man of Griefs was seen;
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own Him who He was?
See, the Friend of Sinners see!
He hangs on yonder cross.

4 Who hath done the direful deed,
Hath crucified my God?
Curses on his guilty head
That spilt that precious blood;
Worthy is the wretch to die:
Self-condemn'd, alas, is he!
I have sold my Saviour, I
Have nail'd Him to the tree.

5 Yet Thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb;
By Thy judgment I am clear,
Heal'd by Thy stripes I am:

Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in Thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in Thy wounds I rest.

6 How shall I commend the grace
Which all with me may prove;
Magnify Thy mercy's praise,
Thy all-redeeming love?
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Who the mystery shall explain?
Angels that in strength excel
Would search it out in vain.

7 Far above their noblest songs
Thy glorious mercies rise;
Praise sits silent on their tongues,
And wonder lulls the skies!
O might I with them be one,
Lost in speechless rapture fall,
Cast my crown before Thy throne,
Thou Lamb that diedst for all!

HYMN VII.

1 JESU, hear! in bitterness
Of spirit hear me cry!
See me in my last distress,
And at the point to die!
Save me, or I perish, Lord;
I sink into the gulf beneath:
To the tempted help afford,
And snatch my soul from death.

2 Compass'd with an host of foes,
Defenceless, and alone,
I have neither strength to' oppose,
Nor swiftness to outrun:
Or, could I their rage evade,
I cannot 'scape the foe within,
Sold to evil, and betray'd
By my own bosom sin.

3 Lord, as with my latest breath
I ask, What shall I do?
Only ruin, sin, and death,
And hell are in my view.
No way to escape I see
From the infernal fowler's snare,
Everlasting misery,
And blackness of despair.

4 See me looking for my doom,
When sin shall claim its prey;
When the next temptation come,
And I am cast away.
I have neither will nor power
Temptation to resist, or fly:
Jesu, save me in this hour!
O save me, or I die!

5 Once Thou didst my doom revoke,
And set my spirit free;
Free from sin's *Egyptian* yoke
I lived awhile to Thee.
But, alas! I did not stand;
To Thee I did not faithful prove
Basely slighted Thy command,
And left my former love.

6 I am into bondage brought;
Again entangled, I
Yield to sin in every thought,
And cannot but comply:
Trembling, I expect the time
Which shall my full damnation seal;
When some horrid, horrid crime
Shall shut me up in hell.

7 Yet, O Lord, I still believe
Thou *canst* my soul restore;
Thou art ready to forgive,
And bid me sin no more:
Still salvation *might* be found,
If I would on my Saviour call:
Grace doth more than sin abound;
Thy grace is free for all.

8 Thou art willing to forgive;
But O, my cursed heart
Cannot, will not, yet believe,
Nor with its idols part.
No, I would not, though I might,
Accept of perfect liberty;
Darkness rather than the light
I love, and sin than Thee.

9 Yet I *may* be saved I know,
I feel Thy Spirit strive:
Whether I repent, or no,
I *may* repent, and live.
I have choice of death or life,
They both on *instant now* depend:
Who shall tell me if the strife
In heaven or hell shall end?

10 Whether I shall ever yield
Only to God is known;
If I fall, 'tis uncompell'd,
The deed is all my own.
All the blame be on my head,
The Saviour from my blood is pure;
I, and only I, have made
My own damnation sure.

11 No decree of His consign'd
My unborn soul to hell.
God was merciful and kind,
But I would still rebel;
Still self-harden'd I remain'd,
Would not receive salvation's cup,
Grieved His Spirit, and constrain'd
At last to give me up.

12 God forbid that I should dare
To charge my death on Thee;
No, Thy truth and mercy tear
The HORRIBLE DECREE!
Though the devil's doom I meet,
The devil's doctrine I disclaim;
Let it sink into the pit
Of hell, from whence it came.

13 I this record leave behind,—
Though damn'd, I was forgiven;
Every soul may mercy find,
Believe, and enter heaven;
All the heavenly drawings prove,
And all alike are free to' embrace
Special, *sovereign*, *saving* love,
And *all-sufficient* grace.

14 Sinners, hear my dying call;
Ye all are bought with blood!
Take ye warning by my fall,
Nor trample on your God:
Life to all His death imparts;
Receive what He doth freely give,
Harden not, like me, your hearts,
But turn, O turn and live.

15 God, the Good, the Just, I clear;
He did not die in vain;
Grace hath brought salvation near
To every soul of man:
I would not be saved from death,
And, self-destroy'd, I justly fall;
Publishing, with my last breath,
The Saviour died for all.

HYMN VIII.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
If I have sinn'd, in Him I trust,
Who ever lives to pray for me:
Behold the Lamb! for me He bleeds,
For me His great atonement pleads!

2 For all the sins of all mankind
He once a perfect offering made,
For all His precious life resign'd,
For all a bleeding ransom paid:
He bow'd His head upon the tree;
'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me!

3 This last, and every sin of mine,
Did He not in His body bear?
Was it not purged with blood Divine?
Behold the bond hangs cancell'd there!
'Tis nail'd to the accursed wood,
'Tis blotted out with Jesu's blood.

4 The sin on Him which was not laid,
For which He hath not satisfied,
Punish it, Father, on my head,
Here let it with Thy wrath abide;
But if He paid my utmost pain,
Thou canst not ask the debt again.

5 Lo, in the gap my Surety stands,
To turn away Thy vengeful ire!
Am I not written on His hands?
What can Thy justice more require?
No other sacrifice I seek;
Thou hear'st the blood of sprinkling speak.

6 It speaks me justified from all
My sins, in thought, or word, or deed;
It speaks my soul redeem'd from thrall,
From sin and *Satan's* prison freed;
It speaks into my heart a power
Which makes me more than conqueror.

7 Father, behold Thy favourite Son,
And hear Him for His murderer pray:
The face of Thine anointed One
I know Thou canst not turn away;
I leave the cause to Him and Thee,
Give me the thing He asks for me!

HYMN IX.*

1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
No longer trample on Thy blood,
And grieve Thy gentleness no more;
No more Thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against Thy light and love.

2 I loathe myself in my own sight,
Adjudge my guilty soul to hell:
How could I do Thee such despite,
So long against Thy love rebel,
Despise the riches of Thy grace,
And dare provoke Thee to Thy face!

3 But O! if mercy is with Thee,
Now let it upon me be shown,
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for Thy mercy groan:
Me to Thy Father's grace restore,
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

4 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassion, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear:
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again, and live!

5 But if my gracious day is past,
And I am banish'd from Thy sight,
When into outer darkness cast,
My Judge, I'll own, hath done me right,

* The first nine verses were inserted in the first number of the "Arminian Magazine," with the title "Salvation depends not on Absolute Decrees."

Adore the Hand whose stroke I feel,
Nor murmur when I sink to hell.

6 No dire decree of Thine is here,
That pre-ordain'd my damn'd estate;
Jesus the Merciful I clear,
Jesus the Just I vindicate;
He swore He would not have me die:
Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why?

7 Because I would not come to Him,
That I His proffer'd life might have:
Jesus was willing to redeem,
I would not suffer Him to save.
I now His truth and justice prove,
I now am damn'd, but God is love.

8 O God, if Thou art love indeed,
Let it once more be proved in me,
That I Thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of *Adam* free;
O let me now the gift embrace,
O let me now be saved by grace.

9 If all long-suffering Thou hast shown
On me, that others may believe;
Now make Thy loving-kindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve Thee more.

10 Grant my importunate request;
It is not my desire, but Thine:
Since Thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
Now let me in Thine image shine;

Nor ever from Thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer in Thy love.

11 Be it according to Thy will;
Set my imprison'd spirit free,
The counsel of Thy grace fulfil;
Into the glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve Thee more.

HYMN X.*

Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all men.

1 See, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all the' apostate race
But may in Him salvation find:
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove—
His life and death—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form He meekly wears,
He sojourns in an house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls His wandering creatures home!
He all day long spreads out His hands,—
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in My breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest.

* Inserted in the second number of the "Arminian Magazine."

4 " Ah ! do not of My goodness doubt,
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in nowise cast him out
Who comes, a sinner, unto Me;
I can to none Myself deny ;
Why, sinners, *will ye* perish, why ?"

5 (The mournful cause let Jesus tell)
" They *will not* come to Me, and live :
I did not force them to rebel,
Or call when I had nought to give,
Invite them to believe a lie,
Or any soul of man *pass by*."

6 Sinners, believe the gospel word;
Jesus is come, your souls to save !
Jesus is come, your common Lord!
Pardon ye all in Him may have;
May now be saved, whoever will;
This Man receiveth sinners still.

7 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure :
To whom doth He His help deny?
Whom in His days of flesh *pass by?*

8 Did not His word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead ?
Did He not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need ?
Did He reject His helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away ?

9 Nay, but His bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint;
Nay, but He utter'd over thee
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd'st His blood,
That, with His tears, for thee hath flow'd.

10 How oft for thy hard-heartedness
Did Jesus in his Spirit groan!
The things belonging to thy peace,
Hadst thou, O bloody city, known,
Thee, turning in thy gracious day,
He never would have cast away.

11 He wept, because thou *wouldst* not see
The grace which sure salvation brings:
How oft would He have gather'd thee,
And cherish'd underneath His wings;
But thou *wouldst not*—unhappy thou!
And justly art thou harden'd now.

12 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry,
(Sinners, He prays for you and me,)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by Me they live!"

13 He prays for those that shed His blood:
And who from Jesu's blood is pure?
Who hath not crucified his God?
Whose sins did not His death procure?
If all have sinn'd through *Adam's* fall,
Our Second *Adam* died for all.

14 *Adam* descended from above
Our loss of *Eden* to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world in Thee *may* live,
In us a quickening Spirit be,
And witness, Thou hast died for me.

15 Extend to me the cleansing tide
Which freely flow'd for all mankind,
Open the fountain of Thy side,
In Thee may I redemption find,
Give *me* redemption in Thy blood;
For me and all mankind it flow'd.

16 Dear, loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death, and life, I pray—
Take all, take all my sins away!

17 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe, and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound:
If I, even I, have mercy found!

18 O let Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind, with me, may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

HYMN XI.

The Cry of a Reprobate.

1 Go, wretched soul, to meet thy doom;
Thou neither canst escape, nor fly:
The day, the fatal day is come;
And thou with all thy hopes must die.

2 The dire occasion of my fall
Is present to my closest view;
Shorn of my strength, I give up all,
And bid the world of grace adieu!

3 The *Philistines* at last have found
The way to' afflict their baffled foe;
By my own sin betray'd and bound,
A sheep I to the slaughter go.

4 I saw my death with stony eye,
While I the way of life could find;
But would not then from ruin fly,
And now my harden'd heart is blind.

5 I cannot from destruction turn,
Nor wish it might from me depart;
Down the swift stream of nature borne,
I sin with all my wretchless heart.

6 My greedy soul knows no remorse,
(While conscience sear'd no longer cries,)
Impetuous as the headlong horse
Rushes into the fight, and dies.

7 I hasten where the deepest hell
Is moved to meet me from beneath,
Where damn'd apostate spirits yell,
And gnaw their tongues, and gnash their teeth.

8 *Tophet* is for the king prepared;
But I must have the hottest place;
I claim it as my just reward
For such an endless waste of grace.

9 *Dives*, and I, and *Judas* there,
With galling chains of darkness bound,
Shall howl in blasphemous despair,
And fiends return the doleful sound.

10 A real, fiery, sulphurous hell
Shall prey upon our outward frame;
But sorer pangs the soul shall feel,
Tormented in a fiercer flame.

11 The dreadful sin-consuming fire
God shall into our spirits breathe,
A brimstone stream of vengeful ire,
And slay them with a living death.

12 Conscience, the worm that never dies,
Shall gnaw and tear us day and night,
For ever banish'd from the skies,
And cast out of the Saviour's sight.

13 Back to the presence of the Lord
O'er the vast gulf we cannot pass;
We cannot, cannot be restored
To see the glories of His face.

14 Horror of horrors ! hell of hell !
This makes the cup of wrath run o'er;
Far from my Lord with fiends to dwell,
And never, never see Him more.

15 O death, this is thy sting ! O grave
Of souls, this is thy victory !
The Saviour can no longer save,
A gulf is fix'd 'twixt Him and me.

16 No ray of light, no gleam of hope
The dismal regions can allow ;
'Tis here I must my eyes lift up,
The pains of hell surround me now.

17 Hopeless, my damn'd estate I mourn;
God's wrath is dropt into my soul;
His fiery wrath in me shall burn
Long as eternal ages roll.

18 Hear, sinners, hear an human fiend,
And shudder at my horrid tale;
Consign'd to woes that never end,
Before my time I weep and wail.

19 As *Dives* would his brethren warn,
Lest they should share his dreadful doom,
Sinners, (I cry,) to Jesus turn,
Nor to my place of torment come.

20 Hear an incarnate devil preach,
Nor throw, like me, your souls away,
While heavenly bliss is in your reach
And God prolongs your gracious day.

21 Whom I reject, do you receive;
The Saviour of mankind embrace:
He tasted death for all; believe,
Believe, and ye are saved by grace.

22 Ye are, and I was once, forgiven;
Jesus's doom did mine repeal;
I might, with you, have come to heaven,
Saved by the grace from which I fell.

23 A ransom for my soul was paid;
For mine, and every soul of man,
The Lamb a full atonement made,
The Lamb, for me and *Judas* slain.

24 Before I at His bar appear,
Thence into outer darkness thrust,
The Judge of all the earth I clear,
Jesus, the merciful and just!

25 By my own hands, not His, I fall;
The hellish doctrine I disprove:
Sinners, His grace is free for all;
Though I am damn'd, yet God is love!

HYMN XII.

1 SAVIOUR, and Friend of sinners, see
The most rebellious of Thy foes;
If grace, unbounded grace, from Thee
In streams of endless pity flows,
O let it now my soul embrace,
O'erwhelm me now with pardoning grace.

2 Hear, Jesu, hear my dying call,
Me in a way of mercy meet;
Self-loathing, self-condemn'd I fall
A sinner at my Saviour's feet;
Unless Thou cast a pitying eye,
The sinner at Thy feet must die.

3 I own my punishment is just,
If now Thou drive me from Thy face,
Down into outer darkness thrust,
And quite exclude me from Thy grace,
And leave me to my fearful doom;
I now am ripe for wrath to come.

4 I know my soul is foul as hell;
The hottest hell my deeds require,
There only am I fit to dwell
With fiends in everlasting fire:
But why, Redeemer, didst Thou die?
O let Thy bowels answer why!

5 Was it to save, or to condemn,
The world that nail'd Thee to the tree?
Say, didst Thou only die for them,
Thy murderers, Lord, and pass by me?
But hast Thou for Thy murderers died?
Then I my God have crucified!

6 Wherefore, my God hath tasted death
For me and every soul of man,
To pluck us from the lion's teeth,
To save us from infernal pain,
That every soul, from sin set free,
Might witness God hath died for me!

HYMN XIII.*

1 My dear Redeemer, and my God,
I stake my soul on Thy free grace;
Take back my interest in Thy blood,
Unless it stream'd for *all* the race:
I stake my soul on this alone,
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.

2 Gracious and True, set to Thy seal,
Preach the glad tidings to my heart;
Now let my new-born spirit feel
Pure universal love Thou art;
In mine, in all our bosoms move,
And testify that God is love.

3 Enlarge my heart to all mankind,
The purchase of Thy dying groans;
O let me by this token find
They all are Thy redeemed ones;
For if I loved whom God abhorr'd,
The servant were above his Lord.

4 Thus let me Thy free mercy prove
To all who Thy pure truths oppose;
If I my fiercest foes can love,
If I, to save my fiercest foes,
To die myself would not deny,
For whom couldst Thou refuse to die?

5 Dear dying Lord, thy Spirit breathe,
Kindle in us the living fire;
Jesu, conform us to Thy death,
The fulness of Thy life inspire;

* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine," vol. I., p. 487.

O manifest in us Thy mind
Benevolent to all mankind.

6 Now, Lord, into our souls bring in
Thine everlasting righteousness;
A period make of guilt and sin,
And call us forth Thy witnesses,
That all mankind with us may prove
Thy infinite and perfect love.

HYMN XIV.

God's Sovereign, Everlasting Love.

1 O ALL-REDEEMING Lord,
Thy kindness I record:
Me Thy kindness hath allured,
Call'd, and drawn me from above;
Sweetly am I thus assured
Of Thy everlasting love.

2 But is Thy grace less free
For others than for me?
Lord, I have not learn'd Thee so;
Good to every man Thou art,
Free as air Thy mercies flow;
So I feel it in my heart.

3 Thee every soul may find
Loving to all mankind;
All have once Thy drawings proved,
Every soul may say, with me,
Me the Friend of sinners loved,
Loved from all eternity.

4 Before His name I knew
Me to Himself He drew,
My unconscious heart inclined
To pursue some good unknown;
Happiness I long'd to find,
Happiness is God alone.

5 God is the thing I sought,
But then I knew it not:
Who shall show me any good?
(With the many still I cried)
Rest was only in Thy blood,
Who for me, for all, hast died.

6 The world's Desire and Hope
For this was lifted up;
Lord, Thou didst hereby engage
To draw all men unto Thee,
All in every place and age:
Grace for all mankind is free!

7 The Spirit of Thy love
With every soul hath strove;
Every fallen soul of man
May recover from his fall,
See the Lamb for sinners slain,
Feel that He hath died for all.

8 Thou dost not mock our race
With insufficient grace;
Thou hast reprobated none,
Thou from *Pharaoh's* blood art free;
Thou didst once for all atone—
Judas, *Esau*, *Cain*, and me.

HYMN XV.*

[1 *John ii.* 1, 2.]

1 FATHER, if I have sinn'd, with Thee
An Advocate I have:
Jesus, the Just, shall plead for me;
The sinner Christ shall save.

2 Pardon and peace in Him I find:
But not for me alone
The Lamb was slain; for all mankind
His blood did once atone.

3 My soul is on Thy promise cast,
And lo! I claim my part:
The universal pardon's past;
O seal it on my heart.

4 Thou canst not now Thy grace deny;
Thou canst not but forgive;
Lord, if Thy justice asks me why—
In Jesus I believe!

HYMN XVI.†

1 SAVIOUR of all, by God design'd
Our loss of *Eden* to retrieve,
Mighty Restorer of mankind,
In whom we all, though dead, may live,—

* Originally published in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1740, and thence transferred to this place. See Vol. I., p. 308.
† *Ibid.* See Vol. I., p. 308.

2 In rapture lost, on Thee I gaze,
Thy universal goodness prove,
Adore the riches of Thy grace,
And triumph in Thy boundless love.

3 Rest to my soul I now have found,
My interest in Thy blood I see;
On this my confidence I ground,
Who died for all hath died for *me.*

4 For *me,* for *me* the Saviour died!
Surely Thy grace for all is free:
I *feel* it now by faith *applied;*
Who died for all hath died for *me.*

5 No dire decree obtain'd Thy seal,
Or fix'd the' unalterable doom,
Consign'd my unborn soul to hell,
Or damn'd me from my mother's womb.

6 Who that beholds Thy lovely face
Can doubt if all Thy grace may share?
So strong the lines of *general grace*—
Grace, grace is *all* that's written there.

7 Loving to *every* man Thou art:
Sinners, ye all His grace may prove;
He bears you all upon His heart;
God is not *hate,* but God is *love.*

[The hymn which was numbered XVII. in this tract was transferred by the author to its place, as a Paraphrase of verses 9 and 10 of the Fifty-second chapter of Isaiah. See Vol. II., pp. 170, 171.

HYMN XVII.

The Horrible Decree.

1 AH! gentle, gracious Dove;
And art Thou grieved in me,
That sinners should restrain Thy love,
And say, "It is not free:
It is not free for *all;*
The *most* Thou *passest by,*
And mockest with a fruitless call
Whom Thou hast doom'd to die."

2 They think Thee *not sincere*
In giving each his day:
"*Thou only draw'st the sinner near,*
To cast him quite away;
To aggravate his sin,
His sure damnation seal,
Thou show'st him heaven, and say'st, Go in,—
And thrusts him into hell."

3 O HORRIBLE DECREE,
Worthy of whence it came!
Forgive their hellish blasphemy
Who charge it on the Lamb,
Whose pity Him inclined
To leave His throne above,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind,
The God of grace and love.

4 O gracious, loving Lord,
I feel Thy bowels yearn;
For those who slight the gospel word
I share in Thy concern:
How art Thou grieved to be
By ransom'd worms withstood!
How dost Thou bleed afresh, to see
Them trample on Thy blood!

5 To limit Thee they dare,
Blaspheme Thee to Thy face,
Deny their fellow worms a share
In Thy redeeming grace;
All for their own they take,
Thy righteousness engross,
Of none effect to *most* they make
The merits of Thy cross.

6 Sinners, abhor the fiend:
His *other* gospel hear—
" *The God of truth did not intend*
The thing His words declare;
He offers grace to all,
Which most *cannot embrace,*
Mock'd with an ineffectual call
And insufficient grace.

7 " *The righteous God consign'd*
Them over to their doom,
And sent the Saviour of mankind
To damn them from the womb:

To damn for falling short
Of what they could not do,
For not believing the report
Of that which was not true.

8 "*The God of love* pass'd by
The most of those that fell,
Ordain'd poor reprobates to die,
And forced them into hell."
"*He did not do the deed,*
(Some have more mildly raved,)
He did not damn *them—but decreed*
They never should be saved.

9 "*He did not them bereave*
Of life, or stop their breath;
His grace He only would not give,
And starved their souls to death."
Satanic sophistry!
But still, all-gracious God,
They charge the sinner's death on Thee,
Who bought'st him with Thy blood.

10 They think with shrieks and cries
To please the Lord of Hosts,
And offer Thee, in sacrifice,
Millions of slaughter'd ghosts;
With new-born babes they fill
The dire infernal shade,
For such (they say) *was Thy great will*
Before the world was made.

11 How long, O God, how long
Shall Satan's rage proceed!

Wilt Thou not soon avenge the wrong,
And crush the serpent's head?
Surely Thou shalt at last
Bruise him beneath our feet;
The devil and his doctrine cast
Into the burning pit.

12 Arise, O God, arise;
Thy glorious truth maintain;
Hold forth the bloody Sacrifice,
For every sinner slain!
Defend Thy mercy's cause,
Thy grace divinely free;
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
Draw all men unto Thee.

13 O vindicate Thy grace,
Which every soul may prove;
Us in Thy arms of love embrace,
Of everlasting love.
Give the pure gospel word,
Thy preachers multiply;
Let all confess their common Lord,
And dare for Him to die.

14 My life I here present,
My heart's last drop of blood:
O let it all be freely spent
In proof that Thou art good;
Art good to all that breathe,
Who all may pardon have;
Thou willest not the sinner's death,
But all the world *wouldst* save.

O take me at my word;
But arm me with Thy power,
Then call me forth to suffer, Lord,
To meet the fiery hour:
In death will I proclaim
That all *may* hear Thy call,
And clap my hands amidst the flame,
And shout,—HE DIED FOR ALL.

HYMNS

ON

GOD'S Everlasting Love.

LONDON:

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HYMNS

ON

GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE.

HYMN I.

1 TERRIBLE GOD, severely just,
  Inexorable Judge of all,
A sinner cleaving to the dust,
  And looking for a deeper fall,
Thy awful justice I confess,
And glorify Thy righteousness.

2 Righteous in all Thy ways Thou art;
  Long didst Thou strive my soul to win:
Though harden'd now I feel my heart
  Through the deceitfulness of sin,
I clear Thee in my latest groan;
O God, my death is all my own.

3 Ten thousand thousand times restored,
  Still into fouler sins I fell,
Trod under foot my bleeding Lord,
  And labour'd to ensure my hell;
How couldst Thou still defer my fate?
How couldst Thou give me up so late?

4 I might have seen in that my day
The things belonging to my peace;
But would not let Thy Spirit stay,
But forced His striving love to cease:
I forced Him to withdraw His light,
And take His everlasting flight.

5 Most justly then my day is past,
Mercy no more remains for me;
Thy Spirit grieved and quench'd at last,
With senseless unconcern I see
The measure of my sin fill'd up,
Shipwreck'd my faith, extinct my hope.

6 No cloak for mine offence have I;
I calmly sin against the light,
Deliberately resolve to die,
And sink into eternal night:
The day is past, the strife is o'er,
I will accept of grace no more.

7 My hands hang down, my feeble knees
Refuse to bear the sinful clay,
My ineffectual strivings cease,
I fall a final castaway;
I fall, and own my God is just,
No longer mine—for all is lost!

8 Lost, and undone, and damn'd am I,——
But whence this unavailing tear,
This struggling, faint, imperfect sigh?
Can aught of good be harbour'd here?
O no! it cannot, cannot be;
Mercy no more remains for me.

9 Away, ye dreams of future rest!
Why am I tempted to look up?
What means this struggling in my breast?
My flinty breast must never hope:
Yet kindled my relentings are,
And check'd I feel my just despair.

10 But is it possible that I
Remorse or hope again should know?
If mercy's fountain is not dry
To me, its streams eternal flow;
If grace to me doth still abound,
Then *Judas* might have pardon found.

11 If yet again my Lord returns,
And will not with His purchase part;
If over me His Spirit mourns,
And works upon my stony heart;
None out of hell need now despair,
A viler devil is not there!

12 If after all my waste of love,
(Enough ten thousand worlds to save,)
I still am call'd His grace to prove,
And may in Him redemption have,
Sinners, ye all with me must own
The day of grace and life is one.

13 God of unfathomable grace,
Vouchsafe Thy benefits to crown;
Most fallen of the fallen race,
To me, of sinners chief, come down;
A worse did ne'er Thy Spirit grieve,
A worse Thou never canst forgive.

14 Since first with *Adam's* sons He strove
To bring the' apostates back to God,
The Spirit of Thy grace and love
Never, no never yet subdued
A more rebellious worm than me,
Or gain'd an harder victory.

15 Then save me for Thy mercy's sake,
And give, O give me to Thy Son,
That I to all mankind may make
The riches of Thy mercy known,
Thy everlasting love proclaim,
And grace for all in Jesu's name.

HYMN II.

1 JESUS, *my* Jesus, hear,
And bid the sinner hope;
Guilty and trembling, I draw near,
But dare not give Thee up:
For this alone I live,
A poor backslider I,
Thy forfeit mercy to retrieve,
Or at Thy feet to die.

2 O 'tis a bitter thing
From Jesus to depart:
This is, O death, thy only sting,
I feel it in my heart;
I bear my guilty load,
My foolishness I mourn,
I have forsook the living God;
O how shall I return!

3 O Jesu, full of grace,
To Thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold Thy face,
Call home Thy banish'd one,
Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

4 Wilt Thou not bid me rise?
Speak—and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive;
Where sin hath most increased,
Let grace much more abound;
Let me, from all my bonds released,
Again in Thee be found.

5 What shall I say to move
The pity of my Lord?
Dost Thou not still delight to love
Me of Thine own accord?
For Thine own mercy's sake
Relieve my wretchedness,
And O! my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace.

6 Again Thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven;
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven;
Thy utmost mercy show,
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace, and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN III.

1 O TAKE away the stone;
Jesu, the bar remove,
The' accursed thing, to me unknown,
That stops Thy streaming love:
Thy grace is always free,
Thou waitest to be good,
And still Thy Spirit grieves for me,
And speaks Thy sprinkled blood.

2 Ah! do not let me trust
In gifts and graces past;
But lay my spirit in the dust,
And stop my mouth at last.
What Thou for me hast done
I can no longer plead;
Thy truth and faithfulness I own,
If now Thou strike me dead.

3 Surely I once believed,
And felt my sins forgiven;
Thy faithful record I received,
That Thou hast purchased heaven
For me and all mankind,
Who from their sins would part;
The peace of God I once could find,
The witness in my heart.

4 But soon the subtle fiend
Beguiled my simple mind,
Darkness with light he knew to blend,
Falsehood and truth he join'd;

Pride (he remember'd well)
Had cast him from the skies;
By pride the first transgressor fell,
And lost his paradise.

5 Arm'd with this fiery dart,
The enemy drew nigh,
And preach'd to my unsettled heart
His bold presumptuous lie;
"You are secure of heaven,"
(The tempter softly says,)
" *You are elect*, and once forgiven
Can never fall from grace.

6 " You never can receive
The grace of God in vain;
The gift, be sure, He did not give,
To take it back again;
He cannot take it back,
Whether you use or no
His grace; you cannot shipwreck make
Of faith, or let it go.

7 " You never can forget
Your God, or leave Him now,
Or once look back if you have set
Your hand unto the plough;
You never can deny
The Lord who you hath bought,
Nor can your God His own *pass by*,
Though you receive Him not.

8 " God is unchangeable,
And therefore so are you;
And therefore they can never fail
Who once His goodness knew;

In part perhaps you may,
You cannot wholly fall,
Cannot become a castaway
Like *non-elected Paul.*

9 " Though you continue not,
Yet God remains the same;
Out of His book He cannot blot
Your everlasting name:
Cut off you shall not be;
You never shall remove,
Secure from all eternity
In His *electing love.*

10 " If God the seed did sow
He sow'd it not in vain;
It cannot to perfection grow,
But it must still remain;
Nor cares nor sins can choke,
Or make the grace depart,
Nor can it be by Satan took
Out of your careless heart.

11 " You must for ever live,
If of the chosen race;
If God did but one talent give
Of special, saving grace,
You cannot bury it;
He never can reprove,
Or cast you out into the pit
For trampling on His love.

12 " God sees in you no sin;
On His decree depend;
You who did in the Spirit begin
In flesh can never end;

You never can reject
His mercies, or abuse;
His great salvation none neglect,
And death and evil choose.

13 "If once the spirit unclean
Out of his house is gone,
He never more can enter in,
Or seize you for his own;
You need not dread the fate
Of reprobates accurst,
Or tremble lest your last estate
Be worse than was the first.

14 "Surely the righteous man
Can never more draw back,
He his own mercies never can
With his good works forsake;
That he should sink to hell
In his iniquity,
God *may suppose it possible,*
But it can never be:

15 "His threatenings all are vain;
You fancy Him sincere,
But spare yourself the needless pain,
And cast away your fear.
He speaks with this intent—
To frighten you from ill
With sufferings, which He only meant
The reprobate should feel.

16 "He only meant to warn
The damn'd, devoted race,
Back from His ways, lest they should turn
Who never knew His ways;

He only cautions all
Who never came to God
Not to depart from God, or fall
From grace, who never stood.

17 "His threatenings are a jest,
Or not design'd for you;
He only means them for the rest,
And they shall find them true
Who slight His mercy's call,
Which they could ne'er embrace;
He warns the' apostates not to fall
From common (*damning*) grace.

18 "'Gainst those that faithless prove
He shuts His mercy's door,
And whom He never once did love
Threatens to love no more;
From them He doth revoke
The grace they did not share,
And blot the names out of His book
That ne'er were written there.

19 "But you may rest secure,
And safely take your ease;
If you are once in grace, be sure
You always are in grace;
Cast all your fears away;
My son, be of good cheer,
Nor mind what *Paul* or *Peter* say,
For you *must* persevere.

20 "And did they fright the child,
And tell it it might fall,
Might be of its reward beguiled,
And sin, and forfeit all;

Might to its vomit turn,
And wallow in the mire,
And perish in its sins, and burn
In everlasting fire?

21 "What naughty men be they,
To take the children's bread,
Their carnal confidence to slay,
And force them to take heed!
With humble useless doubt
The fearful babes they fill,
Compell'd with trembling to work out
Their own salvation still.

22 "Ah poor misguided soul!
And did they make it weep!
Come, let me in my bosom lull
Thy sorrows all to sleep:
Thine eyes in safety close,
Secure from all alarms,
And take thine undisturb'd repose
And rest within my arms.

23 "They shall not vex it so,
By bidding it take heed;
You need not as a bulrush go,
Still bowing down your head;
Your griefs and fears reject,
My *other* gospel own,
Only believe yourself elect,
And all the work is done."

HYMN IV.

1 'Twas thus the subtle foe
Beguiled my foolish heart,
While weak in faith I did not know
His false, ensnaring art:
I listen'd to a lie
Which nature liked so well,
Believed the soothing fiend, that I
Could never fall—and fell.

2 The tempter now withdrew,
And left me free from care;
His own advantage well he knew,
My soul was in his snare:
Secure and lull'd in ease,
Sin vex'd me now no more,
My sorrows end, my troubles cease,
And all my pangs are o'er.

3 Freed from the inward cross,
Of all corruption full,
A prophet of smooth things I was
To my own wretched soul:
Unchanged and unrenew'd,
Yet still I could not fall;
Daub'd with untemper'd mortar stood
The tottering, whited wall.

4 My wound I slightly heal'd,
And quieted my grief,
With all the false assurance fill'd
Of damning unbelief;

One of the happy sect
Who scoff at mourners poor,
That will not dream themselves elect
Till they have made it sure.

5 How happier far was I,
From grief and scruple free,
Who could from all conviction fly
To God's *supposed* decree!
O what a settled peace,
What comfort did I prove,
And hug me in my sins, and bless
His sweet electing love!

6 What if I sinn'd *sometimes*
In this *imperfect* state,
It was not like the damning crimes
Of a lost reprobate;
Sin was not sin in *me*,
God doth not blame His own,
Doth not behold iniquity
In any chosen one.

7 What if I *foully* fell,
I *finally* could not;
His grace is irresistible,
And back I *must* be brought:
What if in sin I lived,
The firm decree is past—
I *must* be at my death received,
I *must* be saved at last.

8 How could my folly dare
Satan and sin to slight?
The judgments of my God were far
Above, out of my sight:

His wrath was not for me;
And therefore I defied
Mine enemies, from danger free,
In self-electing pride.

9 Not all His threaten'd woes
My stubborn heart could move;
His threatenings only were for those
Who never knew His love:
He cannot take away
His covenanted grace,
Though I rebel, and disobey,
And mock Him to His face.

10 He cannot me pass by,
Or utterly reject,
Or judge His people, or deny
To save His own elect:
He swore to bring me in
To heaven; 't were perjury
For God to punish me for sin,
For God to pass by me.

11 'Twas thus my wretched heart
Abused His patient grace,
Provoked His mercy to depart,
His justice to take place:
Unconscious of its state,
In death my soul abode,
Nor groan'd beneath its guilty weight,
Nor knew its fall from God.

12 I could not be restored,
By pardoning grace renew'd,
While, trampling on His written word,
Self-confident I stood:

He only saves the lost,
Which I could never be;
I never *could* be damn'd, but *must*
Be saved by His decree.

HYMN V.

1 O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on Thy blood,
And done despite to Thee,
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into Thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

2 I can no more rely
On gifts and graces past;
Lost, and undone, and damn'd am I,
I give up all at last:
With guilty shame I drop
My bold presumptuous plea;
Mercy itself may give me up,
The vile apostate me.

3 I can no longer trust
In my abuse of grace,
I own Thee merciful and just
If banish'd from Thy face;
Though once I surely knew
And felt my sins forgiven,
Faithful I own Thee, Lord, and true,
If now shut out from heaven.

4 Through faith in Jesu's name
I once was justified;
Yet hence no benefit I claim,
I lost it all by pride:
More desperate is my state,
Farther I am from God,
Than any hopeless reprobate
Who never felt Thy blood.

5 Nothing have I to plead;
Lord, at Thy feet I fall,
Pour all Thy judgments on my head,
I have deserved them all:
Justice my life demands;
Thou art unchangeable,
Thy covenant unshaken stands,
Though I am doom'd to hell.

6 Nothing for me remains
But horror and despair,
A fearful looking for of pains
Too exquisite to bear,
Judgment and fiery wrath;
For I have wilfully
(Since I received Thy saving faith)
Apostatized from Thee.

7 Enlighten'd once I was,
And saw my sins forgiven,
And tasted of Thy pardoning grace,
The happiness of heaven:
I tasted the good word,
And, sanctified in part,
Received the promise of my Lord,
The Spirit, into my heart.

8 Now I am fall'n away:
And Thou may'st let me fall,
Till ended is my gracious day
And I am stript of all;
Till I am void of God,
Till all the strife is o'er,
And I can never be renew'd,
Can never see Thee more.

9 But O, forbid it, Lord!
Nor drive me from Thy face,
While, self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
I humbly sue for grace:
For Thy own mercy's sake
My guilty soul release,
And now my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace.

10 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all, may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name;
Thou all the debt hast paid,
This is my only plea,
The covenant God in Thee hath made
With all mankind and me.

11 Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! Thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

12 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all *might* know their gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole;
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all *might* come to God;
The covenant Thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with Thy blood.

13 He that believes in Thee,
And doth to death endure,
He shall be saved eternally,
The covenant is sure;
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of Thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love.

14 He that in Thee believes,
And to the end remains,
He everlasting life receives,
For so Thy will ordains;
This is the firm decree,
The word of Thy command,
Fast as the sun and moon, with Thee
It doth for ever stand.

15 God of all-pardoning grace,
The covenant now I plead,
The covenant made with all our race
In Jesus Christ our Head:
Canst Thou the grace deny,
The pardon which I claim?
O why did the Redeemer die?
I ask in Jesu's name.

16 Hast Thou not sent us forth
His prisoners from the pit?
And do I not to Jesu's worth
And righteousness submit?
Father, behold Thy Son,
As in my place He stood,
And hear His dying word, "'Tis done,"
And hear His speaking blood.

17 It speaks me justified,
My Father must forgive:
He *doth;* I feel it now applied,
My pardon I receive;
My peace He gives me back,
My antepast of heaven,
And God again for Jesu's sake
Hath me, even me, forgiven.

HYMN VI.*

1 JESU, my Hope, my Help, my Power,
On Thee I ever call;
O save me from temptation's hour,
Or into hell I fall.

2 If by Thy light I now perceive
My utter helplessness,
O do not for one moment leave
The sinner in distress.

* Reprinted in the "Arminian Magazine," 1778, p. 137, with this title, "The Loss of Eternal Life not owing to any Absolute Decree."

3 I cannot trust my treacherous heart,
I shall myself betray,
I must be lost if Thou depart,
A final castaway.

4 I feel within me, unsubdued,
A cursed, carnal will;
It hates and starts from all that's good,
And cleaves to all that's ill.

5 My soul *could* yield to every vice
And passion in excess;
My soul to all the height *could* rise
Of daring wickedness.

6 The blackest crime upon record
I freely *could* commit,
The sins by nature most abhorr'd
My nature *could* repeat.

7 I *could* the devil's law receive,
Unless restrain'd by Thee;
I *could* (good God!) I *could* believe
The HORRIBLE DECREE.

8 I *could* believe that God is hate,—
The God of love and grace
Did damn, pass by, and reprobate
The most of human race.

9 Farther than this I cannot go.
Till Tophet take me in:
But O, forbid that I should know
This mystery of sin!

10 Jesu, to Thee for help I fly;
Support my soul, and guide:
Keep as the apple of an eye,
Under Thy shadow hide.

11 Withhold my foot from every snare,
From every sin defend;
Throughout the way my spirit bear,
And bring me to the end.

12 Wisdom and strength to Thee belong,
Folly and sin are mine;
But out of weakness make me strong,
But in my darkness shine.

13 My strength will I ascribe to Thee,
My Wisdom from above;
And praise to all eternity
Thine all-redeeming love.

HYMN VII.

1 AH! when shall I awake
From sin's soft soothing power;
This slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?

2 O, could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that Thou wouldst give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 Gracious Thou art to all;
Such faith in Thee I have,
If all the world on Thee would call
Thou all the world wouldst save.
To every one that prays
The gift is freely given;
Who seek shall every one find grace,
Who knock shall enter heaven.

4 Yet still I cannot ask,
From Thee I turn away;
My heart abhors the irksome task,
And knows not how to pray:
If dragg'd to sue for grace,
I soon my suit forbear,
Break off, as in a moment's space,
The' intolerable prayer.

5 O wretched man of sin,
Wretched I still remain,
A perfect happiness within
My reach I see in vain;
I see, but cannot take,
But *will* not it receive;
Still my own mercies I forsake,
I will not yet believe.

6 Thou dost not mock me, Lord,
The work of Thine own hands;
Or call me to believe Thy word,
While Thy decree withstands:
Thy grace for all is free,
Though all accept it not;
To every sinner, and to me,
It hath salvation brought.

7 To me this token give
Of all-redeeming grace;
Ò let me now the gift receive,
Thy proffer'd life embrace!
I do embrace it now,
Descending from above;
Low at Thy throne of love I bow,
Of universal love.

8 I feel Thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save;
All may obey the gospel word,
May peace and pardon have:
Not one of all the race
But may return to Thee,
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep with me.

9 Here let me ever lie,
And tell Thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
Till Thou my sins subdue,
Till Thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

10 *Messias*, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
Thine everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin;
Into all those that seek
Redemption in Thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

11 Let us in silence wait,*
Till faith shall make us whole,
Till Thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul.
Who can resist Thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done;
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN VIII.

1 COME, let us who in Christ believe
Our common Saviour praise;
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.

2 His grace would every soul restore
That fell in *Adam's* fall;
His Father's justice asks no more,
Since He hath died for all.

3 He died for all, He none *pass'd by*
In their forlorn estate;
He left not in his sin to die
One hopeless reprobate.

4 We stake our interest in Thy blood,
On this, on this alone,—
That it for all mankind hath flow'd,
And did for all atone.

* Altered in 1780 to "Let us in patience wait," the word "silence" having been much abused.

5 Unless to all Thy bowels move,
Unless Thy grace is free,
O bleeding Lamb, take back Thy love,
O Saviour, pass by *me.*

6 But can I fear Thy justice nigh,
When love is on my side?
Thou canst not, Lord, Thyself deny;
For wherefore hast Thou died?

7 For me, for us, for all mankind
The ransom price was given,
That all *might* here their *Eden* find,
And then remove to heaven.

8 If any fail of promised rest
Their death is all their own;
All nations now in Christ are blest,
His love excepted none.

9 All our salvation is of God,
Whose arms would all embrace:
Who perish perish self-destroy'd,
For not accepting grace.

10 Surely the grace doth once appear
To every soul of man;
Jesus hath brought salvation near,
He did not die in vain.

11 He made it possible for all
To turn again and live;
And therefore doth His gospel call,
And His good Spirit strive.

12 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst *need* keep Him out no more,
Or force Him to depart.

13 Through grace, we hearken to Thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin,
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That Thou wilt enter in.

14 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest;
Nor ever hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

HYMN IX.

1 HOLY, and just, and gracious God,
Still wilt Thou let Thy foes blaspheme
Their Saviour's all-atoning blood,
And say,—"*'Twas only shed for them.*

2 "*For them, and not for all mankind,*
The Saviour of the world was given;
Millions of souls He cast behind,
And only mock'd with hopes of heaven.

3 "*To damn the world, and not to save,*
The Father sent His only Son,
That none but they might pardon have,
They,—the whole world *of them alone.*

4 "*He willeth* not *that all should come*
To faith and heaven, through saving grace;
He reprobated from the womb
The most *of* Adam's *helpless race.*

5 "*He willeth* (so they judge their God)
That most should perish in their fall;
He left them weltering in their blood,
And mocks them with a fruitless call.

6 "*Bids all men everywhere repent,*
And He to all His life will give;"
He bids *them all; but never* meant
That any reprobate should live.

7 *No: to be saved He made them not,—*
Them to be damn'd He therefore made.
No medium here can human thought
Find out, though help'd with Satan's aid.

8 "*God, ever merciful and just,*
With new-born babes did Tophet *fill;*
Down into endless torments thrust,
Merely to show His sovereign will."

9 This is that HORRIBLE DECREE!
This is that wisdom from beneath!
God (O detest the blasphemy!)
Hath pleasure in the sinner's death.

10 Horror of horrors! spawn of hell!
It issues from the burning pit!
Come, see the fiend ye love so well,
Who blindly to his sway submit.

11 See him dragg'd out to open light,
And judge him by the written Word;
Then let him sink to endless night,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.

12 If reason can arrest his doom,
Make haste, produce your strongest plea;
Ye potsherds of the earth, presume
To disunite the Trinity.

13 "*Since* God *might justly let* all *die,*
And leave all *to eternal woe,*
Might He not justly some *pass by?*"
The wounds of Jesus answer, No!

14 His wrath He might on all have shown,
Had not His law been satisfied:
But now He *cannot* pass by one;
He *cannot*,—for His Son hath died.

15 The Mediator stands between
An angry God and guilty race;
The blood of sprinkling speaks for men,
Justice appeased gives way to grace.

16 God was in Christ, and all mankind
Now to Himself hath reconciled;
The Lamb His precious life resign'd;
He died, and rigid Justice smiled.

17 *'Tis finished!* Thou hast bought our peace!
Jesus, the sound of Jesu's name,
Makes all our guilty terrors cease,
For God and Jesus are the same.

18 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
The world's offence Thy body bore,
Thou all the mighty debt hast paid,
And God the Just can ask no more.

19 Before Thou hadst the debt laid down,
He might have left us all to hell;
But now He *cannot* pass by one,
Since Thou hast died for all that fell.

20 Lord, we forget Thou once didst take
Our sin, and all our curse remove,
O'erlook Thy passion, when we make
Thy justice swallow up Thy love.

21 Lord, we forget Thy dying groans,
That Thou for all hast tasted death,
For all the' unjust hast suffer'd once:
"*Forgive them*," gasp'd Thy parting breath.

22 Surely Thy dying prayer is heard,
God for Thy sake hath all forgiven,
Grace hath to all mankind appear'd,
And all *may* follow it to heaven.

HYMN X.

1 JESU, Thy word is past! the grace*
Unspeakable is come to all:
Restored by Thee, the fallen race
May all recover from their fall;
From earth Thou hast been lifted up,
That all the ends of earth might hope.

2 The sure, irrevocable word
Hath no one soul of man pass'd by;
We all may claim the common Lord,
Not one is forced or left to die:
Say Thou, if all may come to Thee?
"I will draw all men unto Me!"

3 But hath Thy love excepted none?
But wouldst Thou draw us all to God?
Didst Thou for the whole world atone?
Have all an interest in Thy blood?
Say, if Thy grace for all is free?
"I will draw all men unto Me."

4 But dost Thou give Thy *special* grace,
Sufficient all the world to save?
Dost Thou not hide from half the race
What none but the elect can have?

* Here, and in v. 7 of the next hymn, the poet adopts the phrase of Milton. Compare "Paradise Lost," book iii., lines 227, 410.

"The grace that brings salvation near
Doth once to all mankind appear."

5 And canst Thou, Lord, incline our heart,
And draw us to Thyself in vain,
And then compel us to depart,
And thrust us into endless pain?
"I am not willing one should die;
Why, sinners, *will* ye perish, why?"

6 But if Thy written Word be true,
And Thou art willing to save all,
Why do not all the track pursue,
And listen to the' effectual call?
Why do not all Thy grace receive?
"They *will not* come to Me, and live."

7 All MIGHT be saved, but all *are* not,
For all *will not* Thy call obey;
The grace that once salvation brought
Self-harden'd sinners cast away;
They would not see the way of peace,
But forced the Spirit's strife to cease.

8 They would not the pure truth receive;
Saved, when they might, they would not be;
God therefore left them to believe
The devil's HORRIBLE DECREE:
And lo! they still believe a lie,—
That God did *nine in ten* pass by.

9 In them the strong delusion reigns,
That none but they in Christ have hope;
The poison spreads throughout their veins,
And drinks their angry spirits up;

"Let all but us in *Tophet* dwell,
Away with reprobates to hell!"

10 The spirit of their father speaks:
The lion roaring for his prey,
The reprobating lion, seeks
Unstable souls to tear and slay.
Fly, sinners, fly the fowler's snare;
Satan and all his depths are there.

11 Hear the old hellish murderer roar,—
"For all the Saviour did not die,
For only you, and not one more,
My children, who believe my lie."
His children answer to his call,
And shout, "Christ did not die for all."

12 O God of love, lay to Thine hand,
And bruise him underneath our feet;
No longer let his doctrine stand,
But chase it to its native pit;
There only let the fiend declare,
And preach his *other* gospel there.

HYMN XI.*

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

* Reprinted in "Arminian Magazine," 1778, p. 191, and entitled "The Universal Love of Christ."

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven!
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at His love!
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole.
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel He died for me.

6 For me, and all mankind,
The Lamb of God was slain;
My Lamb His life resign'd
For every soul of man:
Loving to all, He none pass'd by;
He would not have one sinner die.

7 O unexampled Love,
O all-redeeming Grace!
How freely didst Thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

8 For this alone I breathe,
To spread the gospel sound,
Glad tidings of Thy death
To all the nations round;
Who all *may* feel Thy blood applied,
Since all are freely justified.

9 O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

10 To serve Thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister Thy grace;
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

HYMN XII.*

1 O God of all grace, All truth, and all power,
On *Adam's* lost race Thy benefits shower,

* Omitted in the second and following editions.

Thy boundless compassion To sinners make known,
And bring us salvation, And seal us Thine own.

2 Come down from above, Whose mercies abound,
Whose bowels of love Continually sound;
To every creature All-gracious Thou art,
All mercy Thy nature, All pity Thy heart.

3 O Saviour of all, Who didst not pass by
Or leave in his fall One sinner to die,
'Gainst Satan's delusion We cry unto Thee,
O bring to confusion The *hellish decree.*

4 The stoical fiend Root out of our heart,
And bring to an end His magical art
Wherewith he bewitches, By forging Thy seal,
And horribly preaches Poor sinners to hell.

5 The simple and weak Pluck out of his net,
His covenant break, Bruise under our feet
The' *electing* deceiver; Destroy all his power,
And O that he never Might trouble us more!

HYMN XIII.*

The Lord's Controversy.

1 WHERE is *Elijah's* jealous God?
O God, arise, maintain Thy cause
'Gainst all who trample on Thy blood
And stain the glory of Thy cross;

* Omitted in second and third editions, but reprinted in "Arminian Magazine," 1778, p. 333.

'Gainst all who give our God the lie,
The God of truth and grace miscall,
The Saviour of the world deny,
And teach *He did not die for all.*

2 How long, ye wavering souls, how long
Halt ye between two different ways?
Recant, or justify the wrong;
Renounce, or own the Saviour's grace.
If *Moloch* be your horrid god,
Pursue and cleave to him alone;
If Christ hath bought you with His blood,
The universal blessing own.

3 Though twice four hundred prophets swear
That God delights in human pain,
I, even I, their fury dare,
His all-redeeming grace maintain;
Against them all I stand alone,
And challenge them their cause to prove;
The God of truth shall make it known,
Shall answer by the fire of love.

4 Call on your reprobating god;
To him, ye priests of *Moloch*, cry:—
"*Didst thou for all pour out thy blood?*
Didst thou not half the world pass by?
The most hast thou not doom'd to hell?
Is grace for every sinner free?
Hear, Moloch, *hear; set to thy seal,*
Confirm thy HORRIBLE DECREE!"

5 Where is the answer to your prayer?
(Aloud, ye priests of *Moloch*, cry!)
The voice, the seal, the witness where?
What, doth your god *his own pass by?*

Perhaps he hunts his routed foe,
Who preaches grace is free for all;
Perhaps he talks with fiends below,
Or sleeps, and needs a louder call.

6 No answer yet? What, no reply?
After your manner seek your god;
Your rage, your knives and lancets, try;
(He much delights in human blood;)
By furious wrath your spirits wound,
Exert your mad Satanic zeal,
Start up, and with a frantic bound
Awaken all your inbred hell.

7 Come near, ye people of my Lord,
With me the common Saviour share;
Come near, and let the gospel word
The altar of your hearts repair:
By sin and Satan broken down,
That altar now in ruins lies;
But God His glorious cause shall own,
And bare His arm in all your eyes.

8 There let the untamed bullock lay,
A whole burnt-offering to the Lord;
His Spirit shall the' old *Adam* slay,
And hew in pieces by the word.
Now let the fuel be applied;
Streams of ungodliness pour in,
O'erwhelm it with corruption's tide,
Fill all your hearts and lives with sin.

9 'Tis done: your hearts with sin o'erflow;
This is the hour of sacrifice:
Lo! to the living God I go,
The living God of earth and skies.

O Thou almighty Lord and God,
By *Abraham* and his sons confest,
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad,
And answer by the fiery test.

10 To Thee I make my bold appeal:
Let it be known in this our day
That Thou art God in *Israel*,
And I am sent to teach Thy way;
A faithful servant of my Lord,
That I Thy gospel truths proclaim,
That I have publish'd at Thy word
The universal Saviour's name.

11 O hear, and show Thou hear'st my call,
That this Thy people now may know
Thou art the common Lord of all,
Thy blood for all mankind did flow.
O let them feel the grace, the power,
The life Thy healing blood imparts;
The Saviour of the world adore,
And own that Thou hast turn'd their hearts.

12 The God that answereth by fire,
Jehovah, to our help is come!
In flames of love our hearts aspire,
His love doth all our sins consume;
It now consumes the sacrifice,
The burning Spirit makes us clean,
The wood, and stone, and dust destroys,
And licks up all the streams of sin.

13 The sin of all the world He bears
Away: upon our face we fall;
His fire of love confirms our prayers,
Attesting that *He died for all.*

He died for all the fallen race,
We all may His salvation prove:
The Lord—He is the God of grace,
The Lord—He is the God of love!

ANOTHER.

1 O ALL-ATONING Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If every soul may in Thy name
With me salvation find;
If Thou hast chosen me
To testify Thy grace,
(That vast unfathomable sea
Which covers all our race,)—

2 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright!
Control my every thought,
My every sin remove;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
To fervent charity;
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce Thy call,
And vindicate Thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

4 O do not let me trust
In any arm but Thine;
Humble, O humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine;
Cast all my reeds aside,
Captivate every thought,
And drain me of my strength and pride,
And bring me down to nought.

5 Thou dost not stand in need
Of me to prop Thy cause,
To' assert Thy general grace, or spread
The victory of Thy cross:
A feeble thing of nought,
With humble shame I own *
The help which upon earth is wrought
Thou dost it all alone.

6 Little, and base, and mean,
And vile in my own eyes,
A lump of misery and sin
At Thy command I rise;
I rise at Thy command,
I answer to Thy call,
A witness of Thy grace I stand,
Thy grace, which is for all.

7 O may I love like Thee,
And in Thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing Thou hast made.
O may I learn Thy art,
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

* "With lowly shame," 1780.

8 Increase (if that can be)
The perfect hate I feel
To *Satan's* HORRIBLE DECREE,
That genuine child of hell;
Which feigns Thee to *pass by*
The most of *Adam's* race,
And leave them in their blood to die,
Shut out from saving grace.

9 To most, as devils teach,
(Get thee behind me, fiend!)
To most Thy mercies never reach,
Whose mercies never end:
" Millions of souls Thy will
Delighted to ordain
Inevitable death to feel,
And everlasting pain."

10 In vain Thy written Word
The hellish tale gainsays,
Bids all receive their common Lord,
And offers all Thy grace:
Prophets, apostles join,
And saints and angels call,
And Christ attests the love Divine
That sent Him down for all.

11 Yet still, alas! there are
Who give their God the lie,
The Saviour of the world they dare
With all His truths deny:
A monstrous two-fold will
To God the Just they give;
" His *secret* one ordain'd to kill
Whom His *declared* bids live.

12 " The God of truth commands
All sinners to repent,
And mocks the work of His own hands
By what He never meant;
Commands them to believe
An unavailing lie,
Him for *their* Saviour to receive,
For them who did *not* die."

13 Loving to every man,
Of tenderest pity full,
Did God, the good, the just, ordain
To damn one helpless soul?
" *He did! the Just, the Good,*
(Hell answers from beneath,)
Spite of His word, His oath, He would,
He wills, the sinner's death."

14 Like as a father feels
His suffering children's care,
In God such kind compassion dwells,
For all His offspring are:
" *He loves His little ones*
(As Satan speaks) so well,
To dash their brains against the stones,
And shut them up in hell.

15 " He gives them *damning* grace,
To raise their torments higher,
And makes His shrieking children pass
To *Moloch* through the fire;
He doom'd their souls to death
From all eternity."
This is that wisdom from beneath,
That HORRIBLE DECREE!

16 My soul it harrows up,
It freezes all my blood,
My tingling ears I fain would stop
Against their hellish god,
Constrain'd, alas ! to hear
His reprobating roar,
And see him horribly appear
All stain'd with human gore.

17 'Tis thus, Thou loving Lamb,
Thy creatures picture Thee;
I blush to own my nature's shame,
That nature is in me:
But let it not remain;
The dire reproach efface;
Arise, O God! Thy truth maintain,
Thy all-redeeming grace.

18 Defend Thy mercy's cause:
Men have blasphemed their God,
Thrown down the altar of Thy cross,
And trampled on Thy blood;
Thy truth and righteousness
Their impious schemes disprove,
And rob Thee of Thy favourite grace,
Thine universal love.

19 Ah ! foolish souls, and blind !
If your report be true,
If mercy is not unconfined,
What mercy were for you
Who all His truth blaspheme,
Who all His grace deny!
Fury, ye worms, is not in Him,
Or He would *you* pass by.

20 Jesus, forgive the wrong;
But O, Thy foes restrain;
Silence the lewd, opprobrious tongue
That scourges Thee again:
They put Thee, Lord, to shame,
Again to death pursue;
Yet, O forgive them, gentle Lamb,
They know not what they do.

21 Some men of simple heart
The devil's tale believe;
Beguiled by the old Serpent's art,
His saying they receive:
For fear of robbing Thee
They rob Thee of Thy grace,
And (O good God!) to prove it free,
Damn almost all the race.

22 Pity their simpleness,
O Saviour of mankind;
Scatter the clouds of smoke that press
Their weak, bewilder'd mind;
The *other* gospel chase
To hell, from whence it came,
And let them taste Thy general grace,
And let them know Thy name.

23 O all-redeeming Lord,
Our common Friend and Head,
Thine everlasting gospel word
In their behalf we plead:
If they have drank their bane,
Do Thou the death remove,
The venomous thing drive out again
By universal love.

24 Let it not plunge their soul
In all the' extremes of ill;
The fatal mischief, Lord, control,
Nor suffer it to kill:
Thou wouldst that none should die;
O bring them back to God,
Thy sovereign antidote apply,
Thine all-atoning blood.

25 Avenge us of our foe,
And crush the Serpent's head,
Nor longer suffer him to sow
On earth the deadly seed;
The trampler on Thy grace,
Bruise him beneath our feet;
To hell the old deceiver chase,
And seal the burning pit.

26 Then shall Thy saints rejoice,
The song of *Moses* sing,
With angel choirs lift up their voice,
And praise their heavenly King,—
"The' accuser is subdued
And put to endless shame,
Cast down by the all-cleansing blood
Of the victorious Lamb."

HYMN XIV.

"*Why will ye die, O house of Israel?*"—Ezekiel xviii. 31.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;

God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace His love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

5 Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life Divine,
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go:
Ye for higher ends were born,
Ye may all to God return,
Live with Him above the sky;
Why will you for ever die?

6 You, on whom He favours showers,
You, possess'd of nobler powers,
You, of reason's powers possess'd,
You, with will and memory blest,
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God,
Noblest of His creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

7 You, whom He ordain'd to be
Transcripts of the Trinity,
You, whom He in life doth hold,
You, for whom Himself was sold,
You, on whom He still doth wait,
Whom He would again create,
Made by Him, and purchased, why,
Why will you for ever die?

8 You, who own His record true,
You, His chosen people, you,
You, who call the Saviour Lord,
You, who read His written Word,
You, who see the gospel light,
Claim a crown in Jesu's right,
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

9 You, His own peculiar race,
Sharers of His special grace,
All His grace to you is given,
You the favourites of heaven;
And will you unfaithful prove,
Trample on His richest love?
Jesus asks the reason, why,
Why will you resolve to die?

10 What could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood?
After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

11 Will you die because His grace
Cannot reach to all the race?
Life because you cannot have?
You because He will not save?
Dare you say He doth not call,
Doth not offer life to all,
Doth not ask His creatures, why,
Why will you resolve to die?

12 Saith He what He never meant,
Calls on all men to repent,
Calls, while His decree withstands,
Mocks the work of His own hands?
Will you die because you must?
Dare you make your God unjust?

He would have you live; O why,
Why will you resolve to die?

13 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn;
By His life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn, and live,
He would all the world receive;
He hath brought to all the race
Full salvation by His grace,
He hath no one soul pass'd by;
Why will you resolve to die?

14 Hath He pleasure in your pain?
Did He you to death ordain,
Vow you never should return,
Damn or ever you were born?
If your death were His delight,
Would He you to life invite?
Would He ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

15 Sinners, turn while God is near,
Dare not think Him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
All day long He spreads His hands,
Cries, "Ye will not happy be,
No, ye will not come to Me,
Me, who life to none deny;
Why will you resolve to die?"

16 Can ye doubt if God is love,
If to all His bowels move?
Will ye not His word receive?
Will ye not His oath believe?

See, the suffering God appears;
Jesus weeps! believe His tears;
Mingled with His blood, they cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

HYMN XV.

"*God will have* ALL *men to be saved.*"—1 Timothy ii. 4.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
Or pour out my complaint?
The Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay!
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

3 Jesu, the hindrance show
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of Thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display,
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I would not still deceive
My soul, and blind my sight;
I would not still Thy Spirit grieve
By shutting out Thy light.
Late, in Thy light I see,
And thank Thee for the grace;
Thou *wouldst* have all men come to Thee,
Saviour of human race.

5 Not one of all that fell
But *may* Thy favour find,
With Thee, the Friend of sinners, dwell,
The Friend of human kind.
Thee every soul may see,
Thy saving grace may prove,
Confirm the merciful decree
Of *universal* love.

6 Thou oft hast call'd in vain,
Thou oft hast come unsought,
Wouldst gather every soul of man,
But we, alas! *would not.*
Thou offerest all to fill
For Thy own mercies' sake,
"Come, freely come, whoever will,
And living water take."

7 Thou standest at the door,
And wilt not thence depart,
But entrance evèr dost implore
Into the sinner's heart;

Thy knock, if any hear
And open to his Guest,
Thou enterest in that soul, to cheer,
And art Thyself its feast.

8 The vilest need not doubt,
Thy grace for all is free,
Thou wilt in nowise cast him out
Who feebly comes to Thee.
Thou dost of us complain,—
"To Me *ye will not* come,
That ye eternal life may gain,
And then be taken home."

9 That *all may* turn and live,
Thou by Thy life hast sworn,—
"Why *will* ye die, when I *would* give
Pardon to *all* that turn."
Lord, I believe at last
Thy promise and Thy vow,
Thy word and solemn oath are past,
And Thou *wilt* save me now.

10 At last I yield, I yield,
Renounce my faithless fear;
By all Thy attributes compell'd,
I give up my despair.
O, how have I belied
My God, and wildly raved!
Thou wilt not save, I falsely cried,
When I would not be saved.

11 Thy goodness I accused,
(Pardon the blasphemy,)
Of life Thy proffer I refused,
And charged my death on Thee.

How long have I, how long,
Of God a devil made?
Forgive me, gracious Lord, the wrong;
I knew not what I said.

12 I now believe in Thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done.
In me is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

13 Thy mercy then takes place,
We find that love Thou art
When we no more resist Thy grace,
And harden not our heart.
Answer, if this be true,
Thy counsel now fulfil;
On me, for good, some token show,
O, work in me to will.

14 Lo! in Thy hand I lay,
And wait Thy will to prove;
My Potter, stamp on me, Thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love.
Be this my whole desire;
(I know that it is Thine;)
Then kindle in my soul a fire
Which shall for ever shine.

15 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert;
Thine image, love, Thy name impress,
Thy nature, on my heart.

Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my soul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear
That I have Christ put on.

16 O, plant in me Thy mind!
O, fix in me Thy home!
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come.
Jesus is full of grace,
To all His bowels move!
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only *Love!*

HYMN XVI.

Free Grace.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
The God of our salvation praise,
The God of everlasting love,
The God of universal grace.

2 'Tis not by works that we have done,
'Twas grace alone His heart inclined,
'Twas grace that gave His only Son
To taste of death for all mankind.

3 For every man He tasted death;
And hence we in His sight appear,
Not lifting up our eyes beneath,
But publishing His mercy here.

4 This is the ground of all our hope,
The fountain this of all our good,
Jesus for all was lifted up,
And shed for all His precious blood.

5 His blood, for all a ransom given,
Has wash'd away the general sin;
He closed His eyes to open heaven,
And all, who will, may enter in.

6 He worketh once to will in all,
Or mercy we could ne'er embrace;
He calls with an effectual call,
And bids us all receive His grace.

7 Thou drawest all men unto Thee,
Grace doth to every soul appear;
Preventing grace for all is free,
And brings to all salvation near.

8 Had not Thy grace salvation brought,
Thyself we never could desire;
Thy grace suggests our first good thought,
Thy only grace doth all inspire.

9 By nature only free to ill,
We never had one motion known
Of good, hadst Thou not given the will,
And wrought it by Thy grace alone.

10 'Twas grace, when we in sin were dead,
Us from the death of sin did raise;
Grace only hath the difference made;
Whate'er we are, we are by grace.

11 When on Thy love we turn'd our back,
Thou wouldst not shut Thy mercy's door,
The forfeiture Thou wouldst not take,
Thy grace did still our souls restore.

12 When twice ten thousand times we fell,
Thou gav'st us still a longer space,
Didst freely our backslidings heal,
And show'dst Thy more abundant grace.

13 'Twas grace from hell that brought us up;
Lo! to Thy sovereign grace we bow,
Through sovereign grace we still have hope,
Thy sovereign grace supports us now.

14 Grace only doth from sin restrain,
From which our nature cannot cease;
By grace we still Thy grace retain,
And wait to feel Thy perfect peace.

15 Kept by the mercy of our God,
Through faith, to full salvation's hour,
Jesu, we spread Thy name abroad,
And glorify Thy gracious power.

16 The constant miracle we own
By which we every moment live,
To grace, to Thy free grace alone,
The whole of our salvation give.

17 Strongly upheld by Thy right hand,
Thy all-redeeming love we praise;
The monuments of Thy grace we stand,
Thy free, Thine universal grace.

18 By grace we draw our every breath;
By grace we live, and move, and are;
By grace we 'scape the second death;
By grace we now Thy grace declare.

19 From the first feeble thought of good
To when the perfect grace is given,
'Tis all of grace; by grace renew'd,
From hell we pass through earth to heaven.

20 We need no reprobates to prove
That grace, free grace, is truly free;
Who cannot see that God is love,
Open your eyes, and look on me,

21 On us, whom Jesus hath call'd forth
To' assert that all His grace may have,
To vindicate His passion's worth
Enough ten thousand worlds to save.

22 He made it possible for all
His gift of righteousness to' embrace;
We all may answer to His call,
May all be freely saved by grace.

23 He promised all mankind to draw;
We feel Him draw us from above,
And preach with Him the gracious law,*
And publish the DECREE OF LOVE.

24 Behold the all-atoning Lamb;
Come, sinners, at the gospel call;
Look, and be saved through Jesu's name;
We witness He hath died for all.

25 We join with all our friends above,
The God of our salvation praise,
The God of everlasting love,
The God of universal grace.

GLORIA PATRI.

I.

1 FATHER, whose everlasting love
Draws every sinner from above,
And points him to the' atoning blood,

* Compare Psalm ii. 7, P. B. V.: "I will preach the law."

Thou all the world wouldst freely save,
If all Thy record *would* believe,
That Thou hast Christ on all bestow'd.
Saviour of all, to Thee we bow;
The universal Saviour, Thou
Thy gift of life to all wouldst give:
'Tis we that make Thine offers vain,
We force Thy pity to complain,
"Ye will not come to Me, and live."

2 Thee, Spirit of Love, we gladly praise,
Who strivest long with all the race;
We own Thine universal lure:
Had he accepted of Thine aid,
The blackest soul in hell had made
His calling and election sure.
Joint Causes of our glorious hope,
To Thee our thanks we offer up,
Of Thy FREE GRACE we make our boast;
On angels and archangels call,—
Praise ye the Lamb that died for all,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II.*

1 O FOUNTAIN of love, O God of all grace,
Whose bowels did move Toward *Adam's* lost race,
Accept our thanksgiving For sending our Lord,
That all men believing *Might* all be restored.

* This hymn, together with No. VII. and the four following, were omitted, possibly by an oversight, from all but the first edition.

2 Great Friend of mankind, We trust in Thy blood;
Thy passion, we find, Hath brought us to God:
We thank and we bless Thee, Who savest us from thrall,
And gladly confess Thee, The Saviour of all.

3 O Spirit of love, Whom all men *may* feel,
Whose pity has strove And strives with us still,
We bless Thee for giving To all Thy free grace;
Thy prevalent striving *Would* save the whole race.

III.

1 FATHER of our dear Lord,
Thy mercy we record,
Over all Thy works it shone;
Mercy freely Thee inclined,
Mercy gave Thine only Son,
Death to taste for all mankind.

2 O Lamb, for sinners slain,
For every soul of man,
Thou, for all men lifted up,
Drawest all men unto Thee:
Glory be to Christ our Hope!
All the world *may* hope in Thee.

3 Thee, Holy Ghost, we praise,
Giver of general grace;
Preacher Thou to spirits bound,
Dost for harden'd sinners grieve,
Those who, while He may be found,
Will not come to God and live.

4 Blessing, and praise to Thee,
All-glorious Trinity!
Live by all Thy works adored,
All below and all above,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of grace, and God of love.

IV.

1 FATHER of mankind, whose love
In Christ for all is free,
Thou hast sent Him from above
To bring us all to Thee;
Thou hast every heart inclined
Christ the Saviour to embrace,
All those heavenly drawings find,
All *may* be saved by grace.

2 Christ, the true and living Light,
Thou shinest into all,
Lightest every son of night
That fell in *Adam's* fall:
Bear we witness unto Thee,
Thou Thy light to all dost give,
That the world through it *might* see
Their Saviour, and believe.

3 Holy Ghost, all-quickening Fire,
Thou givest each his day,
Dost one spark of life inspire
In every castaway;
Not to aggravate his sin,
Not his sorer doom to seal,
But that he *might* let Thee in
And all Thy fulness feel.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be to Thee;
The whole world of sinners lost
To save Thou dost agree:
Thee triumphantly we praise,
Vie with all Thy hosts above,
Shout Thine universal grace,
Thine everlasting love.

V.

PRAISE God from whom pure blessings flow,
Whose bowels yearn on all below,
Who would not have one sinner lost;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

VI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

VII.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Giver of covenanted grace,
For ever be Thy love adored,
Which sent Thy Son to save our race;
To save the world, and not condemn,
That all the world *might* live through Him.

2 Thee, Saviour of mankind, we bless,
Who didst the' offending nature take;
The world's Desire, and Hope, and Peace,
Thou didst for all atonement make:

For men, and not for angels given,
Or hell might all be turn'd to heaven.

3 Spirit of power, and health, and love,
Who broodest over every soul,
Dost once in every bosom move,
And offer once to make all whole,
Let all Thy general grace adore,
And lie against Thy truth no more.

VIII.

1 GOD of infinite compassion,
Thou hast gave Christ to save
All in every nation.

2 Thou hast all in Christ elected,
Not a soul of the whole
Was by Thee rejected.

3 Father of our common Saviour,
All Thy grace *might* embrace,
Might have once found favour.

4 Give we to our Lord the glory;
Lord, Thy love all may prove,
May with us adore Thee.

5 For us all Thy great salvation
Thou hast wrought; all hast bought
By Thy bloody passion.

6 Partner of the sinful nature,
Lord, Thine eye none *pass'd by*,
No one fallen creature.

7 Hail, Thou all-alluring Spirit;
All, would we follow Thee,
Might Thy heaven inherit.

8 To all flesh Thy grace is given,
All beneath feel Thy breath
Drawing them toward heaven.

9 Thy long-suffering is salvation,
Not to seal souls for hell,
Not for man's damnation.

10 God the Father through the Spirit
Shows His Son, makes Him known,
And applies His merit.

11 Father, Son, and Spirit bless us;
One and Three all agree,
Three are One in Jesus.

12 God is both the Gift and Giver;
Let us praise His free grace
Now, henceforth, for ever.

IX.

1 PATERNAL Deity,
Pure Universal Love,
All praise we render Thee
For sending from above
The glorious Partner of Thy throne,
Thine only co-eternal Son.

2 Jesus, the Woman's Seed,
The Covenant of peace,
To bruise the serpent's head,
To ransom us, and bless,
Thou to the *Gentile* world hast gave,
Not to condemn the world, but save.

3 The Lamb of God, who takes
The general sin away,
Who no exception makes,
But gives to each his day,
On Thee our common Lord we call,
And bless Thee, who hast died for all.

4 Thou all the debt hast paid,
For all a ransom given,
For all atonement made,
For all hast purchased heaven;
And now Thou art before the throne
To plead what Thou for all hast done.

5 We glorify the Dove,
Who peaceful tidings brings,
And whispers God is love,
And spreads for all His wings,
And strives, since first the world began,
With every fallen soul of man.

6 Thee, Holy Ghost, we praise;
Thy sweet attracting power
Would quicken all the race,
Would all mankind restore;
Salvation Thy long-suffering is,
And leads to everlasting bliss.

X.

1 PUBLISH we our FATHER'S praise,
Saved by His unbounded grace;
Christ He gave for all that breathe,
Christ for all hath tasted death.

2 CHRIST we praise, our God above;
He is pure unspotted love,
Hateth nothing He hath made,
Died in every sinner's stead.

3 Let us the Good SPIRIT bless,
Him the gift of Christ confess,
Listen to His general call,
Yield, and He will save us all.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thee, with all the heavenly host,
We poor ransom'd worms adore
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

XI.

1 FATHER of earth and heaven,
All glory be to Thee,
Who self-inclined hast freely given
Thy Son to die for me;
For me and all that breathe,
For all of Adam's race,
The Second Adam tasted death,
By Thy all-pardoning grace.

2 We bless the saving name,
Jesus, the sinner's peace,
The Saviour of mankind, proclaim,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Whose gift is come to all;
For all the Lamb hath died;
The world *may* listen to His call,
The world is justified.

3 We glorify the Dove,
Who strives with every soul,
And witnesses that God is love
When He hath made us whole,—
Witnesses with the blood
That it for all did stream,
That all through Christ may come to God,
May all be saved through Him.

4 We magnify the grace,
The universal love
Of Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
With all the hosts above.
Till Christ on earth appears,
Angels, on you we call,
Come, praise with us, ye morning stars,
The Lamb that died for all.

5 With us together sing,
Your tongues and harps employ;
To sound the glories of our King,
Ye angels, shout for joy;
For joy that God hath died,
That we might be forgiven,
And find, with all the sanctified,
Our names enroll'd in heaven.

6 Worthy, O Lamb, art Thou,
That all Thy name should bless;
That every knee to Thee should bow,
And every tongue confess:
Thee, Jesus, Thee we own
For every sinner slain;
With Him that sitteth on the throne
Worthy art Thou to reign.

7 *Hosannah* to the Son!
Hosannah, cry aloud;
Then cast your crowns before the throne,
Ye first-born sons of God!
With you we now adore,
Low at His footstool fall,
And praise and worship evermore
The Lamb that died for ALL.

AN

ELEGY

On the DEATH of

ROBERT JONES, Esq.;

OF

FONMON-CASTLE in *Glamorganshire*,

SOUTH-WALES.

This was he whom we had sometimes in Derision and a Proverb of reproach. We Fools accounted his life Madness; and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the Children of GOD, and his lot is among the Saints!

Wisdom of SOLOMON, chap. v. *v.* 3, 4, 5.

By *CHARLES WESLEY*, M.A.,

Student of *Christ-Church*, *Oxford*.

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[Price *Six-pence*.]

AN ELEGY.*

AND is he gone to his eternal rest?
So suddenly received among the blest!
Yet will I make his fair memorial stay,
Bring back his virtue into open day,
The sinner, convert, friend, and dying saint display.

Soon as the morn of opening life begun,
His simpleness pursued a God unknown;
Giver of life, the all-alluring Dove,
Did on his soul with early influence move,
Brooding He sat; infused the young desire,
Kindled the ray of pure ethereal fire,
And bade him to his native heaven aspire.

* We find in the published Journals of the Wesleys, for the year 1741, many references to the subject of this Elegy. They are too numerous to be inserted here; but by comparing them with the poem which follows—and which, had he written nothing else, would have entitled the author to high rank among the writers of English verse—we gather that Mr. Jones was brought to the experimental knowledge of the truth by means of Mr. C. Wesley's ministry, and that, having given ample evidence of the sincerity of his profession, he died happily in June, 1742.

But soon the morning vapour pass'd away,
His goodness melted at the blaze of day;
By pleasure charm'd, he leap'd the sacred fence,
The youth outlived his childish innocence,
Plunged in a world of fashionable vice,
And left his God, and lost his paradise.
Dead while he lived, in sin and pleasure dead,
Long o'er the world's wide wilderness he stray'd,
Eager imagined pleasures to pursue,
Tired with the old, yet panting after new,
He hurried down the broad frequented road,
Unconscious in the shade of death abode,
Forgot, but never dared to scorn, his God.

Ah! what avail'd him then the gentle mind,
By schools instructed, and by courts refined!
The winning mien, the affable address,
And all his nature, all his art to please!
In vain he shone with various gifts endow'd,
Friend to the world, and enemy to God;
In vain he stoop'd in trifles to excel,
(Gay withering flowers that strew the way to hell!)
Generous, alas! in vain, and just, and brave,
While awed by man, and to himself a slave;
A steward to his fellow-servants just,
But still he falsified his Master's trust;
To them their several dues exact to' afford,
Their own he render'd them, but robb'd his Lord;
O'erlook'd the *Great Concern*, the better part,
Lived to himself, and gave the world his heart.

Who then the gracious wonder shall explain,
How could a man of sin be born again?

Roused from his sleep of death, he never knew
To fix the point from whence the Spirit blew,
So imperceptibly the stroke was given,
The stroke Divine, that turn'd his face to heaven.
The Saviour-God, by tender pity moved,
Observed His wandering sheep, and freely loved;
Him blind and lost with gracious eye survey'd,
And gently led him to the secret shade;
Led him a way that nature never knew,
And from the busy careless crowd withdrew,
To serious solitude his heart inclined,
Tired with the noise and follies of mankind,
Impatiently resolved to cast the world behind.

The Power unseen, which bade his wanderings cease,
Follow'd, and found him in the wilderness;
Gave him the hearing ear, and seeing eye,
And pointed to the blood of sprinkling nigh,
(That blood Divine which makes the conscience clean,
That Fountain open'd for a world of sin,)
Call'd him to hear the name to sinners given,
The only saving name in earth or heaven.

So when the first degenerated man
Far in the woods from his Creator ran,
Mercy pursued, his fugitive to seize,
And stopp'd his trembling flight among the trees;
"*Where art thou, man?*" he heard his Maker say,
Calm-walking in the cool decline of day;
Aghast he heard; came forth, with guilty fear,
And found the Bruiser of the Serpent near;
Received the promise of his sin forgiven,
And for an *Eden* lost an antepast of heaven.

Hail, *Mary's* Son! Thy mercies never end;
Thy mercies reach'd and saved my happy friend.
He felt the' atoning blood by faith applied,
And freely was the sinner justified,
Saved by a miracle of grace Divine——
And O! my God, the ministry was mine!
I spake from Thee the reconciling word,
Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord:
He heard impartial; for himself he heard;
And weigh'd the' important truth with deep regard:
The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,
He search'd with noble readiness of mind;
Listen'd, and yielded to the gospel call,
And glorified the Lamb that died for all;
Gladly confess'd our welcome tidings true,
And waited for a power he never knew,
The seal of all his sins through Christ forgiven,
With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

The Lord he sought allow'd His creature's claim,
And sudden to His living temple came;
The Spirit of love (which, like a rushing wind,
Blows as He lists, but blows on all mankind)
Breathed on his raptured soul: the sinking clay
O'erwhelm'd beneath the mighty comfort lay;
While all-dissolved the powers of nature fail,
Enter'd his favour'd soul within the veil,
The inner court with sacred reverence trod,
And saw the' Invisible, and talk'd with God.

Constrain'd by ecstasies too strong to bear,
His soul was all pour'd out in praise and prayer;

He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,
While Jesus made the' eternal Godhead known,
Received *the living faith* by grace bestow'd,
" And verily," he cried, " there is a God!
I know, I feel the word of truth Divine;
Lord, I believe Thou art—for Thou art mine!"

So when the woman did of Jesus tell,
The God of *Jacob* found at *Jacob's* well,
Eager the common benefit to' impart,
" Come see a man that told me all my heart;"
The men of *Sychar* came; received her word,
But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord;
"Now we believe," they cried, "but not through thee,
Our ears have heard the' Incarnate Deity;
The glorious truth assuredly we find,
This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of mankind!"

Thrice happy soul, whom Jesus gave to know
Eternal life, while sojourning below!
Thou *didst* the gift unspeakable receive,
And humbly in the Spirit walk and live;
Thou *didst* the hidden life Divine express,
And evidence the power of godliness;
Thou *didst* with all thy soul to Jesus turn,
His gospel truth with all thy life adorn;
Thy goods, thy fame, thine all, to Jesus give,
Sober, and righteous here, and godly live;
With utmost diligence His gifts improve,
And labour to be perfected in love.

His word subdued at once the carnal will,
The sea subsided, and the sun stood still;

No more in thee the waves of passion roll,
Or violate thy calm unruffled soul:
The leopard fierce is with the kid laid down,
The gentle child-like spirit leads thee on;
Intent on God thy single heart and eye,
And Abba, Father, now is all the cry.
Yes, thou hast chose at last the better part,
And God alone hath all thy simple heart.

Wholly devoted now to God alone,
Thou mourn'st the days for ever lost and gone,
Gay youthful days of vanity and vice,
Thou see'st confounded—vile in thy own eyes;
Pardon'd, yet still persisting to lament
Thy fortune, time, and talents all misspent.
A sinner, self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
But wondering at the goodness of thy Lord;
He saw thee in thy blood, and bade thee live;
Yet still thyself thou never couldst forgive.

Resolved each precious moment to redeem,
To serve thy God, and only live to Him,
Through all at once thy constant virtue broke,
Cast off the world, and sin, and Satan's yoke;
The steadfast purpose of thy soul avow'd,
Confess'd the Christian, and declared for God.

O what a change was there! The man of birth
Sinks down into a clod of common earth;
The man of polish'd sense his judgment quits,
And tamely to a *madman's* name submits;
The man of curious taste neglects his food,
And all is pleasant now, and all is good;

The man of rigid honour slights his fame,
And glories in his Lord and Master's shame;
The man of wealth and pleasure all foregoes,
And nothing but the cross of Jesus knows;
The man of sin is wash'd in Jesu's blood,
The man of sin becomes a child of God!

Throughout his life the new creation shines,
Throughout his words, and actions, and designs:
Quicken'd with Christ, he sought the things above,
And evidenced the faith which works by love,—
Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,
O'ercomes the world, and purifies the heart.

Not as uncertainly the race he ran,
He fought the fight, nor spent his strength, in vain:
Foes to the cross, themselves let others spare,
At random run, and idly beat the air,
As bondage each Divine command disclaim;
A truer follower of the bleeding Lamb,
He bore the burden of his Lord, and died
A daily death with Jesus crucified.
He cheerfully took up his Master's yoke,
Nor e'er the sacred ordinance forsook,
Nor dared to cast the hallow'd cross away,
Or plead his liberty to disobey:
Under the law to Christ, he labour'd still
To do and suffer all his Father's will:
Herein his glorious liberty was shown,
Free to deny himself, and live to God alone!

In fastings oft the hardy soldier was;
Patient and meek he grew, beneath the cross;

He kept his body down, by grace subdued,
The servant to his soul, and both to God.
No delicate disciple he, to shun
The cross, and say, " My Saviour all hath done !"
No carnal *Esau*, to despise his right,
And damn his soul to please his appetite :
Suffice the season past, that dead to God
He glided down the easy spacious road ;
A willing alien from the life Divine,
Lived to himself, and fed on husks with swine :
The times of ignorance and sin are past,
The son obeys his Father's voice at last;
All heaven congratulates his late return,
Angels and God rejoice, and men and devils mourn.

Mourn the good-natured soft voluptuous crowd,
Whose shame their boast, whose belly is their God;
Who eat, and drink, and then rise up to play,
And dance, and sing their worthless lives away :
Harmless, of gentle birth, and bred so well—
They here sleep out their time,—and wake in hell.

These thoughtless souls his happy change deplored,
And cursed the men that call'd him to his Lord,
The troublers of a quiet neighbourhood.
(The cruel enemies to flesh and blood,
Who vex the world, and turn it upside down,
And make the peer as humble as the clown.)
His bleeding Lord engross'd his whole esteem ;
Where Jesus dwells there is no room for them :
His house no more the scene of soft excess,
Of courtly pleasures, and luxurious ease ;

No longer doth their friend like *Dives* fare,
No *drunken hospitality* is there,
No revellings that turn the night to day;
(*Harmless diversions*—from the narrow way!)
No midnight dance profaned the hallow'd place,
No voice was heard, but that of prayer and praise.

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,
He pass'd the rich, and call'd a nobler Guest;
He call'd the poor, the maim'd, the lame, the blind,
He call'd in these the Saviour of mankind;
His friends and kinsmen these, for Jesu's sake,
Who no voluptuous recompence could make:
But God the glorious recompence hath given,
And call'd him to the marriage-feast in heaven.

Ye men that live in riotous excess,
And loosely take your pleasurable ease,
Rich to yourselves, the bright example view
Of one, who once forgot his God like you,
But wisely grieved for sins and follies past,
Sprang from the world, and won the race at last.
How did his soul for you in secret mourn,
And long, and pray, and weep for your return!
How did he supplicate the throne above,
That you, even you, might taste the Saviour's love,
Might listen to the truth, your vileness own,
Pursue the way of peace ye have not known,
Renounce the world, and live to God alone.
O might the scales fall from your blinded eyes!
O that some prodigal would now arise,
Accept the pardoning grace, through Jesus given,
And turn and gladden all the host of heaven!

Sinners, regard your friend who speaks though dead;
In his, as he in Jesu's footsteps, tread:
After the Lamb he still rejoiced to go,
He lived a guardian angel here below;
A father of the poor, he gave them food,
And fed their souls, and labour'd for their good.
The little church, in Jesus who believed,
Into his house, his arms, his heart received;
With these he humbly search'd the written word,
Talking with these, he communed with their Lord,
Studied the sacred leaves by day and night,
His faithful counsellor and sole delight;
He made them all his own with happy art,
And practice copied them into his heart:
Still in the steps of *Abraham's* faith he trod,
He and his house would only serve their God.

The worth domestic let his consort tell
Of one who loved so wisely and so well;
Who help'd her all for Jesus to forego,
And cherish'd her, as Christ His church below,
Explain'd the glorious mystery Divine
How God and man may in one spirit join,
How man the joys of heaven on earth may prove,
The sacred dignity of nuptial love:
Clearly in him the sameness all might see
Of nuptial love and spotless purity.

Nor less the' exemplary father shone;
Freely to God he render'd back His own,
Devoted all to Him—his children, wife,
Goods, fame, and friends, and liberty, and life.

He taught his children in their earliest days
To love their God, and lisp their Saviour's praise.
No modern parent he, their souls to sell,
In sloth and pride to train them up for hell,
To' infuse the stately thought of rank and birth,
And swell the base-born potsherds of the earth,
The lust of praise, and wealth, and power to' inspire;
To raise their spirit and their torment higher,
And make them pass to *Moloch* through the fire.

Watchful the heavenly wisdom to instil,
He gently bent their soft unbiass'd will,
Woo'd them to seek in God their happiness;
Loving, yet wise, and fond without excess;
Simple, like them, and innocent, and mild,
The father is himself a little child.
He saw himself by his great Maker seen,
And walk'd with God while sojourning with men;
His filial awe and whole deportment show'd
He saw the' Invisible, and walk'd with God:
Trembled his soul at the minutest fault,
And felt the torture of an idle thought.
Still he beheld the presence of his Lord,
In all events the hand Divine adored,
In smallest trivial things his watchful eye
Designs of heavenly wisdom could descry;
Nothing he deem'd beneath His guardian care
In whom we always live, and move, and are,
Who screens our naked head, and numbers every hair.

Such was the man by men and fiends abhorr'd!
A true disciple of his much-loved Lord,

A valiant soldier in his Captain's cause,
A cheerful sharer of his Saviour's cross,
A faithful follower of the bleeding Lamb,
A glad partaker of His glorious shame;
A confessor and witness for his God,
Against the world the' intrepid champion stood;
Bold in the faith his Master to confess,
He dared the world of Jesu's enemies,
Satan and all his powers at once defied;
Who fear'd his God could nothing fear beside.

Against the storm he turn'd his steady face,
And calmly triumph'd, and enjoy'd disgrace;
A gazing-stock to the lewd godless throng,
The fool's derision, and the drunkard's song:
Yet neither smiles nor frowns his soul could shake,
Or move the *madman* for his Master's sake;
Though *Pharisees* and *Sadducees* combined,
And all his friends and all his kinsmen join'd
To scoff the man who *meanly fear'd* his God.
He knew not to confer with flesh and blood,
But cheerfully took up, nor ever felt, the load:
Harder than flint or adamant his brow,
Unruffled then, and unconcern'd as now,
On all their vain contempt he still look'd down,
From faith to faith, from strength to strength went on,
And bore the cross that led him to the crown;
The scandal of his Lord with joy he bore,
And still the more despised, superior rose the more.

'Twas thus the royal saint, by God approved,
His Master own'd and honour'd whom He loved;

Stript of his robes, and in his handmaid's sight,
He danced before the ark with all his might;
He danced, unawed by *Michal's* scornful eye,
And calm return'd the resolute reply,
"To serve my God, to do my Maker's will,
If this be vile, I will be viler still."

The horrid crew, that dare their Lord deny,
Bold to dethrone the Filial Deity,
Where JONES appear'd, their blasphemies forbore,
And silently confess'd him conqueror.
Nor less resolved 'gainst those the champion stood
Who scorn the purchase of their Saviour's blood,
Deny the Spirit now to sinners given,
The life begun on earth that ends in heaven.
With deep concern and bleeding heart he view'd
The general dire apostasy from God;
He heard the rod Divine, with sacred fear
And trembling, foresight ot destruction near;
Long'd that we all might see the outstretch'd hand,
The sword impending o'er a guilty land,
Might timely all remember whence we fell,
Return with contrite heart and earnest zeal,
Confess the faith which God vouchsafes to' approve,
Before His wrath our candlestick remove,
Do the first works, and feel the former love.

He mark'd the city of our God laid low,
And wept in deep distress for *Sion's* woe:
It pitied him to see her in the dust,
Her lamp extinguish'd and her gospel lost;

Lost to the rich, and great, and wise, and good,
Poor guilty enemies to Jesu's blood,
Who quench the last faint spark of piety,
Yet cry, "The temple of the Lord are we!"
Pleaders for order, they who all confound,
Pillars who bear our *Zion*——to the ground,
Her doctrines and her purity disclaim,
Our church's ruin and our nation's shame;
Leaders, who turn the lame out of the way,
Shepherds, who watch to make the sheep their prey,
Preachers, who dare their own report deny,
Patrons of *Arius'* or *Socinus'* lie,
Who scoff the gospel truths as idle tales,
Heathenish priests, and mitred infidels!

Nor did he let his censure wildly fall,
Or, for the sake of some, reproach them all:
He knew with wiser judgment to revere,
And vindicate the sacred character;
The sacred character remain'd the same,
Untouch'd, and unimpeach'd by private blame;
Though deists blind and sectaries agree
To brand the heaven-descended ministry;
Nor God nor man the bold revilers spare,
To' accuse the followers with their Lord they dare,
"For *Judas* fill'd an apostolic chair."

This duteous son his piety retain'd,
Nor left his mother by her children stain'd;
Dishonour'd by her base degenerate sons,
The pure and apostolic church he owns;
Her sacred truths in righteousness he held,
Her articles and creeds, *not yet* repeal'd,

Her homilies, replete with truth Divine,
Where pure religion flows in every line:
These heavenly truths while two or three maintain'd,
By them he vow'd in life and death to stand:
By them in life and death he nobly stood,
Tenacious of the faith, and obstinately good.
He never left the ship, by tempest tost,—
Or say, She now is dash'd against the coast.
To save a few he spent his pious pains,
Stay'd by the wreck, and gather'd her remains.—
My brother here, my friend indeed, thou wert,
A man—a Christian after my own heart!
For this I envy thee, while others blame,
And strangers brand thee with a bigot's name:
Glorious reproach! If this be bigotry,
For ever let the charge be fix'd on me,
With pious JONES and Royal CHARLES may I
A martyr for the *Church of England* die!

Nor did his zeal for her his love restrain,
His love descending like the genial rain,
And shining, like the sun, on every soul of man.
Free as its Source it flow'd, and unconfined,
Embracing and o'erwhelming all mankind;
Nor sin nor error could its course preclude,
It reach'd to all, the evil and the good,
His Father's children all, and bought with Jesu's blood.

The men of narrow hearts, who dare restrain
The grace their Saviour did for all obtain,
("Free sovereign grace," who cry, "perversely free!
For us, thou reprobate, but not for thee:

Millions of souls the Lord of All *pass'd by*,
Who died for all for them refused to die:
To us, and none but us, He had respect,
He died for the whole world—of—us Elect.")
These wretched men of sin with grief he view'd;
He loved these strangers to his Saviour's blood,
A restless, carnal, bold, licentious crowd,
Bitter, implacable, perverse, and proud,
Stubborn, stiff-neck'd, impatient of restraint,
A tribe of priests unholy and unsent,
Whose lives their arrogant conceit disprove;
Vain sinful boasters of electing love;
To evil sold, they *will* believe a lie,
And advocates for sin they live, and die.

Yet these, even these, his pity knew to bear,
With all their long impertinence of prayer,
Their factious party zeal, their teaching pride,
Their fierce contempt of all mankind beside;
His love the mantle o'er their folly spread,
His candid love a just exception made,
O'erjoy'd to see a few, of heart sincere,
As burning and as shining lights appear,
To find a WHITEFIELD and a HARRIS *here!*

True piety impartial to commend,
He dared to call a *Calvinist* his friend;
His love indifferent did to all abound,
He bow'd to Jesu's name wherever found:
Some good he found in all, but grieved to see
The world combine, the brethren disagree.
Ah! Lord, regard in him Thy Spirit's groan,
And haste to perfect all Thy saints in one!

Divinely warn'd to meet the mortal hour,
And tread the path his Saviour trod before,
Without surprise the sudden call he heard,—
Always alike for life or death prepared;
With calm delight the summons he received,
For well he knew in whom he had believed,
He knew himself with Christ for ever one,
(The Lamb that died for all his sins to' atone,)
And welcomed death, whose only sting was gone:
The foe to nature, but a friend to grace,
The king of terrors with an angel face!
He smiled as the swift messenger drew near;
With steadfast faith, and love that cast out fear,
Look'd through the vale, and saw his Lord appear.

But O! what words the mighty joy can paint,
Or reach the raptures of a dying saint!
See there! the dying saint, with smiling eyes,
A spectacle to men and angels lies!
His soul from every spot of sin set free,
His hope is full of immortality;
To live was Christ to him, and death is gain:
Resign'd triumphant in the mortal pain,
He lays his earthly tabernacle down
In confidence, to grasp the starry crown;
Saved to the utmost *here* by Jesu's grace,
"I *here*," he cries, "*have seen His glorious face.*"

Nor even in death could he forget his own:
Still the kind brother, and the pious son,
Loved his own flesh, when ready to depart,
And lingering bore them on his yearning heart;—
His last desire—that they might take the prize,

That they might follow him to paradise.
Witness the prayers in which with God he strove,
Witness the labour of his dying love;
The solemn lines he sign'd as with his blood,
That call'd and pointed to the' atoning God.
O Saviour, give them to his dying prayer,
Snatch them from earth, for heavenly joys prepare,
And let the son salute the mother there!

In sure and steadfast hope again to find
The dear loved relatives he left behind,
Children and wife he back to Jesus gave;
His Lord, he knew, could to the utmost save:
Himself experienced now that utmost power,
And clapp'd his hands in death's triumphant hour;
"Rejoice, my friends," he cries, "rejoice with me,
Our dying Lord hath got the victory;
He comes! He comes! this is my bridal day,
Follow with songs of joy the breathless clay,
And shout my soul escaped into eternal day!"

A dying saint can true believers mourn?
Joyful they see their friend to heaven return;
His animating words their souls inspire,
And bear them upwards on his car of fire:
His looks, when language fails, new life impart;
Heaven in his looks, and Jesus in his heart,
He feels the happiness that cannot fade;
With everlasting joy upon his head,
Starts from the flesh, and gains his native skies;
Glory to God on high!—the Christian dies!
Dies from the world, and quits his earthly clod;
Dies, and receives the crown by Christ bestow'd;
Dies into all the life and plenitude of God!

O glorious victory of grace Divine!
Jesu, the great redeeming work is Thine:
Thy work revived, as in the ancient days,
We now with angels and archangels praise;
Thine hand unshorten'd in our sight appears,
With whom a day is as a thousand years;
We see and magnify Thy mercy's power,
That call'd the sinner at the' eleventh hour,
Cut short the work, and suddenly renew'd,
Sprinkled and wash'd him in Thy cleansing blood,
And fill'd in one short year with all the life of God.
Received on earth into Thy people's rest,
He now is number'd with the glorious blest;
Call'd to the joys that saints and angels prove,
Triumphant with the first-born church above,
He rests within Thy arms of everlasting love.

Ye fools that throng the smooth, infernal road,
And scorn the wisdom of the sons of God,
Censure whom angels, saints, and God commend,
Madness account his life, and base his end,—
Tread on his ashes still, ye ruffians, tread;
By *venal* lies defame the sacred dead;
With Satan, still your feeble malice show,
The last poor efforts of a vanquish'd foe:
To' arraign a saint deceased profanely dare;
But look to meet him at the last great bar,
And horribly recant your hellish slanders there!

Or rather now, while lingering Justice stays,
And God in Jesus grant a longer space,
Repent, repent; a better path pursue;
Choose life, ye *madmen*, with the happy few,
The life your Saviour's death hath bought for you.

Why *will* you die, when God would have you live,
Would all mankind abundantly forgive?
Invites you all to choose the better part,
And ever cries, "My son, give Me thy heart?"
He bids you in His servant's footsteps tread,
He calls you by the living and the dead,—
Awake, and burst the bands of nature's night,
Rise from your graves, and Christ shall give you light;
While yet He may be found, to God draw nigh,
Heaven without price, and without money buy,
And as the righteous live, and as the righteous die.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

EXTRACTED FROM

THE THIRD VOLUME OF

A COLLECTION OF

MORAL AND SACRED POEMS,

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN WESLEY, M.A.,

Fellow of *Lincoln* College, *Oxford.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In 1744 Wesley published "A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems," in three volumes duodecimo. It was dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon, who had, some time before, expressed to the Compiler her desire to see a work in which beautiful poetry should be presented to the reader without anything contrary to virtue or good taste.

In the third volume of this Collection, at p. 206, there is a note at the head of the page:—"The Poems that follow are by the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley." The first that follows is entitled "God's Greatness," and has been already reprinted in this edition. (See Vol. I., p. 143.) The second is the preceding Elegy on Mr. Jones, which is concluded on p. 232 of Wesley's volume. On p. 233 is a paraphrase of the Sixth Chapter of Isaiah, the reprint of which will be found on p. 133, immediately following this "Advertisement;" and the remaining contents of the volume in due order.

MORAL AND SACRED POEMS.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

1 I SAW the Lord in light array'd,
And seated on a lofty throne,
The' Invisible on earth display'd,
The Father's co-eternal Son.

2 The seraphim, a glittering train,
Around His bright pavilion stood,
Nor could the glorious light sustain,
While all the temple flamed with God.

3 Six wings each heavenly herald wore;
With twain he veil'd his dazzled sight,
With twain his feet he shadow'd o'er,
With twain he steer'd his even flight.

4 One angel to another cried,
" Thrice holy is the Lord we own,
His name on earth is glorified,
And all things speak the great Three One.

5 " The earth is of His glory full;
Man in himself his God may see,
In his own body, spirit, soul,
May trace the Triune Deity."

6 He spake: and all the temple shook,
Its doors return'd the jarring sign;
The trembling house was fill'd with smoke,
And groan'd beneath the Guest Divine.

7 Ah woe is me! aghast I said,
What shall I do, or whither run?
Burden'd with guilt, of God afraid,
By sin eternally undone!

8 A man I am of lips unclean,
With men of lips unclean I dwell;
And I the Lord of Hosts have seen,
The King of heaven, and earth, and hell.

9 I cannot see His face, and live;
The vision must my death foreshow—
A seraph turn'd, and heard me grieve,
And swift to my relief he flew.

10 Angel of gospel peace he came,
And signified his Lord's design;
He bore the mighty Jesu's name,
Type of the Messenger Divine.

11 Upon my mouth he gently laid
A coal that from the altar glow'd;
Lo! this hath touch'd thy lips, he said,
And thou art reconciled to God.

12 His offering did thy guilt remove,
The Lamb who on that altar lay;
A spark of Jesu's flaming love
Hath purged thy world of sin away.

13 Soon as I found my heart set free,
I heard that all might be forgiven;
The council of the Trinity,
The sovereign Lord of earth and heaven.

14 I heard Him ask, whom shall I send
Our Royal message to proclaim,
Our grace and truth, which never end?—
Lo! here, Thy messenger I am.

15 Send me, my answering spirit cried,
Thy herald to the ransom'd race:
Go then, the voice Divine replied,
And preach My free unbounded grace.

16 Go forth, and speak My word to all,
To every creature under heaven;
They may obey the gospel call,
And freely be by grace forgiven.

17 They may, but will not all believe:
Yet go, My truth and love to clear;
I know they will not all receive
The grace that brings salvation near.

18 They Me, I did not them, pass by:
My grace for every soul is free,
I would not have one sinner die:
How dare they charge their death on Me!

19 Go tell the reprobates their doom,
Because they will not Me receive.
Ye will not to your Saviour come,
And therefore ye shall never live.

20 His grace doth once to all appear,
Through which ye all may pardon'd be;
But having ears ye will not hear,
But having eyes ye will not see.

21 Ye hear, and will not understand,
And, capable of God in vain,
Rebel against His mild command,
And will not let your Saviour reign.

22 Ye will not, what ye see, perceive;
Ye will not with your idols part;
Your bosom sins ye will not leave,
Or tear them from your harden'd heart.

23 Ye fear to use the grace ye have,
Ye dare not with your God comply,
Ye will not suffer Him to save,
But salvable resolve to die.

24 Against the truth ye stop your ears,
Ye shut your eyes against the light,
And mock your Saviour's cries and tears,
And perish in His love's despite.

25 Yet O! my God (I said) how long,
How long shall the self-harden'd race
Thy justice dare, Thy mercy wrong,
And trample on Thy patient grace?

26 Until their cities are destroy'd,
Until their palaces lie waste,
Formless the earth, and dark, and void—
The penal power of sin shall last:
27 Yet all the faithful shall not fail,
Diminish'd from the sons of men;
The gates of hell cannot prevail,
Or make the word of promise vain.
28 A remnant shall be left behind,
A tenth to hallow all the race;
Faith upon earth I still shall find,
The' election of peculiar grace.
29 As trees that cast their leaves retain
Their substance in themselves entire,
So shall the holy seed remain,
And flourish, and to heaven aspire.
30 A tenth shall still return, and grow,
And furnish heaven and earth with food,
Till all mankind to Jesus flow,
And every soul is fill'd with God.

PART OF THE NINTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

VERSE 2, *&c.*

1 THE people that in nature's night
Walk'd down the broad, destructive way,
Have seen a great and glorious light,
The morning of a gospel day.
2 Who loved in death's sad shade to dwell,
In trespasses and sins abode,
That gloomy neighbourhood of hell,
On them hath shined the light of God.

3 Thou, Lord, hast made Thy mercies known,
Hast added to the chosen race,
Enlarged, and multiplied Thine own,
And fill'd their hearts with joy and praise.

4 They joy in their Redeemer's sight
As harvesters to crown their toils,
As warriors from the well-fought fight
Return'd to part their glorious spoils.

5 For Thou the staff of sin hast broke,
The dire oppressor's iron rod,
The' *Egyptian* and *Assyrian* yoke,
And freed them from their guilty load.

6 Thou, as in *Midian's* dreadful day,
Hast saved them from their tyrant lord;
And all our sins Thou soon shalt slay
With *Gideon's* and the Spirit's sword.

7 No common fight, though fierce, and loud
With all the horrid pomp of war,
Tumult, and garments roll'd in blood,
Can with the fight of faith compare.

8 The Spirit of burning Love shall come,
Our sins shall then the fuel be,
Thy love shall all our sins consume,
And get itself the victory.

9 For lo! to us a Royal Heir
Is born, to us a Son is given!
His shoulder shall the burden bear,
The government of earth and heaven.

10 The WONDERFUL His name shall be,
His new, unutterable name;
The COUNSELLOR, whose powerful plea
Acquits us of all guilt and blame.

11 The great, supreme, almighty GOD,
With His eternal Father One,
The Prince of peace, whose precious blood
Doth once for all mankind atone.

12 It seals the universal peace:
His peace and power to all extend,
His power shall evermore increase,
And never shall His mercies end.

13 His mercies flow to all mankind,
His arms of love would all embrace,
And every soul of man may find
The power of His all-pardoning grace.

14 Whoe'er receive His power to' obey,
To them He comes, and reigns alone,
Mildly maintains His righteous sway,
And 'stablishes His peaceful throne.

15 He will the steadfast mind impart,
The power that never shall remove,
And fix in every sinless heart
His throne of everlasting love.

16 The zeal of our Almighty Lord
His great redeeming work shall do,
Perform His sanctifying word,
And every waiting soul renew;

17 Bring in the kingdom of His peace,
Fill all our souls with joy unknown,
And 'stablish us in righteousness,
And perfect all His saints in one.

PART OF THE TENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

VERSE 24, *&c.*

1 THUS saith the Lord, the' Almighty Lord,
To those that wait the joyful hour,
Abide, My people, in My word,
Nor tremble at the' *Assyrian's* power.

2 The' oppressive foe that dwells within
Shall smite thee with an iron rod,
Lift up his staff of inbred sin,
And force thy soul to groan for God.

3 Like as in *Egypt's* evil day,
When *Pharaoh* would not let thee go,
The fiend shall hold thee fast, and say,
"There's no perfection here below."

4 Yet will I all My word fulfil,
I will as in a moment's space
The doom of sin and Satan seal,
And all their last remains erase.

5 My love shall all your foes control,
Destroy their being with their power;
The poor, backsliding, fearful soul
Shall fear, and fall, and sin no more.

6 The anger shall not always last,
Ye soon shall gain the perfect peace,
The judgment then is all o'erpast,
And wrath and sin for ever cease.

7 The sin Mine anger shall destroy;
The sinner, whom My mercies spare,
Shall sing the song of endless joy,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

8 Sinners, for full redemption hope;
Believe, ye prisoners of the Lord,
A scourge He shall for sin stir up,
And slay him with his two-edged sword.

9 The Lord of Hosts His rod shall raise,
His rod that smote the' *Egyptian* sea,
Revive the work of ancient days,
And set His captive people free.

10 The' inbred sin in that great day,
The load, shall from thy soul depart,
The yoke shall all be borne away,
The sinner shall be pure in heart.

11 Sin shall no more in thee have place,
Freed by the unction from above,
The unction of thy Saviour's grace,
The unction of His perfect love.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

1 GLORY to God, and peace on earth!
A Branch shall spring from *Jesse's* line,
Of human, yet of heavenly birth,
And fill'd with all the Spirit Divine.

2 The Spirit of wisdom from above
Shall dwell within His peaceful breast;
On Him the Spirit of power, and love,
And counsel, shall for ever rest.

3 The Spirit of godly, filial fear,
On Him for all mankind shall stay,
And make His senses quick and clear,
And guide Him in the perfect way.

4 Shall make Him apt to teach and reign,
His heavenly mission to fulfil,
Judgment and justice to maintain,
And execute His Father's will.

5 Not by the hearing of the ear
He judges, or by reason's light;
The guilty He can never clear,
For all His ways are just and right.

6 Yet will He plead the sinner's cause,
The poor and self-condemn'd release,
Freed by the sufferings of His cross,
And saved by His own righteousness.

7 Their sins He shall to death condemn,
(They here shall find their final doom,)
Their sins He shall destroy, not them;
And by His burning Spirit consume.

8 That Wicked One He shall reprove,
Throughout the earth His power display,
Cast out their sin by perfect love,
And speak, and all its relics slay.

9 Truth is the girdle of His reins,
The sanctifying word is sure,
They shall be saved from sin's remains,
And pure as God Himself is pure.

10 O what a change will soon ensue,
What sweet tranquillity and peace!
His people shall be creatures new,
And discord shall for ever cease.

11 They all shall speak and think the same,
Their tempers and their hearts be one;
The wolf shall stable with the lamb,
The leopard with the kid lie down.

12 The lion with the calf shall dwell,
The fiercest spirits shall grow mild,
Gentle, and meek, and tractable,
And loving as a little child.

13 The lion like the ox shall graze,
The cow and bear together feed;
The serpent's enmity shall cease,
And universal love succeed.

14 The sucking child shall safely then
Within the dragon's covert stay,
Or put its hand upon his den,
And with the harmless adder play.

15 My people shall in dwellings sure
And quiet resting-places dwell,
Dwell in My holy hill, secure
From all the powers of earth and hell.

16 Hidden their life with God above,
The dire destroyer's hour is o'er;
Secure they are in perfect love,
And sin shall never touch them more.

17 Sin shall no more in them have place;
Their earth in righteousness renew'd
Is fill'd with every heavenly grace,
Immeasurably fill'd with God.

18 That vast unfathomable sea
Shall swallow up all of *Adam's* line,
And every soul of man shall be
For ever lost in love Divine.

19 A Branch shall in that gospel day
Out of the root of *Jesse* rise,
Stand as an ensign, and display
The cross in all the Gentiles' eyes.

20 Thither the Gentile world shall flow,
And hide them in their Saviour's breast,
Rejoice His pardoning love to know,
And holiness His glorious rest.

21 Then shall the Lord His power display,
His ancient people to retrieve,
Gather the hopeless castaway,
And bid the house of *Israel* live.

22 Jehovah shall lay to His hand,
Collect His sheep to exile driven,
And bring them to their native land,
And add them to the church in heaven.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

PART I.

1 REJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen race,
Fallen from God whom once ye knew;
He waits again to show His grace,
The Lord a promise hath for you.

2 The gracious word of His command
Backsliding *Israel* shall restore,
And set thee in thy native land,
Whence thou shalt never wander more.

3 Strangers shall then to thee be join'd,
Shall to the house of *Jacob* cleave,
Adore the Saviour of mankind
Who died that all mankind might live.

4 Restored to thine unsinning state,
Thou at thy feet the world shall see
As servants and as handmaids wait,
Glad to receive the law from thee.

5 The lords to whom thou bow'dst thy neck
Shall bow their neck beneath thy chain,
Thy conquerors thou shalt captive take,
And o'er thy dire oppressors reign.

6 Surely the gospel day shall come,
The Lord thy spirit shall release,
Satan shall have his final doom,
And thou from sin for ever cease.

7 From all thy grief, and pain, and fear;
Thy grief to be by sin subdued,
Thy pain the galling yoke to bear,
Thy fear to perish in thy blood.

8 Then, when the Lord hath given thee rest,
And breathed the Spirit of His power,
His princely Spirit, into thy breast,
And made thee more than conqueror;

9 Thou, the poor slave of Satan, thou
Shalt spurn thy old imperious king,
Vanquish'd, for ever vanquish'd now,
And thus the song triumphal sing:—

10 How hath the proud oppressor ceased!
Fallen the height of *Babel's* towers,
Fallen the king who long oppress'd
The earth with all its struggling powers.

11 The world's fierce ruler, and their god
Who bow'd the nations to his yoke,
And bruised them with an iron rod,
And smote with a continual stroke.

12 How hath the Lord destroy'd his power,
O'erturn'd his kingdom from within,
Ended the dark, oppressive hour,
And broke his staff of *inbred* sin!

13 That Man of Sin is now cast down,
Who held the captive world in chains,
And none the cause of Satan own,
And none contend for sin's remains.

14 All the new earth is now at rest,
From every thought of sin they cease,
Calm holy joy expands their breast,
Their mouth is fill'd with songs of peace.

15 The trees of righteousness rejoice;
Since thou art down, the cedars cry,
We hear no more the axe's noise,
Nor tremble at the feller nigh.

16 Tophet is for the king prepared,
The sorest doom thy crimes require,
Hell from beneath, for thy reward,
Stirs up its everlasting fire.

17 O Lucifer, bright morning star,
Brighter than all with thee who fell,
How art thou fallen from glory far,
From glory to profoundest hell!

18 Reserved, in dark, substantial chains,
To the tremendous judgment day,
Our God shall then fill up thy pains,
Thy bruiser shall for ever slay.

19 He now thy nature hath expell'd,
And forced thy malice to submit;
Our sin is gone, our soul is heal'd,
And thou art bruised beneath our feet.

20 How art thou humbled to the ground,
The feeble world's tyrannic lord!
In us no more thy place is found,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.

21 Faded and thunderstruck thy brow,
From all thy hopes of empire driven,
Where is thy glorious vaunting now?
"I, even I will mount to heaven.

22 "Above the stars of God once more
I will exalt my sovereign throne,
And force His sons to own my power,
And cast the earth-born potsherds down.

23 "I will compel them to submit,
A thorn in all His people's side;
I in His mount will fix my seat,
The' unconquerable strength of pride.

24 "I in their hearts will still remain,
Will have my party still within,
My throne immovable maintain,
My kingdom of *inbeing* sin.

25 "The soul of man shall be my shrine,
And entertain my deity,
That temple built by hands Divine
My everlasting home shall be.

26 "Above the clouds I will aspire,
I will aspire, and scale the sky,
Higher than men, than angels higher,
And bold to rival the Most High."

27 Yet shalt thou be brought down to hell;
O Antichrist, thy day shall come,
In us thou shalt not always dwell,
The Judge shall quickly seal thy doom.

28 Is this the man of hellish birth
(Thy former vassals then shall say)
Who shook the kingdoms of the earth,
And made the trembling world obey?

29 Who made the world a wilderness,
Laid waste the souls of all mankind,
Nor ever would his slaves release,
To sin's eternal bonds consign'd?

PART II.

30 PREPARE, the slaughtering sword prepare,
For *Babylon's* devoted sons;
The children from their mother tear,
Dash all your sins against the stones.

31 No more let Satan's offspring rise,
Or build the heaven-invading tower;
Your sins no more shall threat the skies,
But lose their being with their power.

32 For I (the Lord of Hosts hath said)
Will against *Babylon* rise up,
Throughout their towers destruction spread,
And quite cut off their latest hope.

33 Against them will I set My face,
The serpent's seed, the' accursed kin,
Being, remains, and name erase,
And cut off the whole brood of sin.

34 Satan his kingdom's fall shall see,
Its final period sin shall feel,
Destruction shall the besom be,
And sweep its last remains to hell.

35 The Lord of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
Hath sworn His promise to fulfil;
Surely I will perform My word,
The counsel of My sovereign will.

36 It shall be so: My word shall stand,
I will confirm the sure decree,
And break the' *Assyrian* in My land,
And set My captive people free.

37 My mountains shall lift up their head,
O'erlook the world and sin below;
My people shall on scorpions tread,
On sin—no more their bosom foe.

38 This is the purpose of My grace,
My grace which every soul may have;
This is the hand o'er *Adam's* race
Stretch'd out, and ready all to save.

39 The Lord of Hosts hath so decreed,
To save the faithful from all sin,
To make them saints and free indeed,
Entirely whole, and throughly clean.

40 The fix'd, unchangeable decree
What power can break or disannul?
It stood from all eternity
Confirm'd to every faithful soul.

41 Who can the will Divine withstand?
The will Divine its course shall have.
Who can turn back that outstretch'd hand,
Or teach his God *how far* to save?

42 Factors for hell, ye strive in vain
To limit His omnipotence;
Sin shall not in our flesh remain,
His perfect love shall drive it thence.

43 The poor shall on His promise feed,
The needy shall in peace lie down,
And wait to be for ever freed
From sin, and wear the conqueror's crown.

44 The Saviour's hand is stretch'd out still,
And still to sin we hear Him say,—
With famine I thy root will kill,
I will, I will thy remnant slay.

45 Howl, ye base advocates for sin,
Your giant chief hath lost his head:
Fallen is the mighty Philistine;
Goliath with his host is dead.

46 The dear remains of sin are gone,
And all dissolved its system is;
Not one of all the race, not one
Survives to break our perfect peace.

47 We now their faithful saying feel,
Who preach'd the all-redeeming Lord,
And saved from sin set to our seal,
And answer to the gospel word.

48 The Lord hath founded on a rock
His church, which never shall remove;
The gates of hell can never shock
His saints, when perfected in love.

49 This is the state which all *may* know,
To which His poor *shall* all attain,
Be as their sinless Lord below,
And glorious then for ever reign.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

1 O LORD, Thou art my Lord, my God,
Throughout the world I will proclaim
And spread Thy wondrous works abroad,
And magnify Thy glorious name.

2 Great are Thy miracles of grace;
Thee always faithful to Thy word,
Almighty, and all-wise I praise,
The true, the everlasting Lord.

3 Thou hast made manifest Thy power,
Thou hast Thy great salvation shown,
And shook the heaven-invading tower,
And cast the mighty *Babel* down.

4 The city of confusion now
A nameless heap of ruins lies,
Sin never more shall lift its brow,
It never more shall threat the skies.

5 The strong shall therefore fear Thy name,
And tremble at Thy glorious might,
Their weakness own, and bear their shame,
And seek salvation in Thy right.

6 For Thou in his distress hast been
The needy sinner's strength and aid,
A refuge from the storm of sin,
A calm retreat, a cooling shade.

7 When all the rays of vengeance beat,
And fiercely smote his naked head,
Thy merits cool'd the scorching heat,
And all Thy Father's wrath allay'd.

8 When Satan drove the furious blast,
And urged the law, and death, and hell,
Thou hid'st him, till the storm was past,
And gav'st him in Thy wounds to dwell.

9 Nigh to Thy wounds whoever draw
In Thee shall sure deliverance find,
A shelter from the fiery law,
A covert from the stormy wind.

10 Burden'd with guilt and misery,
Lost in a dry and barren place,
The soul that feebly gasps to Thee
Shall feel Thy sweet refreshing grace.

11 Thy grace, when conscience cries aloud,
Shall bid its guilty clamours cease,
Shall as the shadow of a cloud
Come down, and all the soul is peace.

12 Satan shall be at last brought low,
Despoil'd of all his dreadful power,
Jesus shall slay the inbred foe,
And sin shall never vex us more.

13 The Lord shall in this mountain spread
A table for the world His guest,
Accept mankind in Christ their Head,
And bid them to the gospel feast;

14 A feast prepared for all mankind,
A feast of marrow and fat things,
Of wines from earthy dregs refined,
Ambrosia for the King of kings;

15 A feast where milk and honey flow,
A feast of never-failing meat,
Dainties surpassing all below,
And manna such as angels eat;

16 A feast of holy joy, and love,
Of pure delight, and perfect peace;
Begun on earth it ends above,
Consummated in heavenly bliss.

17 The world shall all His call obey;
Though now they lie in deepest night,
They soon shall see the gospel day,
Emerging into glorious light.

18 That covering o'er the people cast,
That veil o'er all the nations spread,
The Lord Himself shall rent at last,
And quite destroy in Christ their Head.

19 The Lord His glory shall display,
The veil of unbelief remove
And take it all in Christ away,
And manifest His perfect love.

20 Jesus again their life shall be,
Shall recompense their *Eden's* loss,
Swallow up death in victory,
The bleeding victory of His cross.

21 That living death, that sin which parts
Their souls from God, He shall destroy,
Dry up their tears, and cheer their hearts,
And turn their sorrow into joy.

22 He shall by His renewing grace
Blot out the all-infecting sin,
(That dire reproach of human race,)
And make a world of sinners clean.

23 The Son shall make them free indeed,
The earth in righteousness renew,
And what His mouth in truth hath said
His own almighty arm shall do.

24 This is our God, (they then shall say
Who trust to be through Christ made clean,)
This is our God; we see His day,
And He shall save us from all sin.

25 Our Lord, for whom we long did wait,
Shall purge our every guilty stain,
Restore to our original state,
Nor let one spot of sin remain.

26 For in this holy mount shall rest
The great Jehovah's sovereign hand,
The power Divine in Christ exprest;
Who can the Power Divine withstand?

27 Jesus, to whom all power is given,
Shall all His strength for us employ;
Who cast the' accuser out of heaven
Shall him with all his works destroy.

28 *Moab* shall first be trodden down,
The child of hell, the serpent's seed,
Sin shall the arm of Jesus own,
And we on all its strength shall tread.

29 Our sins as dunghill straw shall be,
Compell'd by Jesus to submit;
Satan with all his powers shall flee,
And then be bruised beneath our feet.
30 The Saviour shall spread forth His hands,
To take the weary sinners in,
To' o'erturn whate'er His course withstands,
And pull down the strongholds of sin.
31 He shall the pride of man abase,
Humble each vain aspiring boast,
Confound the captives of His grace,
And lay their honour in the dust.
32 The walls of sin shall be laid low,
The lofty citadel o'erthrown;
We all shall then His fulness know,
For ever perfected in One.

AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

PART I.

1 O HAPPY soul, thy work is done,
Thy fight is fought, thy course is run,
And thou art now at rest:
Thou here wast perfected in love,
Thou now art join'd to those above,
And number'd with the blest.
2 Thy sun no more goes down by night,
Thy moon no more withdraws its light;
Those blessed mansions shine
Bright with an Uncreated Flame,
Full of the glories of the Lamb,
The' eternal light Divine.

3 Our state if parted spirits know,
Thou pitiest now thy friends below
In this dark vale of tears,
Who still beneath our burden groan,
Or, grieved with sorrows not our own,
Are living out our years.

4 Secure of the celestial prize,
Thou waitest now in paradise
Till we are all convey'd
By angels to our endless rest,
Of thine and Jesu's joy possest,
In Jesu's bosom laid.

5 O when shall I be taken home!
O that my latest change were come,
For which I wait in pain!
Weary of life through inbred sin!
Speak, Jesu, speak the sinner clean,
Nor let my faith be vain.

6 O bid me live in Thee and die:
Why, Saviour, let me ask Thee, why
Dost Thou so long delay?
A blessing hast Thou not for me?
O bid me live and die in Thee;
My Jesus, come away.

7 Another and another goes
Through the dark vale to his repose,
And glad resigns his breath;
But I alas! must still remain,
I cannot break my fleshly chain,
Or overtake my death.

8 I live and suffer all my care,
The bondage of corruption bear,
And groan beneath my load;
Struggles my spirit to get free,
And pants for immortality,
And reaches after God.

9 But O! my strivings all are vain,
Inevitable is my pain,
Incurable my wound,
Till Jesus ends my inward strife,
And speaks me into second life,
And I in Christ am found.

10 See then, I all at last resign,
Thy will, O Lord, be done, not mine,
I give my murmurings o'er:
Do with me now as seems Thee meet,
But let me suffer at Thy feet,
And teach my God no more.

PART II.

1 O DEATH, thou art on every side,
Thy thousand gates stand open wide,
The weary to receive:
Yet I can find no rest for me,
I suffer all my misery,
And still alas I live!

2 Still my imprison'd spirit waits;
In vain for me thy thousand gates
Stand open day and night,
And other souls their exit make,
On every moment's wings they take
Their everlasting flight.

3 Envious I hear the passing bell
With sweetly-melancholy knell
Their happy change declare:
But I can see no end of strife,
The' intolerable load of life
I still am forced to bear.

4 Weary of life, in pain I breathe;
With blind desire I covet death,
But cannot find it nigh;
Unsaved and unredeem'd from sin,
Unchanged, unholy, and unclean,
Yet still I long to die.

5 Wretch that I am, while unrenew'd
Can I appear, O righteous God,
A sinner in Thy sight?
Nay, but I trust Thy blood shall cleanse
My soul, before Thou take it hence,
And wash my garments white.

6 When Thou hast spoke my nature clean,
When I have Thy salvation seen,
O Lord my righteousness,
And clasp'd Thee in my loving heart,
Pronounce the welcome word, Depart!
And let me die in peace.

PART III.

1 A WRETCHED slave of sin, to Thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, I ever cry,
Pity, and end my misery,
Forgive, renew, and let me die.

2 Ah! let it not my Lord displease
That I to Thee my wishes breathe;
Hear, Jesus, hear; my soul release,
And let me find an early death.

3 I groan to be redeem'd from sin;
When shall the dear deliverance come?
Open Thine arms, and take me in,
Receive Thy pardon'd exile home.

4 Alas for me! constrain'd to dwell
Among the horrid sons of night.
Snatch from this neighbourhood of hell,
Translate me to the realms of light.

5 Eager I urge my sole request;
Wilt Thou not, Lord, therewith comply?
Take me into Thy people's rest,
And bid me get me up, and die.

6 Impatient for my change I wait,
For death I sigh, for death I mourn;
Whom Thou hast made, again create,
And let my spirit to God return.

7 This vale of tears and misery,
This earth, I know, is not my place:
O that I were dissolved in Thee,
O that I might behold Thy face!

8 My life to Thee I fain would give,
And be where Thou my Saviour art;
Better it is to die than live;
O speak, and bid my soul depart.

9 Receive my soul, which gasps for death,
My soul redeem'd by Thy own blood,
And let me now resign my breath,
And sink into the arms of God!

DESIRING TO BE DISSOLVED.

1 WELCOME, weariness and pain,
Pledges of relief and ease!
Loss of strength to me is gain,
Let my wretched days decrease;
All my days shall soon be past,
Pain and grief shall bring the last.

2 Tenant of my troubled breast,
Yet a little longer sigh,
Death shall shortly give thee rest;
Fluttering heart, the rest is nigh,
Flutter till the strife is o'er,
Beat awhile, and beat no more.

3 Wakeful eyes, for your repose
Yet a little longer weep;
Death your weary lids shall close,
Seal them up in lasting sleep:
Haste, your latest sorrows pour,
Weep mine eyes, and weep no more.

4 Tears, and eyes, and heart shall fail;
This my fainting spirit cheers,
I have well-nigh pass'd the vale,
Travell'd through my mournful years;
Glory to my Lord I give,
Here I have not long to live.

5 Grief hath shook the house of clay,
Grief hath sapp'd the ground of life,
Grief hath hasten'd on the day;
Grief shall quickly end the strife,
Grief shall soul and body part,
Grief for sin shall break my heart.

ANOTHER.

1 SOOTHING, soul-composing thought!
I shall soon my haven gain,
Out of mind, and clean forgot,
Far from trouble, far from pain;
Of my quiet grave possest,
I shall be with those that rest.

2 Let me on the image dwell,
Glory o'er my mouldering clay:
Feeble limbs, ye soon shall fail,
Life shall shortly pass away,
I shall yield my wretched breath,
Sink into the dust of death.

3 Swift as air my moments fly,
Less and less the destined store;
Time, like me, makes haste to die,
Time and sin shall be no more;
Sin shall here its period have,
Time be buried in my grave.

4 Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,
Here thou hast not long to stay;
Listen for the Bridegroom's voice,
Rise, my love, and come away;
Hasten to thy Lord above,
Rise, and come away, my love.

5 Lo! I at Thy summons come,
This frail tabernacle leave;
Thou art my eternal home,
Now, O Lord, my soul receive,
Take me to Thy loving breast,
Take me to Thy heavenly rest.

ANOTHER.

1 O DEATH, my hope is full of thee,
Thou art my immortality,
My longing heart's desire;
The mention of thy lovely name
Kindles within my breast a flame,
And sets me all on fire.

2 Extend thy arms, and take me in,
Weary of life, and self, and sin;
Be thou my balm, my ease:
I languish till thy face appears;
No longer now the king of fears,
Thou art all loveliness.

3 I gasp to end my wretched days,
To rush into thy cold embrace,
And there securely rest;
Come, O thou friend of sorrows, come,
Lead to the chambers of the tomb,
And lull me on thy breast.

4 I feel that thou hast lost thy sting;
My dying Saviour and my King
Bore all my sins for me;
He tasted death, and made it sweet,
From thee, the eater, brought forth meat,
Eternal life from thee.

5 This earth, I know, is not my place;
O that I now might end my race,
And leave a world of sin!
Receive, dear Lord, my parting breath:
Thou, Jesus, hast the keys of death;
Open, and take me in!

THE CHRISTIAN.

1 WHO is as the Christian great?
Bought and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

2 Who is as the Christian wise?
He his nought for all hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

3 Who is as the Christian blest?
He hath found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.

4 Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all Divine.

5 Lo! his clothing is the Sun,
The bright Sun of Righteousness;
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

6 Lo! he feeds on living Bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head,
Feasts for ever on His love.

7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

8 Who shall gain that heavenly height,
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I, who claim it in His right;
Christ hath bought it all for me.

THE SAME.

1 HAPPY the soul whom God delights
To honour with His sealing grace,
On whom His hidden name He writes,
And decks him with the robes of praise,
And bids him calmly wait to prove
The utmost powers of perfect love.

2 I cannot, dare not now deny
The things my God hath freely given;
That happy favour'd soul am I,
Who find in Christ a constant heaven;
He makes me all His sweetness know,
He makes my cup of joy o'erflow.

3 His grace to me salvation brings,
His grace hath set me up on high,
He bears me still on eagle's wings,
He makes me ride upon the sky,

With Him in heavenly places sit,
And see the moon beneath my feet.

4 An hidden life in Christ I live,
And exercised in things Divine
My senses all His love receive;
I see the King in beauty shine,
Fairer than all the sons of men;
Thrice happy in His love I reign.

5 His love is manna to my taste,
His love is music to my ear;
I feel His love, and hold Him fast
In ecstasies too strong to bear;
I smell the odour of His name,
And all wrapp'd up in love I am.

6 O that the world might taste, and see
How good the Lord my Saviour is!
Take, Jesu, take Thy love from me,
So they may share the glorious bliss:
Thy love (if we awhile should part,)
Would soon flow back into my heart.

7 O might I feel the utmost power
Of love, and into nothing fall!
Infinite Love, bring near the hour;
Infinite God, be all in all;
Cover the earth, Thou boundless Sea,
And swallow up all our souls in Thee.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

PART I.

1 O HOW happy am I here,
How beyond expression blest!
When I feel my Jesus near,
When in Jesu's love I rest,
Peace, and joy, and heaven I prove,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's love.

2 Nothing else but love I know,
Worldly joys and sorrows end;
Man may rage, my feeble foe;
Thou, O Jesus, art my Friend:
Man may smile; I trust in Thee:
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Thou, my faithful Friend and true,
Reachest out Thy gracious hand:
What can men or devils do
While by faith in Thee I stand?
Stand immovably secure,
Love hath made my footsteps sure.

4 Satan stirs a tempest up;
Calm I wait till all is past,
See the anchor of my hope
On the Rock of Ages cast!
Never can that anchor fail,
Enter'd now within the veil.

5 Shouldst Thou o'er the desert lead,
Will me farther griefs to know,
After Thee with steady tread,
Leaning on Thy love, I 'd go,
Drink the fountain from above,
Eat the manna of Thy love.

6 O how wonderful Thy ways!
All in love begin and end:
Whom Thy mercy means to raise
First Thy justice bids descend,
Sink into themselves, and rise
Glorious all above the skies.

7 There I shall my lot receive,
Soon as from the flesh I fly;
Happy in Thy love I live,
Happier in Thy love I die;
Lo! the prospect opens fair;
I shall soon be harbour'd there.

8 Light of life, to Thee I haste,
Glad to quit this dark abode,
On Thy truth and mercy cast,
Longing to be lost in God,
Ready at Thy call to say,
Lo! I come, I come away.

9 Ministerial spirits, come,
Spread your golden wings for me,
Waft me to my heavenly home,
Land me in eternity,
Bear me to my glorious rest,
Take me to my Saviour's breast.

PART II.

1 MELT, happy soul, in Jesu's blood,
Sink down into the wounds of God,
And there for ever dwell;

I now have found my rest again;
The spring of life, the balm of pain,
In Jesu's wounds I feel.

2 Thirsty so long, and weak, and faint,
I here enjoy whate'er I want,
The sweet refreshing tide
Brings life and peace to dying souls;
And still the gushing comfort rolls
From Jesu's wounded side.

3 Swift as the panting hart I fly,
I find the fountain always nigh,
And heavenly sweetness prove,
Pardon, and power, and joy, and peace,
And pure delight, and perfect bliss,
And everlasting love.

4 The world can no refreshment give:
Shall I its deadly draughts receive,
Scoop'd from the hellish lake?
Nay, but I turn to the pure flood
Which issues from the throne of God,
And living water take.

5 Soon as I taste the liquid life,
Sorrow expires, and pain, and strife,
And suffering is no more;
My inmost soul refresh'd I feel,
And fill'd with joy unspeakable
The bleeding Lamb adore.

6 I now the broken cisterns leave,
My all of good from God receive,
And drink the crystal stream:

The crystal stream doth freely flow
Through hearts which only Jesus know,
And ever pant for Him.

7 Jesus alone can I require,
No mixture of impure desire
Shall in my bosom move;
I fix on Him my single eye,
His love shall all my wants supply,
His all-sufficient love.

8 How vast the happiness I feel,
When Jesus doth Himself reveal,
And His pure love impart!
Holy delight, and heavenly hope,
And everlasting joy springs up,
And overflows my heart.

9 He pours His Spirit into my soul,
The thirsty land becomes a pool,
I taste the unknown peace
Such as the world will not believe;
No carnal heart can e'er conceive
The' unutterable bliss.

10 Light in Thy only light I see,
Thee and myself I know through Thee,
Myself a sinful clod,
A worthless worm without a name,
A burning brand pluck'd from the flame,
And quench'd in Jesu's blood.

11 The light of Thy redeeming love,
Like sunbeams darted from above,
Doth all my sins display,

Countless as dancing motes, and small;
But O! the love that shows them all
Shall chase them all away.

12 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
Thy glory streaming from the skies
Shall in my soul appear;
I know the cloudless day shall shine,
And then my soul is all Divine,
And I am perfect here.

FOR A DYING FRIEND.

PART I.

1 HAPPY soul, depart in peace,
Leave awhile thy friends below;
Jesus speaks the kind release,
Go, to Jesu's bosom go!

2 Hark, He calls His exile home,
(Joyfully the call obey,)
"Come up hither, quickly come,
Rise, My love, and come away.

3 "I have thy salvation wrought,
I did for thy guilt atone;
Thou art Mine, so dearly bought,
Thee I challenge for My own.

4 "I, even I, have purged thy sin,
Have for thee a place prepared;
Heaven is open, enter in,
Find in Me thy great reward.

5 "Thee the purchase of My blood,
Thee My servant, child, and bride,
Thee I claim, thy Lord and God,
Who for thee have lived and died.

6 "Come, through the dark valley come!
Do not I thy spirit stay?
Fear no evil, hasten home,
Rise, My love, and come away!"

PART II.

1 HAPPY soul, from prison freed,
Lay thy earthly burden down;
Bow, with Jesus bow thy head,
Die, and take the starry crown.

2 Let the dust return to dust;
Thou, on wings of angels borne,
To the spirits of the just
Perfected in love return.

3 Leave a world of sin and pain,
Happier brother, go before;
We shall quickly meet again,
Quickly meet, and part no more.

4 Thou art earlier restored,
Minister'd an entrance is
To the kingdom of thy Lord,
To thy Master's endless bliss.

5 Jesus, Lord, his soul receive,
Open now Thine arms of love,
Now the glorious circlet give,
Bear him now to joys above;

6 Take the ransom'd captive home,
Take the purchase of Thy blood;
Dear Desire of nations, come,
Come, and bring us all to God.

PART III.

1 TRIUMPHANT soul, the hour is come
That calls thee to thy Saviour's breast;
The exile is returning home,
The weary entering into rest,
The angels for their charge attend,
And I must render up my friend.

2 My friend, how shall I let thee go?
How can I bear with thee to part?
Dearer than life and all below,
Wound in the fibres of my heart,
With thee my mingled spirits join,
My life is all wrapp'd up in thine.

3 And can I see thee die unmoved,
In death so full of love to me?
Most loving soul, and most beloved,
My sister, and my friend I see,
My first concern, my tend'rest care,
My child—the daughter of my prayer.

4 Labours for thee my struggling soul,
Thy pangs my bleeding bosom move;
Of complicated passion full,
Pity, and grief, and joy, and love,
I feel thy last great agony,
And gasps my soul to die with thee.

5 Envious I view that faded cheek,
That cheek with deadly pale o'erspread;
Falters thy tongue, and fails to speak,
And heaves thy breast, and droops thy head,
Glimmers the lamp of life, and dies—
And I am here to close thine eyes.

6 I wait to catch thy parting breath,
And feel the answer of thy prayer;
Bless me, even me, my friend, in death,
And ask that I thy bliss may share,
May soon like thee my life resign;
O let thy latter end be mine!

PART IV.

1 AWAY, ye clouds of unbelief;
I cannot sorrow without hope,
My soul enjoys her noble grief,
And fills her Lord's afflictions up,
Touch'd with Divinest sympathy;
For Jesus weeps, and groans in me.

2 Right precious in His sight the death
Of all His saints and servants is;
Jesus receives their parting breath,
Himself is their eternal bliss:
And now He bids thy warfare end,
He claims the spirit of my friend.

3 Adieu, dear dying saint, adieu,
The summons of thy Lord obey;
Mighty, and merciful, and true,
He bids thee rise, and come away,

With triumph leave this mouldering clod,
And die into the arms of God.

4 His everlasting arms are spread,
His faithful mercies never fail,
His hand supports thy sinking head,
With thee He walks through the dark vale;
He whispers, "Child, be of good cheer,
Rejoice in death, for I am here."

5 Say, are His consolations small?
I read the answer in thine eyes:
Thy smiling looks on sinners call,
And point them to yon opening skies,
From which thy much-loved Lord looks down,
And reaches out a radiant crown.

6 Thrice happy soul, thy Lord appears;
I feel thou art for ever His,
Weep over thee with joyful tears,
And triumph in thy glorious bliss,
With thee the hidden manna prove,
Thy Lord's unutterable love.

7 Thy mighty ecstasies I feel,
On thee with eager transport gaze;
Thy forehead bears the Spirit's seal,
And heaven is open'd in thy face;
Thy mounting soul is on the wing,
And hears the choir of angels sing.

8 Hovering around the new-born heir,
For thee the shining convoy waits,
To God thy spotless soul they bear:
Open, ye everlasting gates,

A wide triumphant entrance give,
The glorious new-born heir receive!

9 Eternal God of truth and grace,
We magnify Thy faithful love,
We all shall soon behold Thy face,
We all shall take our seats above,
And I shall in Thy kingdom share,
And I shall meet my sister there.

EPITAPH.

1 STAY, thou eternal spirit, stay,
And let the dead point out thy way;
Mark where a Christian's ashes lie,
And learn of her to live and die.

2 A virtuous maid, for twenty years
She sojourn'd in the vale of tears;
The Father then His love made known,
And in her heart reveal'd His Son.

3 Join'd to the Lord her Righteousness,
Fill'd with unutterable peace,
She felt on earth her sins forgiven,
That glorious antepast of heaven.

4 Not long for all her heaven she stayed;
Her soul, through sufferings perfect made,
With joy forsook the earthly clod,
And sprang into the arms of God.

5 Go, sinner, in her footsteps tread,
Follow the living and the dead,
Believe on God's eternal Son,
And heaven is all in Christ thy own.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANNE COWPER.*

1 SAVIOUR of all, our thanks receive!
With Thee their righteous spirits live
Who lived and died in Thee below:
Purged while they lived from every stain,
Saved when they died from grief and pain,
And snatch'd out of a world of woe.

* Two ladies named Cowper, or Cooper, appear to have been among the friends of the Wesleys about this time. Miss Fanny died at Lady Huntingdon's country seat in May or June, 1742, having been visited in her last sickness by John Wesley, who took a journey into Leicestershire on purpose. (Works, vol. i., p. 371; vol. xii., p. 108.) For this lady Mr. Charles Wesley wrote the Epitaph on p. 176, "Stay, thou eternal spirit, stay:" her name, indeed, is not inserted in the printed copy, but in the original MS., now before me, it is distinctly written at the head of the verses. Miss Anne Cowper survived her sister, as is shown by a letter in Lady Huntingdon's Life, (Vol. i., p. 55, ed. 1840,) and it is probable that the following entry in C. Wesley's Journal, under date of September 7, 1743, (Vol. i., p. 335,) refers to her: "I rejoiced to hear of happy Miss Cowper's release, and found my soul mounting up after her all this and the following day." These circumstances may be properly supposed to have given rise to this poem. The "Funeral Hymns," published shortly afterwards, (1746,) contain one "On the Death of Mrs. A. C.," and one "On the Death of Mrs. F. C.," which most likely commemorate the same persons.

We bless Thee for Thy tender love,
Which call'd our friend to joys above,
And bade her stormy troubles cease;
She now is harbour'd in Thy breast,
And there the weary are at rest,
And there she reigns in glorious bliss.

2 Long in the mortal toils she lay,
As hell were swallowing up its prey,
Exposed to all the' Accuser's power:
Who can the mystic woe reveal?
Who can conceive, but those that feel,
The darkness of that fiery hour?

Medicine prolong'd and edged her pains,
And tore its way through all her veins,
And shook her reason from its seat;
Held on the rack, she *tasted* death,
And, ground between the lion's teeth,
Shriek'd as he show'd the yawning pit.

3 Conform'd to an expiring God,
Her spirit sweat His sweat of blood,
And drank distraction's deepest cup;
Higher the anguish rose, and higher,
While, terribly baptized with fire,
She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up.

Did she not to her Father look?
Her Father still His own forsook,
And left her bleeding on the tree;
She sunk beneath her Saviour's load,
And cried His cry, "My God, my God,
Ah! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

4 But ended is the grief unknown,
'Tis done, (ye saints, rejoice,) 'tis done!
Her soul is spent in sacrifice!
In life and death to Jesus join'd,
Into her Father's hands resign'd,
She meekly bows her head, and dies.

She dies into the world above,
She lives the heavenly life of love,
And the new song of *Moses* sings;
She sees the God whom saints adore,
Whom angels hymn, and fall before,
And wrap their faces in their wings.

5 In rapture lost, the heavenly choir
The dear Redeemer's love admire,
Which brought His suffering servant through;
Loudly they sing His sovereign grace,
Wisdom, and power, and thanks, and praise,
And glory are our Jesu's due.

This is the soul, with shouts they cry,
That did in Jesus live and die,
And wash'd her garments in His blood;
Through much distress, and toil, and pain,
Hither she comes with Him to reign,
She stands before the throne of God.

6 With all that loved the bleeding Lamb,
She stands her great reward to claim,
Adorn'd with palm and robed in white;
Shines, with peculiar glories graced,
In God's eternal temple placed
To serve her Maker day and night.

Surely the High and Lofty One,
Jehovah sitting on His throne,
Among these faithful souls shall dwell;
Their life of pain and want is o'er,
They hunger here and thirst no more,
Nor heat nor slightest suffering feel.

7 The Lamb that with His Father reigns
Their happy, happy spirits sustains,
With heavenly food delights to fill;
His saints He shall for ever feed,
And by the living waters lead,
The springs of joy ineffable.

He now hath wiped away their tears,
And each bright soul as God appears,
But waits till all are gather'd home;
Till all in one assembly meet,
All earth and heaven the cry repeat,
"Come, glorious God, to judgment come!"

HYMNS

ON THE

LORD's SUPPER.

BY

JOHN and *CHARLES WESLEY*,

Presbyters of the Church of ENGLAND.

With a PREFACE concerning

The CHRISTIAN SACRAMENT
and SACRIFICE.
Extracted from Dr. *BREVINT*.

This do in Remembrance of Me. 1 Cor. xi. 24.

BRISTOL:
Printed by FELIX FARLEY, MDCCXLV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of this excellent Treatise was born in Jersey, graduated at the French Protestant University of Saumur, was incorporated from thence at Oxford in 1638, and the same year elected Fellow of Jesus College. Leaving England, to avoid persecution for refusing the Covenant, he became pastor of a French Protestant congregation in Normandy, and afterwards chaplain to the famous Marshal Turenne. Returning to England in 1661, he was appointed Dean of Lincoln in 1681, and died there in 1695.

During his residence in Paris the Princesses of Turenne and Bouillon expressed a desire to see the great subject of the Holy Communion treated in a practical and devotional manner, rather than with a view to those doctrinal questions to which it has given rise. "Jerusalem," they said, in language most natural to persons in their position, "is so flanked about with bastions that the temple can hardly be seen." In compliance with their wish this work was written, by way of discourse, meditation, and prayer; but "taking no notice" of contending parties "any more than if they had never appeared." This mode of treating the subject was the more easy as the author had already published an admirable argumentative treatise

entitled "The Depth and Mystery of the Roman Mass," and within two years after sent forth another volume devoted to the reproof of Romish superstitions, and entitled "Saul and Samuel at Endor; or, the New Ways of Salvation and Service which usually tempt men to Rome and detain them there, truly represented and refuted."

Dr. Brevint's publication furnishes an instructive lesson on indirect and cumulative usefulness. Sometimes, as the Editor has listened to large congregations joining with heart and voice in strains expressing the noblest sentiments of which the human mind is capable, he has turned back in thought to the "two or three gathered together" in their Master's "name" in Paris more than two centuries ago. The instructions given in a despised Protestant conventicle in that splendid court are echoed to-day from the ends of the earth. The genius of the Wesleys has given wings to the thought and feeling of Dr. Brevint; the handful of corn shakes like Lebanon. And while "the Great Monarch" and the splendours of his court are forgotten, or only remembered to be execrated, the Protestant worshippers will minister, by the agency of the Wesleys, to the devotion of multitudes; and this small volume, read with care, will prove a most valuable "Preparation" for the Lord's table.

THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENT AND SACRIFICE.

EXTRACTED FROM DR. BREVINT.

SECTION I.

The Importance of well understanding the Nature of this Sacrament.

1. THE Sacrament ordained by Christ the night before He suffered, which St. Paul calls THE LORD'S SUPPER, is without doubt one of the greatest mysteries of godliness, and the most solemn feast of the Christian religion. At the holy table the people meet to worship God, and God is present to meet and bless His people. Here we are in a special manner invited to offer up to God our souls, our bodies, and whatever we can *give;* and God offers to us the body and blood of His Son, and all the other blessings which we have need to *receive.* So that the Holy Sacrament, like the ancient passover, is a great mystery, consisting both of *Sacrament* and *Sacrifice;* that is, of the religious *service* which the people owe to God, and of the full *salvation* which God hath promised to His people.

2. How careful then should every Christian be to understand what so nearly concerns both his happiness and his duty! It was on this account that the

devil, from the very beginning, has been so busy about this Sacrament, driving men either to make it a *false god*, or an *empty ceremony*. So much the more let all who have either piety towards God, or any care of their own souls, so manage their devotions as to avoid superstition on the one hand and profaneness on the other.

SECTION II.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

1. THE Lord's Supper was chiefly ordained for a *Sacrament*. (1) To *represent* the sufferings of Christ which are *past*, whereof it is a *memorial*. (2) To *convey* the first-fruits of these sufferings, in *present graces*, whereof it is a *means*. And (3) To *assure* us of *glory to come*, whereof it is an infallible *pledge*.

2. As this *Sacrament* looks back, it is a *memorial* which our Lord hath left in His church, of what He was pleased to suffer for her. For though these sufferings of His were both so dreadful and holy as to make the heavens mourn, the earth quake, and all men tremble; yet, because the greatest things are apt to be forgotten when they are gone, therefore He was pleased at His last supper to ordain this, as a holy *memorial* and *representation* of what He was then about to suffer. So that when Christian posterity (like the young *Israelites* who had not seen the killing of the first passover) should come to ask after the meaning of the *bread broken*, the *wine poured* out, and the *par-*

taking of both, this holy mystery might set forth both the *martyrdom* and the *sacrifice* of this crucified Saviour; giving up His *flesh*, shedding His *blood*, and pouring out His very *soul*, to atone for *their* sins.

3. Therefore, as at the passover the late Jews could say, "*This is the lamb, these are the herbs, our fathers did eat in Egypt;*" because these latter feasts did so effectually represent the former: so at our Holy Communion, which sets before our eyes CHRIST *our Passover who is sacrificed for us*, "our Saviour," says St. Austin, "*doubted not to say, 'This is My body,' when He gave the disciples the figure of His body:*" especially because this Sacrament, duly received, makes the thing which it represents as really present for our use as if it were newly done. *Eating this bread, and drinking this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death.*

4. And surely it is no *common* regard we ought to have for these venerable representations which God Himself hath set up in and for His church. For these are far more than an ordinary figure. All sorts of *signs* and *monuments* are more or less venerable, according to the things which they represent. And these, besides their ordinary use, bear as it were on their face the glorious character of their Divine appointment, and the express design that God hath to revive thereby, and to expose to all our senses, His sufferings as if they were present *now*.

5. Ought not then one who looks on these ordinances, and considers the great and dreadful passages which they set before him, to say in his heart, I observe on this altar somewhat very like the sacrifice of my Saviour? For thus the *Bread of life* was broken, thus the *Lamb of God* was slain, and His *blood* shed.

And when I look on the minister, who by special order from God distributes this bread and this wine, I conceive that thus God Himself hath both given His Son to die, and gives us still the virtue of His death.

6. Ought he not also to reverence and adore, when he looks toward that good Hand which has appointed for the use of the church the *memorial* of these great things? As the *Israelites* whenever they saw the *cloud* on the temple, which God had hallowed to be the sign of His presence, presently used to throw themselves on their faces, not to worship the cloud, but God; so whenever I see these better signs of the glorious mercies of God, I will not fail both to remember my Lord who appointed them, and to worship Him whom they represent.

7. To complete this worship, let us exercise such a faith as may answer the great end of this Sacrament. The main intention of Christ herein was not the bare *remembrance* of His passion, but, over and above, to invite us to His sacrifice, not as done and gone many years since, but as to grace and mercy still lasting, still *new*, still the same as when it was first offered for us. The sacrifice of Christ being appointed by the Father for a propitiation that should continue to all ages; and withal, being everlasting by the privilege of its own *order*, which is *an unchangeable priesthood*, and by His worth who offered it, that is, the blessed *Son of God*, and by the power of *the Eternal Spirit*, through whom it was offered, it must in all respects stand eternal, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

8. Here then *faith* must be as true a *subsistence* of those things past, which we *believe*, as it is of the things

yet to come, which we *hope* for; by the help of which the believer, being prostrate at the Lord's table as at the very foot of His cross, should with earnest sorrow confess and lament all his sins, which were the nails and spears that pierced his Saviour. We ourselves *have crucified that Just One. Men and brethren, what shall we do?* Let us fall amazed at that stroke of Divine justice that could not be satisfied but by the death of God. *How dreadful is this place!* How deep and holy is this mystery! What thanks should we pay for those inconceivable mercies of God the Father who so gave up His only Son; and for the mercies of God the Son, who thus gave Himself up for us!

9. My Lord and my God, I behold in this bread, made of corn that was cut down, beaten, ground and bruised by men, all the heavy blows, and plagues, and pains which Thou didst suffer from Thy murderers! I behold in this bread, dried up and baked with fire, the fiery wrath which Thou didst suffer from above! My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Him? The violence of wicked men first hath made Him a *Martyr;* then the fire of heaven hath made Him a *Burnt Sacrifice;* and, lo! He has become to me the *Bread of life!*

Let us go then to take and eat it. For though the instruments that bruised Him be broken, and the flames that burnt Him be put out, yet this *Bread* continues new. The spears and swords that slew, and the burnings that completed, the sacrifice, are many years since scattered and spent. But the sweet smell of the offering still remains, the blood is still warm, the wounds still fresh, and *the Lamb* still *standing as*

slain. Any other sacrifice by time may lose its strength; but Thou, O Eternal Victim, offered up to God through the Eternal Spirit, remainest always the same; and as Thy years shall not fail, so they shall never abate anything of Thy saving strength and mercy. O help me that they abate nothing of my faith! Help me to grieve for my sins and Thy pains, as they did who saw Thee suffer. Let my heart burn to follow Thee now, when this bread is broken at this table, as the hearts of Thy disciples did when Thou didst break it in *Emmaus*. O Rock of *Israel*, Rock of salvation, Rock struck and cleft for me, let those two streams of *blood* and *water* which once gushed out of Thy side bring down *pardon* and *holiness* into my soul; and let me thirst after them now, as if I stood upon the mountain whence sprung this *water*, and near the *cleft* of that rock, the wounds of my Lord, whence gushed this sacred *blood*. All the distance of time and countries between *Adam* and me doth not keep his sin and punishment from reaching me, any more than if I had been born in his house. *Adam* descended from above, let Thy blood reach as far, and come as freely to save and sanctify me, as the blood of my first father did, both to destroy and to defile me. Blessed Jesu, strengthen my faith, prepare my heart, and then bless Thine ordinance. If I but *touch*, as I ought, *the hem of Thy garment*, the garment of Thy passion, virtue will proceed out of Thee; it shall be done according to my faith, and my poor soul shall be made whole.

SECTION III.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Sign of present Graces.

1. As to the *present graces* that attend the due use of this Sacrament, it is first a *figure* whereby God *represents;* (2) an *instrument* whereby He *conveys* them.

First, it is a *figure* or sign thereof. It is the ordinary way of God, when He either promises or bestows on men any considerable blessing, to confirm His *word* and His *gift* with the addition of some sign. So the *burning bush* was a *sign* to *Moses*, and the *cloud* that went with them to the *Israelites*. And in like manner hath Christ ordained outward visible signs of His inward and spiritual grace to assure every one who believes that he shall be cleansed from his sins as certainly as he sees that *water*, and that he shall be fed with the grace of God as certainly as he feeds on the *bread* and *wine*.

2. And as *water* was fitly chosen for the outward sign in *baptism*, because of the virtue it hath to cleanse and purify, so were bread and wine fitly chosen for the outward signs of what is represented in the Lord's Supper: *viz.*, First, the sufferings of Christ; and, Second, the blessing which we receive thereby. First, the sufferings of Christ. This bread and wine do not sustain me till the one has been cut down, ground, and baked with fire, and the other pressed and trodden under foot. Nor did the Son of God save me, but by being bruised, and pressed, and consumed, as it were, by the fire of God's wrath. As the best corn is not bread while it stands in the field, so neither could

Jesus living, teaching, working miracles, be the bread of life; it must be Jesus suffering, Jesus crucified, Jesus dying. Nothing less than the cross, than wounds and death, my Lord, my God, could of Thy dearest Son make my Saviour.

3. This Sacrament, secondly, represents the blessings which we receive by His passion. Now, as without bread and wine, or something answerable to it, the strongest bodies soon decay, so without the virtue of the body and blood of Christ the holiest souls must soon perish. And as bread and wine keep up our *natural life*, so doth our Lord Jesus, by a continual supply of strength and grace, represented by bread and wine, sustain that *spiritual life* which He hath procured by His cross.

4. The first breath of spiritual life in our nostrils is the first purchase of Christ's blood. But, alas! how soon would this first life vanish away were it not followed and supported by a second! Therefore the sacrifice of Christ procures also grace to renew and preserve the life He hath given. As the blood which He shed satisfied the Divine justice and removed our punishment, so the water washes and cleanses the pardoned soul; and both these blessings are inseparable, even as the blood and the water were which flowed together out of His side.

5. There remains yet another life, which is an absolute redemption from death and our miseries. This, as to the right of it, is together with the other, purchased by the same Sacrifice; but as to the possession, it is reserved for us in heaven, till Christ become our full and final redemption. Now the Giver of these lives is the Preserver of them too; and to this end

He sets up a table by His altar, where He engages to feed our souls with the constant supply of His mercies, as really as He feeds our bodies with this bread and wine. In the deliverance from *Egypt*, here is a people saved by the sacrifice of the passover, and lest they should die in the wilderness there you see an angel leading them with his light, keeping them cool under the shadow of his cloud, and feeding them with manna. Jesus is the truth foreshowed by these figures. He was the true Passover when He died upon the cross; and He feeds from heaven, by continually pouring out His blessings, the souls He redeemed by pouring out His blood.

6. Thus the Sacrament alone represents at once, both what our Lord suffered, and what He still doth for us. What we take and eat is made of a substance cut, bruised, and put to the fire; that shows my Saviour's passion: and it was used thus that it might afford me food; that shows the benefit I receive from His passion. In the Sacrament are represented both life and death: the life is mine, the death my Saviour's. O blessed Jesus, my life comes out of Thy death, and the salvation which I hope for is purchased with all the pain and agonies which Thou didst suffer.

7. Author of my salvation, bestow on me these two blessings which this Sacrament shows together,—mercy, and strength to keep mercy. *Hosannah, O Son of* David, save, and preserve! Save me that I may not fall by the hand of the destroyer; and preserve me, that after this salvation I may not fall by my own hand, but set forward in me, notwithstanding all my sins, the work of Thy faithful mercies. Let me not increase my guilt, by abusing what Thou givest. My

Saviour, my Preserver, give me always what Thou givest once. Create in me a new heart, but keep what Thou createst, and increase more and more what Thou plantest. O Son of God, feed this tender branch, which without Thee cannot but wither; and strengthen Thou a bruised reed, which without Thee cannot but fall. Father of everlasting compassions, forsake not in the wilderness a feeble *Israelite* whom Thou hast brought a little way out of *Egypt;* and let not a poor soul, whom Thou hast helped a while, ever faint and fall from the right way. Thou art as able to perfect me with the blessings out of Thy throne, as to redeem me by the sacrifice on Thy cross. O Thou who art the truth of what Thou biddest me take, perform in me what Thou dost show. Give me eternal life by those Thy sufferings, for here is the *body broken:* give also strength and nourishment for this life, for here is the *Bread of heaven.*

SECTION IV.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Means of Grace.

1. HITHERTO we have considered this Holy Sacrament both as a *memorial* of the death of Christ, and a sign of those graces wherewith He sustains and nourishes believing souls. But this is not all: for both the end of the Holy Communion, the wants and desires of those who receive it, and the strength of other places of Scripture, require, that much more be contained therein than a bare *memorial,* or *representation.* (1) The end of the Holy Communion, which is to make us partakers of Christ in another manner than

when we only hear His word; (2) The wants and desires of those who receive it, who seek not a bare *representation* or *remembrance.* I want and seek my Saviour Himself, and I haste to this Sacrament for the same purpose that *St. Peter* and *John* hasted to His sepulchre; because I hope to find Him there. (3) The strength of other places of Scripture, which allow it a far greater virtue than that of representing only. *The cup of blessing, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?*—a *means* of communicating the blood there represented and remembered, to every believing soul!

2. And that it doth convey grace and blessing to the true believer, is evident from its conveying a curse to the profane. *Whosoever eateth unworthily,* saith St. Paul, *eateth damnation to himself.* And how can we think that it is thus really hurtful, when abused, but not really blissful in its right use; or that this bread should be *effectual* to procure death, but not *effectual* to procure salvation? God forbid that the body of Christ, who came to save, not destroy, should not shed as much of its *savour of life* to the devout soul, as it doth of its *savour of death* to the wicked and impenitent.

3. I come then to God's altar, with a full persuasion that these words, *This is My body,* promise me more than a *figure;* that this holy banquet is not a bare *memorial* only, but may actually *convey* as many blessings to me, as it brings curses on the profane receiver. Indeed, in what manner this is done I know not; it is enough for me to admire. *One thing I know,* (as said the blind man of our Lord,) *He laid clay upon mine eyes, and behold I see.* He hath blessed, and given me this

bread, and my soul received comfort. I know that clay hath nothing in itself which could have wrought such a miracle. And I know that this bread hath nothing in itself which can impart grace, holiness, and salvation. But I know also that it is the ordinary way of God, to produce His greatest works, at the presence (though not by the power) of the most useless instruments. At the very stroke of a rod He divided the sea. At the blowing some trumpets He threw down massy walls. At the washing in *Jordan* He cured *Naaman* of a plague that was naturally incurable. And when but a shadow went by, or some oil was dropped, or clothes were touched by those that were sick, presently *virtue went out;* not of rods, or trumpets, or shadows, or clothes——but of Himself.

4. It was the right hand of the Lord, which of old time brought these mighty things to pass, either when the Red Sea opened a way for *Israel* to march, or when the rock poured out rivers to refresh them. And so now it is Christ Himself, with His body and blood, once offered to God upon the cross, and ever since standing before Him as slain, who fills His church with the perfumes of His sacrifice, whence faithful communicants return home with the first-fruits of salvation. Bread and wine can contribute no more to it than the rod of *Moses*, or the oil of the apostles. But yet, since it pleaseth Christ to work thereby, O my God, whensoever Thou shalt bid me *go and wash in Jordan*, I will go; and will no more doubt of being made clean from my sins, than if I had bathed in Thy blood. And when Thou sayest, *Go, take and eat this bread* which I have blessed, I will doubt no more of being fed with the Bread of Life than if I were eating Thy very flesh.

5. This Victim having been offered up in the fulness of times, and in the midst of the world, which is Christ's great temple, and having been thence carried up to heaven, which is His sanctuary, from thence spreads salvation all around, as the burnt-offering did its smoke. And thus His body and blood have everywhere, but especially at this Sacrament, a true and real presence. When He offered Himself upon earth, the vapour of His atonement went up and darkened the very sun: and by rending the great veil it clearly showed He had made a way into heaven. And since He is gone up He sends down to earth the graces that spring continually both from His everlasting sacrifice, and from the continual intercession that attends it. So that we need not say, *Who will go up into heaven?* since, without either ascending or descending, this sacred body of Jesus fills with atonement and blessing the remotest part of this temple.

6. Of these blessings Christ from above is pleased to bestow sometimes more, sometimes less, in the several ordinances of His church, which, as the stars in heaven, differ from each other in glory. Fasting, prayer, hearing His word, are all good vessels to draw water from this well of salvation; but they are not all equal. The Holy Communion, when well used, exceeds as much in blessing, as it exceeds in danger of a curse, when wickedly and irreverently taken.

7. This great and holy mystery communicates to us the death of our blessed Lord, both as *offering Himself to God*, and as giving Himself to man. As He *offered Himself to God*, it enters me into that mystical body for which He died, and which is dead with Christ: yea, it sets me on the very shoulders of that eternal Priest,

while He offers up Himself and intercedes for His spiritual *Israel.* And by this means it conveys to me the *communion of His sufferings*, which leads to a communion in all His graces and glories. *As He offers Himself to man*, the holy Sacrament is, after the Sacrifice for sin, the true sacrifice of peace-offerings, and the table purposely set to receive those mercies that are sent down from His altar. *Take, and eat; this is My body which was broken for you. And this is My blood which was shed for you.*

8. Here then I wait at the Lord's table, which both *shows* me what an apostle, who had heaven for his school, had the greatest mind to see and learn, and *offers* me the richest gift which a saint can receive on earth, the *Lord Jesus crucified.*

Amen, my Lord and my God! Give me all which Thou showest, and grant that I may faithfully keep all Thou givest. Bless Thine ordinance, and make it an effectual means of Thy grace: then bless and sanctify my heart also. O my Father, here I offer up to Thee my soul; and Thou offerest to me Thy Son. What I offer is indeed an unclean habitation to receive the *Holy One of Israel.* Come in nevertheless, Thou eternal Priest; but cleanse my house at Thy coming. I am a poor, sinful, lost creature; but such as I am, sinful and lost, I wait for Thy salvation. Come in, O Lord, with Thy salvation, to a dying man, and make me whole,—to a sinner bound hand and foot, and release me. Come as Thou didst to the publican. Oh! let this day salvation come to this house.

SECTION V.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Pledge of Future Glory.

1. A PLEDGE and an earnest differ in this, that an *earnest* may be allowed upon *account*, for part of that payment which is promised, whereas *pledges* are taken back. Thus, for example, zeal, love, and those degrees of holiness, which God bestows in the use of His Sacraments, will remain with us when we are in heaven, and there make part of our happiness. But the Sacraments themselves shall be taken back, and shall no more appear in heaven than did the cloudy pillar in *Canaan*. We shall have no need of these sacred *figures* of Christ, when we see Him face to face; or of these *pledges* of that glory to be revealed, when we shall actually possess it. But till this day, the holy Sacrament hath that third use, of being a *pledge* from the Lord that He will give us that glory.

2. Our Lord pointed at this, when He said to His disciples, the holy cup being in His hand, that He would *drink no more of that fruit, till He should drink it new in the kingdom of His Father*. In the purpose of God, His church and heaven go both together: that being the way that leads to this, as the holy place to the holiest; both which are implied in what *Christ* calls the *kingdom of God*. Whosoever therefore are admitted to this *dinner* of the Lamb, unless they be wanting to themselves, need not doubt of being admitted to the marriage supper of Him who was dead, but *now liveth for ever more*.

3. Our Saviour hath given us by His death three kinds of life; and He promises to nourish us in every

one of them, by these tokens of bread and wine, which He hath made His Sacrament. Two of these are already nourished hereby; but the third we are not yet come to. This is that eternal life, for which we are as yet too vile vessels. We are now neither of age to enjoy our inheritance, nor able to bear the weight of eternal glory. And therefore it lies for us in His hands. But we *know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded He is able to keep that safe which we have committed unto Him against that day*. By faith we deposit, or lay down, this great treasure in the hands of God to keep. And God by this Sacrament assures us, both that He will keep it safe, and will restore it to us when we are meet for it.

4. This third use is the crown of the other two; and indeed they all aim at the same glory. The first is, to set out as new and fresh the holy sufferings which purchased our title to eternal happiness: the second is, both to represent, and to convey to our souls, all necessary graces to qualify us for it: and the third is, to assure us, that when we are qualified for it God will faithfully render to us the purchase. And these three make up the proper sense of those words, *Take, eat; this is My body*. For the consecrated bread doth not only represent His body, and bring the virtue of it into our souls on earth; but as to our happiness in heaven, bought with that price, it is the most solemn instrument to assure our title to it.

5. Our blessed Lord being desirous before His death, as by a deed of His last will, to settle on His disciples both such a measure of grace in this life as might now make them holy, and after this life such a fulness of blessings as might make them eternally

happy,—He delivers into our hands, by way of instrument and conveyance, the blessed Sacrament of His body and blood: in the same manner as kings used to bestow dignities, by the bestowing of a *staff* or a *sword;* and as the fathers bestow estates upon their children, by giving them some few *writings.*

6. The reason of all this is, the giver cannot put into his friend's hands houses and lands, because they are of an immovable nature. And therefore this must be supplied by some forms or tokens, by which his design may be sufficiently made known. Now Christ and His estate, His happiness and His glory, His eternity and His heaven, are not things that may be moved more easily than the mountains on the earth. And therefore these can be no otherwise made over than great immovable estates are. Wherefore as the kingdom of *Israel* was once made over to *David*, with the oil that *Samuel* poured upon his head; so the body and blood of Jesus is, *in full value*, and heaven with all its glory, *in sure title*, made over to true Christians by that bread and wine which they receive in the Holy Communion: the minister of Christ having as much power from his Master for doing this as any prophet ever had for what he did.

7. O Lord Jesu, who hast ordained these mysteries for a communion of Thy body, a means of Thy grace, and a pledge of Thy glory, settle me hereby in the communion of Thy sufferings which they *show forth;* feed me with that living Bread which they *present*, and sanctify me in body and spirit for that eternal happiness which they *promise.*

Eternal Priest, who art gone up on high to receive gifts for men, fill my heart, I beseech Thee, with bless-

ings out of Thy holy seat, as now Thou fillest my mouth with the holy things of Thy church. Oh that in the strength of this meat I may walk my forty days, till I come to that holy mountain, where without the help of any bread, or outward sign, I shall see my God face to face. Blessed Spirit, help me to drink so worthily of this fruit of the vine, that I may drink it new in the kingdom of my Father.

SECTION VI.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Sacrifice. And first, of the Commemorative Sacrifice.

1. THERE never was on earth a true religion, without some kind of sacrifices. And the Heathens who cast this slander on the Christian church, did it for no better reason than this, because they saw neither altars set up, nor beasts slain or burnt among them. Even as they accused the Jews of adoring nothing but clouds, because they had no gods of stone or silver. Whereas in truth, as what was stone or silver could not be a god, so neither could the bare slaughter of beasts be a real sacrifice. None of these sacrifices could ever take away sin, but in dependence on that of Jesus Christ. And no sacrifice under the law could represent our service to God, so fully as it is done under the gospel. The Holy Communion alone brings together these two great ends, atonement of sins, and acceptable duty to God, of which all the sacrifices of old were no more than weak shadows. As for the atonement of sin, it is sure the sacrifice of Christ alone was sufficient for it: and that this great sacrifice, being

both of an infinite value, to satisfy the most severe justice, and of an infinite virtue, to produce all its effects at once, need never more be repeated. This perhaps was the want of faith in *Moses;* (Numbers xx. 12;) to strike a second time, and without order, that mysterious rock which to strike once had been enough. For this second blow could only proceed from a faithless mistrust, as if the first which alone was enjoined could not suffice. But it were a much greater offence against the blood of Christ, to question its infinite worth. The offering of it therefore must needs be one only, and the repeating thereof utterly superfluous.

2. Nevertheless, this sacrifice, which by a *real* oblation was not to be offered more than once, is by a devout and thankful commemoration to be offered up every day. This is what the apostle calls, *to set forth the death of the* Lord: to set it forth as well before the eyes of God His Father as before the eyes of men: and what St. Austin *explained*, when he said the holy flesh of Jesus was offered in three manners; by *prefiguring sacrifices* under the law before His coming into the world, in *real deed* upon His cross, and by a *commemorative Sacrament* after He ascended into heaven. All comes to this: (1) That the *sacrifice* in itself can never be repeated; (2) That nevertheless this Sacrament, by our remembrance, becomes a kind of *sacrifice*, whereby we present before God the Father that precious oblation of His Son once offered. And thus do we every day offer unto God the meritorious sufferings of our Lord, as the only sure ground whereon God may give, and we obtain, the blessings we pray for. Now there is no ordinance or mystery, that is so blessed an instrument to reach this everlasting sacrifice,

and to set it solemnly forth before the eyes of God, as the Holy Communion is. *To men* it is a *sacred table*, where God's minister is ordered to represent from God his Master the passion of His dear Son, as still fresh, and still powerful for their eternal salvation. And *to* God it is an *altar*, whereon men mystically present to Him the same sacrifice, as still bleeding and sueing for mercy. And because it is the High Priest himself, the true anointed of the Lord, who hath set up both this table and the altar, for the communication of His body and blood to men, and for the representation of both to God, it cannot be doubted but that the one is most profitable to the penitent sinner, and the other most acceptable to His gracious Father.

3. The people of *Israel*, in worshipping, ever turned their eyes and their hearts toward that sacrifice, the blood whereof the high priest was to carry into the sanctuary. So let us ever turn our eyes and our hearts toward Jesus our eternal High Priest, who is gone up into the true sanctuary, and doth there continually present both His own body and blood before God, and (as *Aaron* did) all the true *Israel of* God in a *memorial*. In the meantime we, beneath in the church, present to God His body and blood in a *memorial*, that under this shadow of His cross, and figure of His sacrifice, we may present ourselves in very deed before Him.

4. O Lord, who seest nothing in me that is truly mine but sinful dust and ashes, look upon the sacrifice of Thy dear Son, once offered for my sins. Turn Thine eyes, O merciful Father, to the satisfaction and intercession of my Lord, who now sits at Thy right hand; to the seals of Thy covenant which lie before Thee upon this table; and to all the wants, weaknesses, and

distresses which Thou seest in my heart. O Father, glorify Thy Son; O Son of God, bless Thou Thine ordinance, and send with it the influences of that Spirit whom Thou hast promised to all flesh: that by the help of these mercies the world, the church, and our souls may glorify Thee now and ever.

SECTION VII.

Concerning the Sacrifice of Ourselves.

1. Too many who are called Christians live as if under the gospel there were no sacrifice but that of Christ on the cross. And indeed there is no other that can atone for our sins, or satisfy the justice of God. Though the whole church should offer up herself as a burnt-sacrifice to God, yet could she contribute no more towards bearing away the wrath to come, than those who stood near Christ when He gave up the ghost did toward the darkening of the sun or the shaking of the earth. But what is not necessary to this sacrifice, which alone redeemed mankind, is absolutely necessary to our having a share in that redemption. So that though the sacrifice of ourselves cannot *procure* salvation, yet it is altogether needful to our *receiving* it.

2. As *Aaron* never came in before the Lord without the whole people of *Israel*, represented both by the twelve stones on his breast and by the two others on his shoulder, so Jesus Christ does nothing without His church; insomuch that sometimes they are represented as only one Person: seeing Christ acts and

suffers for His body, in that manner which becomes the Head, and the church follows all the motions and sufferings of her Head, in such a manner as is possible to its weak members.

3. The whole divinity of *St. Paul* turns upon this *conformity* both of actions and sufferings; and that of *St. John* likewise upon this same *communion* or fellowship. The truth is, our Lord had neither birth, nor death, nor resurrection on earth, but such as we are to *conform* to: as He hath neither ascension, nor everlasting life, nor glory in heaven, but such as we may have in *common* with Him.

4. This *conformity* to Christ, which is the grand principle of the whole Christian religion, relates first to our duty about His *sufferings;* and then to our happiness about His *exaltation*, presupposing His *sufferings*. And both make up a full comment on our Lord's frequent command to His disciples, to *follow Him*. For without doubt we shall follow Him into heaven, if we will follow Him on earth; and shall have *communion* with Him in glory, if we have *conformity* with Him here in His *sufferings*.

5. These expressions to *follow*, to have *conformity*, and to have *communion*, oblige us all to follow Him, as much as in us lies, through all the parts of His life, and every function of His office. We must be born with Him, die on His cross, be buried in His grave, suffer in His tribulations. *Christ* and Christians must be continually together: *Where I am*, saith He, *there shall My servant be.* But of all these duties the most necessary is, the bearing His *cross*, and dying with Him in *sacrifice.*

6. Christ never designed to offer Himself for His

people, without His people; no more than the high priests of old. He presented Himself to God in this great temple, the world, at the head of whole mankind. He came as a voluntary Victim to the altar, being attended on by His *Israel*, who, as it were, with their hands laid all their sins upon His head. Therefore, as it was necessary that they who sought for atonement should wait upon the sacrifice, so it is, that whoever seeks eternal salvation should wait at that altar, the cross, whereon this eternal Priest and Sacrifice was pleased to offer up Himself.

7. The sinners indeed under the law did not die at the altar, the victim alone being burned and destroyed. But because they laid their hands on it when it was dying, and fell on their faces to the ground when it fell bleeding to death, they were reputed to *offer* up themselves as well as the victim. So Christians are not crucified in the same manner as Christ was; yet because they cast themselves upon His cross and sufferings, as the only means of atonement for their sins and salvation for their souls, because of the grief they suffer to think of the Son of God thus dying, dying only for their sake, which is as a sword both to pierce their hearts and pierce and crucify their sins; and because, their whole body of sin being thus crucified there remains no life in them, but what is offered up to God's service;—on all these grounds, the Saviour thus offering Himself, and the saved so united to Him by faith, so partaking of His sufferings, and so given up to His will, are accounted before God one and the same Sacrifice.

8. But be it observed that, in order to their being so accounted, they are to crucify their sinful members

as really as Christ Himself had His sinless body crucified: so that each may say, *I am crucified to the world, and the world crucified to me.* And thus Jesus Christ and His whole church do together make up that complete Sacrifice which was foreshown by that of old, whereof the kidney and fat were burnt upon the altar; but the flesh, the skin, feet, and dung (emblems of sin) were thrown and burnt without the camp. For Christ and His church so join in one Offering, that He contributes all that can go up into heaven, to appease and please God; and we contribute nothing but sin, but what must be removed out of the way: yea, and so that it is needful farther, in order to our being accounted one Sacrifice with Him, that not only our persons but all our actions likewise be wholly devoted to God. *I am crucified with* Christ, now *I live not,* (saith the Christian,) *but Christ liveth in me. And the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God.*

9. This act of the church consecrating herself to God, and so joined to Christ as to make but one Oblation with Him, is the mystery which was once represented by the daily sacrifice: the first and chief part whereof was the lamb, which did foreshow the Lamb of God; the second was the *meat* (or rather *meal*) *and drink-offering*, made of flour mingled with oil and wine; all which being thrown on the lamb continually was accounted one and the same sacrifice. Now these, which were so thrown on the main sacrifice, signified properly these offerings which Christians must present to God of themselves, their goods and their praises. From this *meal* and *drink-offering* came the bread and wine to be used at the Lord's Supper.

Now all we can offer on our own account is but such an oblation as this *meal* and *drink-offering* was, which cannot be presented alone, but only with the merits of Jesus Christ, and which cannot go to heaven but with the smoke of that great burnt Sacrifice. On the one side, neither our persons nor works can be presented to God otherwise than as these additional offerings, which of themselves fall to the ground unless the great Sacrifice sustain them. And on the other side, this great Sacrifice sustains and sanctifies only those things that are thrown into His fire, hallowed upon His altar, and together with Him consecrated to God.

10. Now though we are called at all times to this *conformity* and *communion* in the sufferings of Christ, yet more especially when we approach this dreadful mystery let us take a peculiar care, that as both the principal and additional sacrifices went up towards heaven in the same flame, so Jesus Christ and all His members may jointly appear before God, that we may offer up our souls and bodies at the same time, in the same place, and in the same oblation. Let us take care to attend on this sacrifice in such a manner, (1) As may become faithful disciples, who are resolved to die for and with their Master; (2) As true members that cannot outlive their Head; and, (3) As penitent sinners, who cannot look for any share in the glory of their Saviour unless they really enter into the communion of that sacrifice and those sufferings which their Master, their Head, and their Saviour has passed through, and which they are engaged to by this very Sacrament.

11. To this effect the faithful worshipper present-

ing that soul and body, which God hath given him, at the altar, may say,—

Lo, I come! if this soul and body may be useful to anything, *to do Thy will*, O God. And if it please Thee to use the power Thou hast over dust and ashes, over weak flesh and blood, over a brittle vessel of clay, over the work of Thine own hands; lo, here they are, to suffer also Thy good pleasure. If Thou please to visit me either with pain or dishonour I will *humble myself* under it, and, through Thy grace, be *obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross.* Whatsoever may befall me either from neighbours or strangers, since it is Thou employest them, though they know it not, (unless Thou help me to some lawful means of redressing the wrong,) I will not *open my mouth before the Lord* who smiteth me, except only to sing the *psalm* after I have eaten those bitter herbs which belong to this *passover*, and to *bless the Lord.* Hereafter no man can take away anything from me, no life, no honour, no estate: since I am ready to lay them down, as soon as I perceive Thou requirest them at my hands. Nevertheless, *O Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me; but if not, Thy will be done.* Whatever sufferings hereafter may trouble my flesh, or whatever agonies may trouble my spirit, *O Father, into Thy hand will I commend* my life, and all that concerneth it. And if Thou be pleased, either that I live yet a while or not, I will with my Saviour *bow down my head*, I will humble myself under Thy hand; I will give up all Thou art pleased to ask, until at last I *give up the ghost.*

12. O God and Father, bestow on me such a measure of that *Spirit, through* which Thy Son *offered*

Himself, as may sanctify for ever the body and soul which I now offer; a spirit of contrition, that I may loathe those sins which delivered my God to death; and a spirit of holiness, that I may never be tempted to them again, any more than a crucified man can be tempted. O let this body never be untied from His cross, to return afresh to folly and vanity. Arm and rod of the Lord, who didst revenge my sins on Thy own Son, correct and destroy them also in me. O my God, accept of a heart that sheds now before Thee its tears, as a poor victim does its blood; and that raises up unto Thee all its desires, as a burnt-offering does its flames. And since my sacrifice can neither be holy nor accepted, being alone, receive it, O Father, clothed with the righteousness of Thy Son, and made acceptable with that holy perfume which rises from off His altar: and grant that He who sanctifies and they who are sanctified may partake of one passion, and enjoy with Thee the same glory!

SECTION VIII.

Concerning the Sacrifice of our Goods.

1. It is an express command of God by *Moses*, that no worshipper should appear before the Lord empty. Nor is this repealed by Christ. Sincere Christians therefore, at the receiving of the Holy Communion, should together with the actual *sacrifice* of themselves bring the *freewill offering* of their goods. Indeed this as naturally follows the former as the fruits and leaves

follow the tree, and as what we *have* or *can* comes after what we *are*. Otherwise, our sacrifice were maimed, and would not suit with that of Christ, which was whole and entire. Therefore, as our bodies and souls are sacrifices attending the sacrifice of Christ, so must all our goods attend the sacrifice of our persons. In a word, whensoever we offer ourselves, we offer by the selfsame act all that we *have*, all that we *can*, and do therein engage for all that it shall be dedicated to the glory of God, and that it shall be surrendered into His hands, and employed for such uses as He shall appoint.

2. It behoved *Israel* to go forth out of *Egypt* with all their cattle and goods, to offer them unto the Lord, that He might take either all or such a part as He would be pleased to choose. And so it behoves every sinner at his conversion to God, and whenever he approaches His table, to consecrate all he has to Jesus Christ. From that very moment that we give up ourselves to Christ, who hath likewise given Himself for us, as all He possesses becomes ours, namely, His grace, His immortality, His glory, (which He bestows upon us at the times He sees best for our salvation,) so all we have becomes His, and He may take it after, in what time and manner He shall see best for His glory. All things are His, as He is sovereign Lord and God. But all that we have is His by a farther title, because we have given them, with our own persons, by our own act and deed. So that all which we are, which we can give, even to the least vessel in our houses, is made holy in this one consecration, according to the words of the prophet, *In that day shall be upon the very bridles of the horses,*

Holiness unto the Lord; and every pot in Jerusalem *and* Judah *shall be holy unto the Lord.* Zech. xiv. 20, 21.

3. This consecration whereby the worshipper offers up himself and all his concerns to God, is first, as to our souls and bodies an inexpressible blessing, raising us to the very nature, the holiness, and immortality of God. Secondly, as to the consecrated things, it is a miraculous privilege, which infinitely multiplies whatever is thus parted with. It blesses the use of it, although it be but presented, as long as we can enjoy it; and exchanges it when we can enjoy it no more, not as if water was turned into wine, or dirt into gold; but as if we conceive a glass of water turned into streams of everlasting comforts, small cottages of clay into royal palaces, or the dust of *Israel* into so many stars of heaven.

4. Now though our Lord, by that everlasting sacrifice of Himself, offers Himself at all times and in all places, as we likewise offer ourselves and all that is ours, to be a continual sacrifice: yet because Christ offers Himself for us at the Holy Communion in a peculiar manner, we also should then, in a more special manner, renew all our sacrifices. Then and there, at the altar of God, it is right, both to repeat all the vows and promises, which for some hindrance or other we had not yet the convenience to fulfil; and to renew all those other performances, which can never be fulfilled but with the end of our days.

5. But at the same time that the Christian believer does any good work, let him draw out of the good measure of his heart *fire* and *frankincense*, that is, such zeal and love as may raise good *moral* works into religious sacrifices. Whenever he helps his

neighbour, let him so reverently and fervently lift up his heart to God as may become both that Majesty he adores and the pious act which he intends. And then whenever he do it at his door, or in the way, or in the temple, it matters not; for the hour is long since come that acts of religion are not confined either *to Jerusalem* or *to this mountain*. Wheresoever thou hast the occasion of doing a holy work, there God makes *holy ground* for thee: only, in order to become a spiritual worshipper, the work must be done *in spirit and in truth:* with such a mind and thought, with such faith and love, as though thou wert laying thy *oblation* upon the altar, where thou knowest that Christ will both effectually find, and graciously accept it.

6. I dare appear before the Lord, with all my sins and my sorrows. It is just also that I should appear with these few blessings. *Having* received them of Thy hand, now do I offer them to Thee again. Forgive, I beseech Thee, my sins, deliver me from my sorrows, and accept of this my sacrifice; or rather look, in my behalf, on that only true Sacrifice, whereof here is the Sacrament, the sacrifice of Thy well-beloved Son, proceeding from Thee, to die for me. O let Him come unto me now, as the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!

HYMNS

ON

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. *As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.*

HYMN I.

1 In that sad memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betray'd,
He left His death-recording rite,
He took, and bless'd, and brake the bread,
And gave His own their last bequest,
And thus His love's intent exprest:

2 Take, eat, this is My body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon and holiness and heaven;
Do this My dying love to show,
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, My friends, remember Me.

3 He took into His hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And full of kind concern look'd up,
And gave what He to them had blest;

And drink ye all of this, He said,
In solemn memory of the dead.

4 This is my blood which seals the new
Eternal covenant of My grace,
My blood so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race;
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven.

5 The grace which I to all bequeath
In this Divine memorial take,
And, mindful of your Saviour's death,
Do this, My followers, for My sake,
Whose dying love hath left behind
Eternal life for all mankind.

HYMN II.

1 In this expressive bread I see
The wheat by man cut down for me,
And beat, and bruised, and ground:
The heavy plagues, and pains, and blows,
Which Jesus suffer'd from His foes,
Are in this emblem found.

2 The bread dried up and burnt with fire
Presents the Father's vengeful ire,
Which my Redeemer bore:
Into His bones the fire He sent,
Till all the flaming darts were spent,
And Justice ask'd no more.

3 Why hast Thou, Lord, forsook Thine own?
Alas! what evil hath He done,
The spotless Lamb of God?

Cut off, not for Himself, but me,
He bears my sins on yonder tree,
And pays my debt in blood.

4 Seized by the rage of sinful man
I see Him bound, and bruised, and slain;
'Tis done, the Martyr dies!
His life to ransom ours is given,
And lo! the fiercest fire of heaven
Consumes the Sacrifice.

5 He suffers both from man and God,
He bears the universal load
Of guilt and misery;
He suffers to reverse our doom;
And lo! my Lord is here become
The Bread of Life to me.

HYMN III.

1 THEN let us go, and take, and eat
The heavenly, everlasting meat,
For fainting souls prepared;
Fed with the living Bread Divine,
Discern we in the sacred sign
The body of the Lord.

2 The instruments that bruised Him so
Were broke and scatter'd long ago,
The flames extinguish'd were;
But Jesu's death is ever new,
He whom in ages past they slew
Doth still as slain appear.

3 The' oblation sends as sweet a smell,
Even now it pleases God as well
As when it first was made;
The blood doth now as freely flow,
As when His side received the blow
That show'd Him newly dead.

4 Then let our faith adore the Lamb
To-day as yesterday the same,
In Thy great offering join,
Partake the sacrificial food,
And eat Thy flesh and drink Thy blood,
And live for ever Thine.

HYMN IV.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
Our Passover was slain
At *Salem's* hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain
Shall gain His largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by His death are blest,
And share His sacrifice:
By faith His flesh we eat,
Who here His passion show,
And God out of His holy seat
Shall all His gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Even now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord,
As though we every one
Beneath His cross had stood,
And seen Him heave, and heard Him groan,
And felt His gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finish'd now;
The mortal pang is past!
By faith His head we see Him bow,
And hear Him breathe His last.
We too with Him are dead,
And shall with Him arise;
The cross on which He bows His head
Shall lift us to the skies.

HYMN V.

1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead,
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue,
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same,
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

HYMN VI.

1 Ah, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have Thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony,
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my sorrows with Thy blood.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And look upon that piteous sight!
O that with *Salem's* daughters I
Might stand and see my Saviour die,
Smite on my breast, and inly mourn,
But never from Thy cross return!

HYMN VII.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, set to Thy seal,
Thine inward witness give,
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.

2 Spectators of the pangs Divine
O that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree!

3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound
Which told His mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.

4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry
In every heart, so loud
That every heart may now reply,
This was the Son of God!

HYMN VIII.

1 COME, to the supper come,
Sinners, there still is room;
Every soul may be His guest,
Jesus gives the general word;
Share the monumental feast,
Eat the supper of your Lord.

2 In this authentic sign
Behold the stamp Divine:
Christ revives His sufferings here,
Still exposes them to view;
See the Crucified appear,
Now believe He died for you.

[Hymn IX. was inserted in Vol. I., p. 111, as an adaptation from Herbert.]

HYMN X.

1 FATHER, Thy own in Christ receive,
Who deeply for our follies grieve,
And cast our sins away,

Resolved to lead our lives anew,
Thine only glory to pursue,
And only Thee obey.

2 Faith in Thy pardoning love we have,
Willing Thou art our souls to save,
For Jesu's sake alone:
Jesus Thy wrath hath pacified,
Jesus, Thy Well-beloved, hath died
For all mankind to' atone.

3 The death sustain'd for all mankind
With humblest thanks we call to mind,
With grateful joy approve;
And every soul of man embrace,
And love the dearly ransom'd race
In the Redeemer's love.

4 Receive us then, Thou pardoning God;
Partakers of His flesh and blood
Grant that we now may be;
The Spirit's attesting seal impart,
And speak to every sinner's heart,
The Saviour died for thee!

HYMN XI.

1 O GOD, that hear'st the prayer,
Attend Thy people's cry,
Who to Thy house repair
And on Thy death rely,
Thy death which now we call to mind,
And trust our legacies to find.

2 Thou meetest them that joy
In these Thy ways to go,
And to Thy praise employ
Their happy lives below,
And still within Thy temple gate
For all Thy promised mercies wait.

3 We wait to' obtain them now;
We seek the Crucified,
And at Thy altar bow,
And long to feel applied
The blood for our redemption given,
And eat the Bread that came from heaven.

4 Come then, our dying Lord,
To us Thy goodness show,
In honour of Thy word
The inward grace bestow,
And magnify the sacred sign,
And prove the ordinance Divine.

HYMN XII.

1 JESU, suffering Deity,
Can we help remembering Thee?
Thee, whose blood for us did flow,
Thee, who diedst to save Thy foe?

2 Thee, Redeemer of mankind,
Gladly now we call to mind,
Thankfully Thy grace approve,
Take the tokens of Thy love.

3 This for Thy dear sake we do,
Here Thy bloody passion show,

Till Thou dost to judgment come,
Till Thy arms receive us home.

4 Then we walk in means no more;
There their sacred use is o'er,
There we see Thee face to face,
Saved eternally by grace.

HYMN XIII.

1 COME, all who truly bear,
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep His kindest word:
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified,
In memory of My dying love
Do this, He said, and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal
That He is ours, and we are His,
The servants of His will,
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of His blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us *now* to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name,
Stand forth His faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb:

In proof that such we are
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We *do* in Christ believe.

4 Part of His church below,
We thus our right maintain,
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain;
The sheep of *Israel's* fold
In *England's* pastures fed,
And fellowship with all we hold
Who hold it with our Head.

HYMN XIV.

1 FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus
Speaking in Thine ears above;
From Thy wrath and curse release us,
Manifest Thy pardoning love;
O receive us to Thy favour,
For His only sake receive,
Give us to our bleeding Saviour,
Let us by Thy dying live.

2 "To Thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once He prayed upon the tree;
Still His blood cries out, "Forgive them,
All their sins were purged by Me."
Still our Advocate in heaven
Prays the prayer on earth begun,
"Father, show their sins forgiven,
Father, glorify Thy Son!"

HYMN XV.

1 DYING Friend of sinners, hear us,
Humbly at Thy cross who lie,
In Thine ordinance be near us,
Now the' ungodly justify;
Let Thy bowels of compassion
To Thy ransom'd creatures move,
Show us all Thy great salvation,
God of truth, and God of love.

2 By Thy meritorious dying
Save us from the death of sin,
By Thy precious blood's applying
Make our inmost nature clean;
Give us worthily to' adore Thee,
Thou our full Redeemer be;
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
Peace, and power, and heaven in Thee.

HYMN XVI.

1 COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind;
True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal His great salvation,
Preach His gospel to our heart.

2 Come, Thou Witness of His dying,
Come, Remembrancer Divine,
Let us feel Thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine;

Let us groan Thine inward groaning,
Look on Him we pierced and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

HYMN XVII.

1 WHO is this that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipp'd in blood?
Strong triumphant Traveller,
Is He man, or is He God?

2 I that speak in righteousness,
Son of God and man I am,
Mighty to redeem your race;
Jesus is your Saviour's name.

3 Wherefore are Thy garments red,
Dyed as in a crimson sea?
They that in the wine-fat tread
Are not stain'd so much as Thee.

4 I, the Father's favourite Son,
Have the dreadful wine-press trod,
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God.

HYMN XVIII.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and look
On the signs He did ordain!
Thus the Bread of Life was broke,
Thus the Lamb of God was slain,
Thus was shed on *Calvary*
His last drop of blood for me!

2 See the slaughter'd Sacrifice,
  See the altar stain'd with blood!
Crucified before our eyes
  Faith discerns the dying God,
Dying that our souls might live,
Gasping at His death, Forgive!

HYMN XIX.

1 FORGIVE, the Saviour cries,
  They know not what they do;
Forgive, my heart replies,
  And all my soul renew;
I claim the kingdom in Thy right,
  Who now Thy sufferings share,
And mount with Thee to *Sion's* height,
  And see Thy glory there.

HYMN XX.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
  We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
  And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release:
  O remember *Calvary*,
  And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
  And bloody sweat we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
  Take all our sins away;

Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till Thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN XXI.

1 GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in Thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
With that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast Thou done?
Publish we the death Divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like Thine!

3 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Jesus show'd;
See Him stretch'd on yonder cross,
And crush'd beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now His heavenly birth declare;
Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God, that suffers there!

4 Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By His expiring groan:
Lo! the powers of heaven He shakes;
Nature in convulsions lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great *Jehovah* dies!

5 Dies the glorious Cause of all,
The true eternal *Pan*,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man:
Well may *Sol* withdraw his light,
With the Sufferer sympathise,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

6 Well may heaven be clothed with black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agony partake,
The hour of darkness share:
Mourn the' astonied hosts above,
Silence saddens all the skies,
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of angels dies.

7 O, my God, He dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See Him hanging on the tree——
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to Thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love Him too;
Look on Him ye pierced, and mourn
For One who bled for you.

8 Weep o'er your Desire and Hope
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our Head, to die no more;
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshipp'd as He was before,
The' immortal King of heaven.

9 Lord, we bless Thee for Thy grace
And truth, which never fail,
Hastening to behold Thy face
Without a dimming veil:
We shall see our heavenly King,
All Thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel choirs to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

HYMN XXII.

1 PRINCE of Life, for sinners slain,
Grant us fellowship with Thee;
Fain we would partake Thy pain,
Share Thy mortal agony:
Give us now the dreadful power,
Now bring back Thy dying hour.
2 Place us near the' accursed wood
Where Thou didst Thy life resign,
Near as once Thy mother stood;
Partners of the pangs Divine,
Bid us feel her sacred smart,
Feel the sword that pierced her heart.
3 Surely now the prayer He hears;
Faith presents the Crucified!
Lo! the wounded Lamb appears;
Pierced His feet, His hands, His side,
Hangs our Hope on yonder tree,
Hangs, and bleeds to death for me!

HYMN XXIII.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesu's cross subdued;
See His body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal Son!
2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix Him here,
Crown'd with thorns His sacred head,
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear,

Made His soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world He dies.

3 Shall we let Him die in vain,
Still to death pursue our God?
Open tear His wounds again,
Trample on His precious blood?
No; with all our sins we part:
Saviour, take my broken heart!

HYMN XXIV.

1 EXPIRING in the sinner's place,
Crush'd with the universal load,
He hangs!—adown His mournful face
See trickling fast the tears and blood!
The blood that purges all our stains,
It starts in rivers from His veins.

2 A fountain gushes from His side,
Open'd that all may enter in,
That all may feel the death applied,
The death of God, the death of sin,
The death by which our foes are kill'd,
The death by which our souls are heal'd.

HYMN XXV.

1 IN an accepted time of love
To Thee, O Jesus, we draw near;
Wilt Thou not the veil remove,
And meet Thy mournful followers here,
Who humbly at Thy altar lie,
And wait to find Thee passing by?

2 Thou bidd'st us call Thy death to mind;
But Thou must give the solemn power:
Come then, Thou Saviour of mankind,
Bring back that last tremendous hour,
And stand in all Thy wounds confest,
And wrap us in Thy bloody vest.

3 With reverential faith we claim
Our share in Thy great sacrifice:
Come, O Thou all-atoning Lamb,
Revive us by Thy dying cries,
Apply to all Thy healing blood,
And sprinkle *me, my Lord, my God.*

HYMN XXVI.

1 'Tis done! the' atoning work is done:
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels the' important groan
Loud echoing through the earth and skies;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black!

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows His head;
The rocks resent His mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead;
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 And shall not we His death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan?
O Saviour, let Thy passion shake
Our earth, and rent our hearts of stone,

To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

HYMN XXVII.

1 ROCK of *Israel*, cleft for me,
For us, for all mankind;
See, Thy feeblest followers see,
Who call Thy death to mind:
Sion is the weary land;
Us beneath Thy shade receive,
Grant us in the cleft to stand,
And by Thy death to live.

2 In this howling wilderness,
On *Calvary's* steep top,
Made a curse our souls to bless,
Thou once wast lifted up;
Stricken there by *Moses'* rod,
Wounded with a deadly blow,
Gushing streams of life o'erflow'd
The thirsty world below.

3 Rivers of salvation still
Along the desert roll,
Rivers to refresh and heal
The fainting sin-sick soul;
Still the fountain of Thy blood
Stands for sinners open'd wide;
Now, even now, my Lord and God,
I wash me in Thy side.

4 Now, even now, we all plunge in,
And drink the purple wave;
This the antidote of sin,
'Tis this our souls shall save:

With the life of Jesus fed,
Lo! from strength to strength we rise,
Follow'd by our Rock, and led
To meet Him in the skies.

II. *As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.*

HYMN XXVIII.

1 AUTHOR of our salvation, Thee
With lowly thankful hearts we praise,
Author of this great mystery,
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and Thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument Divine
Thy mercy and Thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace,
Thy pardoning mercy we receive:
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till borne on eagle's wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

HYMN XXIX.

1 O THOU who this mysterious bread
Didst in *Emmaus* break,
Return, herewith our souls to feed,
And to Thy followers speak.

2 Unseal the volume of Thy grace,
Apply the gospel word,
Open our eyes to see Thy face,
Our hearts to know the Lord.

3 Of Thee we commune still, and mourn
Till Thou the veil remove;
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn
With flames of fervent love.

4 Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,
And make Thy mercy known,
And give our pardon'd souls to feel
That God and love are one.

HYMN XXX.

1 JESU, at whose supreme command
We thus approach to God,
Before us in Thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on Thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
And make Thy nature known;
Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for Thine own.

4 The tokens of Thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And *sensibly* believe.

5 The cup of blessing, blest by Thee,
Let it Thy blood impart;
The bread Thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

6 The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

7 The living Bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.

8 Now, Lord, on us Thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink Thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

HYMN XXXI.

1 O ROCK of our salvation, see
The souls that seek their rest in Thee;
Beneath Thy cooling shadow hide,
And keep us, Saviour, in Thy side;
By water and by blood redeem,
And wash us in the mingled stream.

2 The sin-atoning blood apply,
And let the water sanctify,

Pardon and holiness impart,
Sprinkle and purify our heart,
Wash out the last remains of sin,
And make our inmost nature clean.

3 The double stream in pardons rolls,
And brings Thy love into our souls;
Who dare the truth Divine receive,
And credence to Thy Witness give,
We here Thy utmost power shall prove,
Thy utmost power of perfect love.

HYMN XXXII.

1 JESU, to Thee for help we call,
Plunged in the depth of *Adam's* fall,
Plagued with a carnal heart and mind;
No distance or of time or place
Secures us from the foul disgrace
By him entail'd on all mankind.

Six thousand years are now past by;
Yet still, like him, we sin and die,
As born within his house we were;
As each were that accursed *Cain*,
We feel the all-polluting stain,
And groan our inbred sin to bear.

2 Thou God of sanctifying love,
Adam descended from above,
The virtue of Thy blood impart;
O let it reach to all below,
As far extend, as freely flow,
To cleanse, as his to' infect our heart.

Ruin in him complete we have;
And canst not Thou as greatly save,
And fully here our loss repair?
Thou canst, Thou wilt, we dare believe,
We here Thy nature shall retrieve,
And all Thy heavenly image bear.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 JESU, dear, redeeming Lord,
Magnify Thy dying word;
In Thy ordinance appear,
Come, and meet Thy followers here.

2 In the rite Thou hast enjoin'd
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink Thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste Thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou Thy pardoning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show Thyself the Crucified.

4 All the power of sin remove,
Fill us with Thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the stamp Divine,
Seal our souls for ever Thine.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 LORD of life, Thy followers see,
Hungering, thirsting after Thee;
At Thy sacred table feed,
Nourish us with living bread.

2 Cheer us with immortal wine,
Heavenly sustenance Divine;
Grant us now a fresh supply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

HYMN XXXV.

1 O THOU Paschal Lamb of God,
Feed us with Thy flesh and blood;
Life and strength Thy death supplies,
Feast us on Thy sacrifice.

2 Quicken our dead souls again,
Then our living souls sustain,
Then in us Thy life keep up,
Then confirm our faith and hope.

3 Still, O Lord, our strength repair,
Till renew'd in love we are,
Till Thy utmost grace we prove,
All Thy life of perfect love.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 AMAZING mystery of love!
While posting to eternal pain,
God saw His rebels from above,
And stoop'd into a mortal man.

2 His mercy cast a pitying look;
By love, unbounded love inclined,
Our guilt and punishment He took,
And died a Victim for mankind.

3 His blood procured our life and peace,
And quench'd the wrath of hostile Heaven;
Justice gave way to our release,
And God hath all *my* sins forgiven.
4 Jesu, our pardon we receive,
The purchase of that blood of Thine,
And now begin by grace to live,
And breathe the breath of love Divine.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 BUT soon the tender life will die,
Though bought by Thy atoning blood,
Unless Thou grant a fresh supply,
And wash us in the watery flood.
2 The blood removed our guilt in vain,
If sin in us must always stay;
But Thou shalt purge our inbred stain,
And wash its relics all away.
3 The stream that from Thy wounded side
In blended blood and water flow'd
Shall cleanse whom first it justified,
And fill us with the life of God.
4 Proceeds from Thee the double grace;
Two effluxes, with life Divine
To quicken all the faithful race,
In one eternal current join.
5 Saviour, Thou didst not come from heaven,
By water or by blood alone;
Thou diedst that we might live forgiven,
And all be sanctified in One.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of endless praise,
Whose double life we here shall prove,
The pardoning and the hallowing grace,
The dawning and the perfect love.

2 We here shall gain our calling's prize,
The gift unspeakable receive,
And higher still in death arise,
And all the life of glory live.

3 To make our right and title sure,
Our dying Lord Himself hath given,
His sacrifice did all procure,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Our life of grace we here shall feel
Shed in our loving hearts abroad,
Till Christ our glorious life reveal,
Long hidden with Himself in God.

5 Come, great Redeemer of mankind,
We long Thy open face to see;
Appear, and all who seek shall find
Their bliss consummated in Thee.

6 Thy presence shall the cloud dispart,
Thy presence shall the life display;
Then, then our all in all Thou art,
Our fulness of eternal day!

HYMN XXXIX.

1 SINNER, with awe draw near,
And find thy Saviour here,

In His ordinances still,
Touch His sacramental clothes;
Present in His power to heal,
Virtue from His body flows.

2 His body is the seat
Where all our blessings meet;
Full of unexhausted worth,
Still it makes the sinner whole,
Pours Divine effusions forth,
Life to every dying soul.

3 Pardon, and power, and peace,
And perfect righteousness
From that sacred Fountain springs;
Wash'd in His all-cleansing blood
Rise, ye worms, to priests and kings,
Rise in Christ, and reign with God.

HYMN XL.

1 AUTHOR of life Divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnish'd with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fulness prove,
And, strengthen'd by Thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil Thy face.

HYMN XLI.

1 TRUTH of the paschal sacrifice,
Jesu, regard Thy people's cries,
Nor let us in our sins remain:
Surely Thou hear'st the prisoners groan;
Come down to our relief, come down,
And break the dire Accuser's chain.

2 Humble the proud oppressive king,
Deliverance to Thine *Israel* bring,
And while the' unsprinkled victims die,
Thy death for us present to God,
Write our protection in Thy blood,
And bid the hellish fiend pass by.

HYMN XLII.

1 GLORY to Him who freely spent
His blood, that we might live,
And through this choicest instrument
Doth all His blessings give.

2 Fasting He doth, and hearing bless,
And prayer can much avail,
Good vessels all to draw the grace
Out of salvation's well.

3 But none, like this mysterious rite
Which dying mercy gave,
Can draw forth all His promised might
And all His will to save.

4 This is the richest legacy
Thou hast on man bestow'd:
Here chiefly, Lord, we feed on Thee,
And drink Thy precious blood.

5 Here all Thy blessings we receive,
Here all Thy gifts are given,
To those that would in Thee believe,
Pardon, and grace, and heaven.

6 Thus may we still in Thee be blest,
Till all from earth remove,
And share with Thee the marriage feast,
And drink the wine above.

HYMN XLIII.

1 SAVIOUR, and can it be
That Thou shouldst dwell with me?
From Thy high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss,
Will Thy majesty stoop down
To so mean an house as this?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, so self-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart:
I am a frail sinful man,
All my nature cries, Depart!

3 Yet come, Thou heavenly Guest,
And purify my breast;
Come, Thou great and glorious King,
While before Thy cross I bow,
With Thyself salvation bring,
Cleanse the house by entering now.

HYMN XLIV.

1 OUR Passover for us is slain,
The tokens of His death remain,
On these authentic signs imprest:
By Jesus out of *Egypt* led,
Still on the Paschal Lamb we feed,
And keep the sacramental feast.

2 That arm that smote the parting sea
Is still stretch'd out for us, for me;
The Angel-God is still our Guide,
And, lest we in the desert faint,
We find our spirits' every want
By constant miracle supplied.

3 Thy flesh for our support is given,
Thou art the Bread sent down from heaven,
That all mankind by Thee might live;
O that we evermore may prove
The manna of Thy quickening love,
And all Thy life of grace receive!

4 Nourish us to that awful day
When types and veils shall pass away,
And perfect grace in glory end;
Us for the marriage feast prepare,
Unfurl Thy banner in the air,
And bid Thy saints to heaven ascend.

HYMN XLV.

1 TREMENDOUS love to lost mankind!
Could none but Christ the ransom find?
Could none but Christ the pardon buy?

How great the sin of *Adam's* race!
How greater still the Saviour's grace,
When God doth for His creature die!

Not heaven so rich a grace can show
As this He did on worms bestow,
Those darlings of the' Incarnate God;
Less favour'd were the angel-powers;
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,
Nor ever cost the Lamb His blood.

2 Our souls eternally to save,
More than ten thousand worlds He gave;
That we might know our sins forgiven,
That we might in Thy glory shine,
The purchase-price was blood Divine,
And bought the' *Aceldama* of heaven.

Jesu, we bless Thy saving name,
And trusting in Thy merits claim
Our rich inheritance above;
Thou shalt Thy ransom'd servants own,
And raise and seat us on Thy throne,
Dear objects of Thy dying love.

HYMN XLVI.

1 How richly is the table stored
Of Jesus, our redeeming Lord!
Melchisedec and *Aaron* join
To furnish out the feast Divine.

2 *Aaron* for us the blood hath shed,
Melchisedec bestows the bread,—

To nourish this, and that to' atone;
And both the priests in Christ are one.

3 Jesus appears to sacrifice
The flesh and blood Himself supplies;
Enter'd the veil, His death He pleads,
And blesses all our souls, and feeds.

4 'Tis here He meets the faithful line,
Sustains us with His bread and wine;
We feel the double grace is given,
And gladly urge our way to heaven.

HYMN XLVII.

1 JESU, Thy weakest servants bless,
Give what these hallow'd signs express,
And, what Thou givest, secure;
Pardon into my soul convey,
Strength in Thy pardoning love to stay,
And to the end endure.

2 Raise, and enable me to stand,
Save out of the destroyer's hand
This helpless soul of mine;
Vouchsafe me then Thy strengthening grace,
And with the arms of love embrace,
And keep me ever Thine.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 SAVIOUR of my soul from sin,
Thou my kind Preserver be;
'Stablish what Thou dost begin,
Carry on Thy work in me,

All Thy faithful mercies show,
Hold, and never let me go.

2 Never let me lose my peace,
Forfeit what Thy goodness gave;
Give it still, and still increase,
Save me, and persist to save;
Seal the grant conferr'd before,
Give Thy blessing evermore.

HYMN XLIX.

1 SON OF GOD, Thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of Life, Thine influence shed,
With Thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in Thee.

3 Unsustain'd by Thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end,
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN L.

1 FATHER of everlasting love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To all Thy gracious hands have made,
See, in the howling desert see
A soul from *Egypt* brought by Thee,
And help me with Thy constant aid.

2 Ah, do not, Lord, Thine own forsake,
Nor let my feeble soul look back,
Or basely turn to sin again;
No, never let me faint or tire,
But travel on in strong desire,
Till I my heavenly *Canaan* gain.

HYMN LI.

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of *Egypt* came,—
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil Thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In *Israel's* camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by Thy light;
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on Thy people rain
The manna of Thy love.

HYMN LII.

1 O THOU who, hanging on the cross,
Didst buy our pardon with Thy blood,
Canst Thou not still maintain our cause,
And fill us with the life of God,
Bless with the blessings of Thy throne,
And perfect all our souls in One?

2 Lo, on Thy bloody sacrifice
For all our graces we depend;
Supported by Thy cross arise,
To finish'd holiness ascend,
And gain on earth the mountain's height,
And then salute our friends in light.

HYMN LIII.

1 O GOD of truth and love,
Let us Thy mercy prove;
Bless Thine ordinance Divine,
Let it now effectual be,
Answer all its great design,
All its gracious ends in me.

2 O might the sacred word
Set forth our dying Lord,

Point us to Thy sufferings past,
Present grace and strength impart,
Give our ravish'd souls a taste,
Pledge of glory in our heart.

3 Come in Thy Spirit down,
Thine institution crown;
Lamb of God, as slain appear,
Life of all believers Thou,
Let us now perceive Thee near,
Come, Thou Hope of glory, now.

HYMN LIV.

1 WHY did my dying Lord ordain
This dear memorial of His love?
Might we not all by faith obtain,
By faith the mountain sin remove,
Enjoy the sense of sins forgiven,
And holiness, the taste of heaven?

2 It seem'd to my Redeemer good
That faith should *here* His coming wait,
Should here receive immortal food,
Grow up in Him Divinely great,
And, fill'd with holy violence, seize
The glorious crown of righteousness.

3 Saviour, Thou didst the mystery give,
That I Thy nature might partake;
Thou bidd'st me outward signs receive,
One with Thyself my soul to make;
My body, soul, and spirit to join
Inseparably one with Thine.

4 The prayer, the fast, the word conveys,
When mix'd with faith, Thy life to me;
In all the channels of Thy grace
I still have fellowship with Thee:
But chiefly here my soul is fed
With fulness of immortal bread.

5 Communion closer far I feel,
And deeper drink the' atoning blood;
The joy is more unspeakable,
And yields me larger draughts of God,
Till nature faints beneath the power,
And faith fill'd up can hold no more.

HYMN LV.

1 'Tis not a dead external sign
Which here my hopes require,
The living power of love Divine
In Jesus I desire.

2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
I seek the Crucified,
The Man that suffer'd in my place,
The God that groan'd and died.

3 Swift, as their rising Lord to find
The two disciples ran,
I seek the Saviour of mankind,
Nor shall I seek in vain.

4 Come, all who long His face to see
That did our burden bear,
Hasten to *Calvary* with me,
And we shall find Him there.

HYMN LVI.

1 How dreadful is the mystery
Which, instituted, Lord, by Thee,
Or life or death conveys!
Death to the impious and profane;
Nor shall our faith in Thee be vain,
Who here expect Thy grace.

2 Who eats unworthily this bread
Pulls down Thy curses on his head,
And eats his deadly bane;
And shall not we who rightly eat
Live by the salutary meat,
And equal blessings gain?

3 Destruction if Thy body shed,
And strike the soul of sinners dead
Who dare the signs abuse,
Surely the instrument Divine
To all that are, or would be, Thine
Shall saving health diffuse.

4 Savour of life, and joy, and bliss,
Pardon and power and perfect peace
We shall herewith receive;
The grace implied through faith is given,
And we that eat the Bread of heaven
The life of heaven shall live.

HYMN LVII.

1 O THE depth of love Divine,
The' unfathomable grace!
Who shall say how bread and wine
God into man conveys!

How the bread His flesh imparts,
How the wine transmits His blood,
Fills His faithful people's hearts
With all the life of God!

2 Let the wisest mortal show
How we the grace receive,
Feeble elements bestow
A power not theirs to give.
Who explains the wondrous way,
How through these the virtue came?
These the virtue did convey,
Yet still remain the same.

3 How can heavenly spirits rise,
By earthly matter fed,
Drink herewith Divine supplies,
And eat immortal bread?
Ask the Father's Wisdom *how;*
Him that did the means ordain!
Angels round our altars bow
To search it out in vain.

4 Sure and real is the grace,
The manner be unknown;
Only meet us in Thy ways,
And perfect us in one.
Let us taste the heavenly powers;
Lord, we ask for nothing more:
Thine to bless, 'tis only ours
To wonder and adore.

HYMN LVIII.

1 How long, Thou faithful God, shall I
Here in Thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of Thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 In vain I take the broken bread,
I cannot on Thy mercy feed;
In vain I drink the hallow'd wine,
I cannot taste the love Divine.

4 Angel and Son of God, come down,
Thy sacramental banquet crown,
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

5 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, Thou know'st I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister Thy healing love.

6 Break to me now the hallow'd bread,
And bid me on Thy body feed;
Give me the wine, Almighty God,
And let me drink Thy precious blood.

7 Surely if Thou the symbols bless,
The covenant blood shall seal my peace;
Thy flesh even now shall be my food,
And all my soul be fill'd with God.

HYMN LIX.

1 GOD incomprehensible
Shall man presume to know;
Fully search Him out, or tell
His wondrous ways below?
Him in all His ways we find;
How the means transmit the power—
Here He leaves our thoughts behind,
And faith inquires no more.

2 How He did these creatures raise,
And make this bread and wine
Organs to convey His grace
To this poor soul of mine,
I cannot the way descry,
Need not know the mystery;
Only this I know—that I
Was blind, but now I see.

3 Now mine eyes are open'd wide,
To see His pardoning love,
Here I view the God that died
My ruin to remove;
Clay upon mine eyes He laid,
(I at once my sight received,)
Bless'd, and bid me eat the bread,
And lo! my soul believed.

HYMN LX.

1 COME to the feast, for Christ invites,
And promises to feed;
'Tis here His closest love unites
The members to their Head.

2 'Tis here He nourishes His own
With living bread from heaven,
Or makes Himself to mourners known,
And shows their sins forgiven.

3 Still in His instituted ways
He bids us ask the power,
The pardoning or the hallowing grace,
And wait the' appointed hour.

4 'Tis not for us to set our God
A time His grace to give,
The benefit whene'er bestow'd
We gladly should receive.

5 Who seek redemption through His love,
His love shall them redeem;
He came self-emptied from above,
That we might live through Him.

6 Expect we then the quickening word,
Who at His altar bow;
But if it be Thy pleasure, Lord,
O let us find Thee now.

HYMN LXI.

1 THOU God of boundless power and grace,
How wonderful are all Thy ways!
How far above our loftiest thought!
In presence of the meanest things,
(While all from Thee the virtue springs,)
Thy most stupendous works are wrought.
Struck by a stroke of *Moses'* rod,
The parting sea confess'd its God,
And high in crystal bulwarks rose;

At *Moses'* beck it burst the chain,
Return'd to all its strength again,
And swept to hell Thy church's foes.

2 Let but Thy ark the walls surround,
Let but the ram's-horn trumpet sound,
The city boasts its height no more;
Its bulwarks are at once o'erthrown,
Its massy walls by air blown down,
They fall before almighty power.

Jordan at Thy command shall heal
The sore disease incurable,
And wash out all the leper's stains;
Or oil the medicine shall supply,
Or clothes, or shadows passing by,
If so Thy sovereign will ordains.

3 Yet not from these the power proceeds,
Trumpets, or rods, or clothes, or shades;
Thy only arm the work hath done;
If instruments Thy wisdom choose,
Thy grace confers their saving use,
Salvation is from God alone.

Thou in this sacramental bread
Dost now our hungry spirits feed,
And cheer us with the hallow'd wine;
(Communion of Thy flesh and blood,)
We banquet on immortal food,
And drink the streams of life Divine.

HYMN LXII.

1 THE heavenly ordinances shine,
And speak their origin Divine:

The stars diffuse their golden blaze,
And glitter to their Maker's praise;

2 They each, in different glory bright,
With stronger or with feebler light
Their influence on mortals shed,
And cheer us by their friendly aid.

3 The gospel ordinances here
As stars in Jesu's church appear;
His power they more or less declare,
But all His heavenly impress bear.

4 Around our lower orb they burn,
And cheer and bless us in their turn,
Transmit the light by Jesus given,
The faithful witnesses of heaven.

5 They steer the pilgrim's course aright,
And bounteous of their borrow'd light
Conduct throughout the desert way,
And lead us to eternal day.

6 But first of the celestial train,
Benignest to the sons of men,
The *sacramental glory* shines,
And answers all our God's designs.

7 The heavenly host it passes far,
Illustrious as the morning star,
The light of life Divine imparts,
While Jesus rises in our hearts.

8 With joy we feel its sacred power,
But neither stars nor means adore;
We take the blessing from above,
And praise the God of truth and love.

9 What He did for our use ordain
Shall still from age to age remain;
Whoe'er rejects the kind command,
The word of God shall ever stand.

10 Go, foolish worms, His word deny;
Go, tear those planets from the sky!
But while the sun and moon endure,
The ordinance on earth is sure.

HYMN LXIII.

1 O GOD, Thy word we claim,
Thou here record'st Thy name:
Visit us in pardoning grace,
Christ, the Crucified, appear,
Come in Thy appointed ways,
Come, and meet, and bless us here.

2 No local Deity
We worship, Lord, in Thee:
Free Thy grace and unconfined,
Yet it here doth freest move;
In the means Thy love enjoin'd
Look we for Thy richest love.

HYMN LXIV.

1 O THE grace on man bestow'd!
Here my dearest Lord I see
Offering up His death to God,
Giving all His life to me;
God for Jesu's sake forgives,
Man by Jesu's Spirit lives.

2 Yes, Thy sacrament extends
All the blessings of Thy death
To the soul that here attends,
Longs to feel Thy quickening breath;
Surely we who wait shall prove
All Thy life of perfect love.

HYMN LXV.

1 BLEST be the Lord, for ever blest,
Who bought us with a price,
And bids His ransom'd servants feast
On His great sacrifice.

2 Thy blood was shed upon the cross,
To wash us white as snow;
Broken for us Thy body was,
To feed our souls below.

3 Now, on the sacred table laid,
Thy flesh becomes our food,
Thy life is to our souls convey'd
In sacramental blood.

4 We eat the offering of our peace,
The hidden manna prove,
And only live to' adore and bless
Thine all-sufficient love.

HYMN LXVI.

1 JESU, my Lord and God, bestow
All which Thy sacrament doth show,
And make the real sign
A sure effectual means of grace,
Then sanctify my heart, and bless,
And make it all like Thine.

2 Great is Thy faithfulness and love,
Thine ordinance can never prove
Of none effect, and vain;
Only do Thou my heart prepare
To find Thy real presence there,
And all Thy fulness gain.

HYMN LXVII.

1 FATHER, I offer Thee Thine own,
This worthless soul, and Thou Thy Son
Dost offer here to me:
Wilt Thou so mean a gift receive,
And will the holy Jesus live
With loathsome leprosy?

2 Saint of the Lord, my soul is sin;
Yet, O Eternal Priest, come in,
And cleanse Thy mean abode;
Convert into a sacred shrine,
And count this abject soul of mine
A temple meet for God.

HYMN LXVIII.

1 JESU, Son of God, draw near,
Hasten to my sepulchre;
Help, where dead in sin I lie,
Save, or I for ever die.

2 Let no savour of the grave
Stop Thy power to help and save;
Call me forth to life restored,
Quicken'd by my dying Lord.

3 By Thine all-atoning blood
Raise and bring me now to God,
Now pronounce my sins forgiven,
Loose, and let me go to heaven.

HYMN LXIX.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without Thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see Thy face;
Begging I sit by the wayside,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 Jesu, attend my cry,
Thou Son of *David*, hear;
If now Thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near,
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now Thy pardoning love.

HYMN LXX.

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis given
To eat the Bread of life in heaven:
This happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feed on His forgiving love.

HYMN LXXI.

1 DRAW near, ye blood-besprinkled race,
And take what God vouchsafes to give;
The outward sign of inward grace,
Ordain'd by Christ Himself, receive:

The sign transmits the signified,
The grace is by the means applied.

2 Sure pledges of His dying love,
Receive the sacramental meat,
And feel the virtue from above,
The mystic flesh of Jesus eat,
Drink with the wine His healing blood,
And feast on the' Incarnate God.

3 Gross misconceit be far away!
Through faith we on His body feed;
Faith only doth the Spirit convey,
And fills our souls with living bread,
The' effects of Jesu's death imparts,
And pours His blood into our hearts.

HYMN LXXII.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Thine influence shed,
And realize the sign;
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey Thy love
To every faithful heart.

HYMN LXXIII.

1 Is not the cup of blessing, blest
By us, the sacred means to' impart
Our Saviour's blood, with power imprest
And pardon to the faithful heart?

2 Is not the hallow'd broken bread
A sure communicating sign,
An instrument ordain'd to feed
Our souls with mystic flesh Divine?

3 The' effects of His atoning blood,
His body offer'd on the tree,
Are with the awful types bestow'd
On me, the pardon'd rebel, *me;*

4 On all who at His word draw near,
In faith the outward veil look through:
Sinners, believe, and find Him here;
Believe, and feel He died for you.

5 In memory of your dying God,
The symbols faithfully receive,
And eat the flesh and drink the blood
Of Jesus, and for ever live.

HYMN LXXIV.

1 THIS, this is He that came
By water and by blood;
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from His wounded side
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood, applied,
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity Divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

HYMN LXXV.

1 FATHER, the grace we claim,
The double grace, bestow'd
On all who trust in Him that came
By water and by blood.

2 Jesu, the blood apply,
The righteousness bring in,
Us by Thy dying justify,
And wash out all our sin.

3 Spirit of faith, come down,
Thy seal with power set to,
The banquet by Thy presence crown,
And prove the record true:

4 Pardon and grace impart;
Come quickly from above,
And witness now in every heart
That God is perfect love.

HYMN LXXVI.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, in ours appear,
And make and keep them all sincere;
Or draw us burden'd to Thy Son,
Or make Him to His mourners known.

2 Thy promised grace vouchsafe to give,
As each is able to receive;

The blessed grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.

3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by Thy pardoning love;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase,
The dawning, or the perfect peace.

4 Give each to Thee as seemeth best,
But meet us all at Thy own feast,
Thy blessing in Thy means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away.

HYMN LXXVII.

1 How long, O Lord, shall we
In vain lament for Thee?
Come, and comfort them that mourn,
Come, as in the ancient days,
In Thine ordinance return,
In Thine own appointed ways.

2 Come to Thy house again,
Nor let us seek in vain;
This the place of meeting be,
To Thy weeping flock repair;
Let us here Thy beauty see,
Find Thee in the house of prayer.

3 Let us with solemn awe
Nigh to Thine altar draw,
Taste Thee in the broken bread,
Drink Thee in the mystic wine;
Now the gracious Spirit shed,
Fill us now with love Divine.

4 Into our minds recall
Thy death, endured for all:
Come in this accepted day,
Come, and all our souls restore,
Come, and take our sins away,
Come, and never leave us more.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 LAMB OF GOD, for whom we languish,
Make Thy grief Our relief,
Ease us by Thine anguish.

2 O our agonizing Saviour,
By Thy pain Let us gain
God's eternal favour.

3 Suffer sin no more to' oppress us,
Set us free, (All with me,)
By Thy bonds release us.

4 Clear us by Thy condemnation;
Slain for all, Let Thy fall
Be our exaltation.

5 Thy deserts to us make over;
Speak us whole, Every soul
By Thy wounds recover.

6 Let us through Thy curse inherit
Blessings' store, Love and power,
Fulness of Thy Spirit;

7 The whole benefit of Thy passion,
Present peace, Future bliss,
All Thy great salvation.

8 Power to walk in all well-pleasing
Bid us take, Come and make
This the' accepted season.

9 In Thine own appointments bless us,
Meet us here, Now appear,
Our Almighty Jesus.

10 Let the ordinance be sealing,
Enter now, Claim us Thou
For Thy constant dwelling.

11 Fill the heart of each believer;
We are Thine, Love Divine,
Reign in us for ever.

HYMN LXXIX.

1 JESU, regard the plaintive cry,
The groaning of Thy prisoners here;
Thy blood to every soul apply,
The heart of every mourner cheer,
The tokens of Thy passion show,
And meet us in Thy ways below.

2 The' atonement Thou for all hast made,
O that we all might now receive!
Assure us now the debt is paid,
And Thou hast died that all may live,
Thy death for all, for us reveal,
And let Thy blood *my* pardon seal.

HYMN LXXX.

1 With pity, Lord, a sinner see,
Weary of Thy ways and Thee;
Forgive my fond despair
A blessing in the means to find,
My struggling to throw off the care,
And cast them all behind.

2 Long have I groan'd Thy grace to gain,
Suffer'd on, but all in vain:
An age of mournful years
I waited for Thy passing by,
And lost my prayers, my sighs, and tears,
And never found Thee nigh.

3 Thou wouldst not let me go away;
Still Thou forcest me to stay.
O might the secret power
Which will not with its captive part
Nail to the post of mercy's door
My poor unstable heart.

4 The nails that fix'd Thee to the tree,
Only they can fasten me:
The death Thou didst endure
For me let it effectual prove:
Thy love alone my soul can cure,
Thy dear expiring love.

5 Now in the means the grace impart,
Whisper peace into my heart;
Appear the Justifier
Of all who to Thy wounds would fly,
And let me have my one desire,
And see Thy face, and die.

HYMN LXXXI.

1 JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
Here in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord:
The way Thou hast enjoin'd
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide,
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend, is come!
His presence makes the feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure celestial bliss
He doth our spirits cheer,
His house of banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here:
He doth His servants feed
With manna from above,
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperishable food,
He gives His flesh to be our meat,
And bids us drink His blood:

Whate'er the' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man
We here with Christ receive.

HYMN LXXXII.

1 JESU, sinner's Friend, receive us,
Feeble, famishing, and faint;
O Thou Bread of Life, relieve us
Now, or now we die for want:
Lest we faint, and die for ever,
Thou our sinking spirits stay;
Give some token of Thy favour,
Empty send us not away.

2 We have in the desert tarried
Long, and nothing have to eat;
Comfort us, through wandering wearied,
Feed our souls with living meat;
Still with bowels of compassion
See, Thy helpless people see;
Let us taste Thy great salvation,
Let us feed by faith on Thee.

HYMN LXXXIII.

1 LORD, if now Thou passest by us,
Stand and call us unto Thee,
Freely, fully justify us,
Give us eyes Thy love to see,

Love that brought Thee down from heaven,
Made our God a man of grief;
Let it show our sins forgiven;
Help, O help our unbelief.

2 Long we for Thy love have waited,
Begging sat by the wayside;
Still we are not new-created,
Are not wholly sanctified:
Thou to some in great compassion
Hast in part their sight restored,
Show us all Thy full salvation,
Make the servants as their Lord.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1 CHRIST our Passover for us
Is offer'd up and slain!
Let Him be remember'd thus
By every soul of man:
We are bound above the rest
His oblation to proclaim;
Keep we then the solemn feast,
And banquet on the Lamb.

2 Purge we all our sin away,
That old accursed leaven;
Sin in us no longer stay,
In us, through Christ forgiven:
Let us all with hearts sincere
Eat the new unleaven'd bread,
To our Lord with faith draw near,
And on His promise feed.

3 Jesus, Master of the feast,
The feast itself Thou art,
Now receive Thy meanest guest,
And comfort every heart:
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down,
Fill us with immortal meat,
And make Thy nature known.

4 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Furnish'd out with richest grace
Whate'er our souls can need;
Still sustain us by Thy love,
Still Thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach the courts above,
And feast for ever there.

[Hymn LXXXV. will be found in Vol. I., p. 169.]

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 AND shall I let Him go?
If now I do not *feel*
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well?

2 Because He hides His face,
Shall I no longer stay,
But leave the channels of His grace,
And cast the means away?

3 Get thee behind me, fiend,
On others try thy skill,
Here let thy hellish whispers end,
To thee I say, *Be still!*

4 Jesus hath spoke the word,
His will my reason is;
Do this in memory of thy Lord,
Jesus hath said, *Do this!*

5 He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine;
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than Thine.

6 I cheerfully comply
With what my Lord doth say;
Let others ask a reason why,
My glory is to' obey.

7 His will is good and just:
Shall I His will withstand?
If Jesus bids me lick the dust,
I bow at His command.

8 Because He saith, *Do this*,
This I will always do;
Till Jesus come in glorious bliss,
I *thus* His death will *show*.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1 By the picture of Thy passion
Still in pain I remain,
Waiting for salvation.

2 Jesu, let Thy sufferings ease me;
Saviour, Lord, Speak the word,
By Thy death release me.

3 At Thy cross behold me lying,
Make my soul Throughly whole
By Thy blood's applying.

4 Hear me, Lord, my sins confessing;
Now relieve; Saviour, give,
Give me now Thy blessing.

5 Still my cruel sins oppress me,
Tied and bound Till the sound
Of Thy voice release me.

6 Call me out of condemnation,
To my grave Come, and save,
Save me by Thy passion.

7 To Thy foul and helpless creature
Come, and cleanse All my sins;
Come, and change my nature.

8 Save me now, and still deliver;
Enter in, Cast out sin,
Keep Thine house for ever.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 Give us this day, all-bounteous Lord,
Our sacramental bread,
Who thus His sacrifice record
That suffer'd in our stead.

2 Reveal in every soul Thy Son,
And let us taste the grace
Which brings assured salvation down
To all who seek Thy face.

3 Who here commemorate His death,
To us His life impart,
The loving filial spirit breathe
Into my waiting heart.
4 My earnest of eternal bliss
Let my Redeemer be;
And if even now He present is,
Now let Him speak in me.

HYMN LXXXIX.

1 Ye faithful souls, who thus record
The passion of that Lamb Divine,
Is the memorial of your Lord
An useless form, an empty sign?
Or doth He here His life impart?
What saith the witness in your heart?
2 Is it the dying Master's will
That we should this persist to do?
Then let Him here Himself reveal,
The tokens of His presence show,
Descend in blessings from above,
And answer by the fire of love.
3 Who Thee remember in Thy ways,
Come, Lord, and meet and bless us here;
In confidence we ask the grace;
Faithful and True, appear, appear,
Let all perceive Thy blood applied,
Let all discern the Crucified.
4 'Tis done; the Lord sets to His seal,
The prayer is heard, the grace is given,
With joy unspeakable we feel
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven;

The altar streams with sacred blood,
And all the temple flames with God!

HYMN XC.

1 BLEST be the love, for ever blest;
The bleeding love we thus record:
Jesus, we take the dear bequest,
Obedient to Thy kindest word,
Thy word which stands divinely sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

2 In vain the subtle tempter tries
Thy dying precept to repeal,
To hide the letter from our eyes,
And break the testamental seal,
Refine the solid truth away,
And make us free—to disobey.

3 In vain he labours to persuade
Thou didst not mean the word should bind;
The feast for Thy first followers made,
For them and us and all mankind,
Mindful of Thee we still attend,
And this we do till time shall end.

4 Through vain pretence of clearer light,
We do not, Lord, refuse to see,
Or weakly the commandment slight
To show our Christian liberty,
Or seek rebelliously to prove
The pureness of our catholic love.

5 Our wandering brethren's hearts to gain,
We will not let our Saviour go,
But in Thine ancient paths remain,
But thus persist Thy death to show,

Till strong with all Thy life we rise,
And met Thee coming in the skies!

HYMN XCI.

1 ALL-LOVING, all-redeeming Lord,
Thy wandering sheep with pity see
Who slight Thy dearest dying word,
And will not thus remember Thee:
To all who would perform Thy will
The glorious promised truth reveal.

2 Can we enjoy Thy richest love,
Nor long that they the grace may share?
Thou from their eyes the scales remove,
Thou the' eternal word declare,
Thy Spirit with Thy word impart,
And speak the precept to their heart.

3 If chiefly here Thou mayst be found,
If now, even now, we find Thee here,
O let their joys like ours abound,
Invite them to the royal cheer,
Feed with imperishable food,
And fill their raptured souls with God.

4 Jesu, we will not let Thee go,
But keep herein our fastest hold,
Till Thou to them Thy counsel show,
And call and make us all one fold,
One hallow'd undivided bread,
One body knit to Thee our Head.

HYMN XCII.

1 Ah, tell us no more
The spirit and power
Of Jesus our God
Is not to be found in this life-giving food!

2 Did Jesus ordain
His supper in vain,
And furnish a feast
For none but His earliest servants to taste?

3 Nay, but this is His will,
(We know it and feel,)
That *we* should partake
The banquet for all He so freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliss
He bids us do this,
The joy it imparts
Hath witness'd His gracious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God we believe,
Who cannot deceive,
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed:
It doth not appear,
His manner of working; but Jesus is here!

7 With bread from above,
With comfort and love
Our spirit He fills,
And all His unspeakable goodness reveals.

8 O that all men would haste
To the spiritual feast,

At Jesus's word
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord!

9 True Light of mankind,
Shine into their mind,
And clearly reveal
Thy perfect and good and acceptable will.

10 Bring near the glad day
When all shall obey
Thy dying request,
And eat of Thy supper, and lean on Thy breast.

11 To all men impart
One way and one heart,
Thy people be shown
All righteous and spotless and perfect in One.

12 Then, then let us see
Thy glory, and be
Caught up in the air,
This heavenly supper in heaven to share.

III. *The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.*

HYMN XCIII.

1 COME, let us join with one accord
Who share the supper of the Lord,
Our Lord and Master's praise to sing;
Nourish'd on earth with living bread,
We now are at His table fed,
But wait to see our heavenly King;

To see the great Invisible
Without a sacramental veil,
With all His robes of glory on,
In rapturous joy and love and praise
Him to behold with open face,
High on His everlasting throne!

2 The wine which doth His passion show,
We soon with Him shall drink it new
In yonder dazzling courts above;
Admitted to the heavenly feast,
We shall His choicest blessings taste,
And banquet on His richest love.

We soon the midnight cry shall hear,
Arise, and meet the Bridegroom near,
The marriage of the Lamb is come;
Attended by His heavenly friends,
The glorious King of saints descends
To take His bride in triumph home.

3 Then let us still in hope rejoice,
And listen for the' archangel's voice
Loud echoing to the trump of God,
Haste to the dreadful joyful day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
By all-devouring flames destroy'd:

While we from out the burnings fly,
With eagle's wings mount up on high,
Where Jesus is on *Sion* seen;
'Tis there He for our coming waits,
And lo, the everlasting gates
Lift up their heads to take us in!

4 By faith and hope already there,
Even now the marriage-feast we share,
Even now we by the Lamb are fed;
Our Lord's celestial joy we prove,
Led by the Spirit of His love,
To springs of living comfort led:
Suffering and curse and death are o'er,
And pain afflicts the soul no more
While harbour'd in the Saviour's breast;
He quiets all our plaints and cries,
And wipes the sorrow from our eyes,
And lulls us in His arms to rest!

HYMN XCIV.

1 O WHAT a soul-transporting feast
Doth this communion yield!
Remembering here Thy passion past,
We with Thy love are fill'd.

2 Sure instrument of present grace
Thy sacrament we find,
Yet higher blessings it displays,
And raptures still behind.

3 It bears us now on eagle's wings,
If Thou the power impart,
And Thee our glorious earnest brings
Into our faithful heart.

4 O let us still the earnest feel,
The' unutterable peace,
This loving Spirit be the seal
Of our eternal bliss!

HYMN XCV.

1 In Jesus we live, In Jesus we rest,
And thankful receive His dying bequest;
The cup of salvation His mercy bestows,
And all from His passion Our happiness flows.

2 With mystical wine He comforts us here,
And gladly we join, Till Jesus appear,
With hearty thanksgiving His death to record;
The living, the living Should sing of their Lord.

3 He hallow'd the cup Which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope With Jesus to live,
(Where sorrow and sadness Shall never be found,)
With glory and gladness Eternally crown'd.

4 The fruit of the vine (The joy it implies)
Again we shall join To drink in the skies,
Exult in His favour, Our triumph renew;
And I, saith the Saviour, Will drink it with you.

HYMN XCVI.

1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all Thy ways we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From hence our spirits rise,
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

HYMN XCVII.

1 THEE, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread,
Nourish'd by Thy preserving grace,
And at Thy table fed;

Who in these lower parts
Of Thy great kingdom feast,
We feel the earnest in our hearts
Of our eternal rest.

2 Yet still an higher seat
We in Thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb:

That glorious heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
And in the palace of the skies
With Thee for ever reign.

HYMN XCVIII.

1 WHERE shall this memorial end?
Thither let our souls ascend,
Live on earth to heaven restored,
Wait the coming of our Lord.

2 Jesus terminates our hope,
Jesus is our wishes' scope;
End of this great mystery,
Him we fain would die to see.

3 He whom we remember here,
Christ shall in the clouds appear;
Manifest to every eye,
We shall soon behold Him nigh.

4 Faith ascends the mountain's height,
Now enjoys the pompous sight,
Antedates the final doom,
Sees the Judge in glory come.

5 Lo, He comes triumphant down,
Seated on His great white throne!
Cherubs bear it on their wings,
Shouting bear the King of kings.

6 Lo, His glorious banner spread
Stains the skies with deepest red,
Dyes the land, and fires the wood,
Turns the ocean into blood.

7 Gather'd to the well-known sign,
We our elder brethren join,
Swiftly to our Lord fly up,
Hail Him on the mountain-top;

8 Take our happy seats above,
Banquet on His heavenly love,
Lean on our Redeemer's breast,
In His arms for ever rest.

HYMN XCIX.

1 WHITHER should our full souls aspire,
At this transporting feast?
They never can on earth be higher,
Or more completely blest.

2 Our cup of blessing from above
Delightfully runs o'er,
Till from these bodies they remove
Our souls can hold no more.

3 To heaven the mystic banquet leads;
Let us to heaven ascend,
And bear this joy upon our heads
Till it in glory end.

4 Till all who truly join in this,
The marriage supper share,
Enter into their Master's bliss,
And feast for ever there.

HYMN C.

1 RETURNING to His throne above,
The Friend of sinners cried,
Do this in memory of My love:
He spoke the word, and died.

2 He tasted death for every one:
The Saviour of mankind
Out of our sight to heaven is gone,
But left His pledge behind.

3 His sacramental pledge we take,
Nor will we let it go;
Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,
We thus His death will show.

4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,
And comfort all that grieve;
Prepare the bride, and then return,
And to Thyself receive.

5 Now to Thy glorious kingdom come;
(Thou hast a token given;)
And while Thy arms receive us home,
Recall Thy pledge in heaven.

HYMN CI.

1 How glorious is the life above,
Which in this ordinance we *taste;*
That fulness of celestial love,
That joy which shall for ever last!

2 That heavenly life in Christ conceal'd
These earthen vessels could not bear,
The part which now we find reveal'd
No tongue of angels can declare.

3 The light of life eternal darts
Into our souls a dazzling ray,
A drop of heaven o'erflows our hearts,
And deluges the house of clay.

4 Sure pledge of ecstasies unknown
Shall this Divine communion be;
The ray shall rise into a sun,
The drop shall swell into a sea.

HYMN CII.

1 O THE length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of dying love!
Love that turns our faith to sight,
And wafts to heaven above!
Pledge of our possession this,
This which nature faints to bear;
Who shall then support the bliss,
The joy, the rapture there!

2 Flesh and blood shall not receive
The vast inheritance;
God we cannot see, and live
The life of feeble sense;
In our weakest nonage here,
Up into our Head we grow,
Saints before our Lord appear,
And ripe for heaven below.

3 We His image shall regain,
And to His stature rise,
Rise unto a perfect man,
And then ascend the skies,
Find our happy mansions there,
Strong to bear the joys above,
All the glorious weight to bear
Of everlasting love.

HYMN CIII.

1 TAKE, and eat, the Saviour saith,
This My sacred body is!
Him we take and eat by faith,
Feed upon that flesh of His,

All the benefits receive
Which His passion did procure;
Pardon'd by His grace we live,
Grace which makes salvation sure.

2 Title to eternal bliss
Here His precious death we find,
This the pledge, the earnest this,
Of the purchased joys behind:
Here He gives our souls a taste,
Heaven into our heart He pours:
Still believe, and hold Him fast;
God and Christ and all is ours!

HYMN CIV.

1 RETURNING to His Father's throne,
Hear all the interceding Son,
And join in that eternal prayer:
He prays that we with Him may reign,
And He that did the kingdom gain
For us, shall soon conduct us there.

2 "I will that those Thou giv'st to Me
May all My heavenly glory see,
But first be perfected in One."
Amen, Amen! our heart replies,
Prepare, and take us to the skies;
Thy prayer be heard, Thy will be done!

HYMN CV.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one,
What a countless company
Stands before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in milk-white robes array'd;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud, in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God the glorious Saviour praise;
All from Him salvation came,
Him who reigns enthroned on high;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face before
God and His Messiah fall,
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

4 Be it so! they all reply;
Him let all our orders praise,
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race:

Render we our God His right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

HYMN CVI.

1 WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the' eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN CVII.

1 ALL hail, Thou suffering Son of God,
Who didst these mysteries ordain,
Communion of Thy flesh and blood,
Sure instrument Thy grace to gain,
Type of the heavenly marriage feast,
Pledge of our everlasting rest.

2 Jesu, Thine own with pity see,
Our helpless unbelief remove,
Empower us to remember Thee,
Give us the faith that works by love,
The faith which Thou hast given increase,
And seal us up in glorious peace.

HYMN CVIII.

1 AH, give us, Saviour, to partake
The sufferings which this emblem shows;
Thy flesh our food immortal make,
Thy blood which in this channel flows
In all its benefits impart,
And sanctify our sprinkled heart.

2 For all that joy which now we taste,
Our happy hallow'd souls prepare;
O let us hold the earnest fast,
This pledge that we Thy heaven shall share,
Shall drink it new with Thee above,
The wine of Thy eternal love.

HYMN CIX.

1 LORD, Thou know'st my simpleness,
All my groans are heard by Thee;
See me hungering after grace,
Gasping at Thy table, see
One who would in Thee believe,
Would with joy the crumbs receive.

2 Look as when Thy closing eye
Saw the thief beside Thy cross;
Thou art now gone up on high,
Undertake my desperate cause,
In Thy heavenly kingdom Thou
Be the Friend of sinners now.

3 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Send a peaceful answer down,
Let the bowels of Thy love
Echo to a sinner's groan,
One who feebly thinks of Thee;
Thou for good remember me.

HYMN CX.

1 JESU, on Thee we feed
Along the desert way,
Thou art the living Bread
Which doth our spirits stay,
And all who in this banquet join
Lean on the staff of life Divine.

2 While to Thy upper courts
We take our joyful flight,
Thy blessed cross supports
Each feeble *Israelite;*
Like hoary dying *Jacob*, we
Lean on our staff and worship Thee.

3 O may we still abide
In Thee our pardoning God,
Thy Spirit be our guide,
Thy body be our food,
Till Thou who hast the token given
Shalt bear us on Thyself to heaven.

HYMN CXI.

1 AND can we call to mind
The Lamb for sinners slain,
And not expect to find
What He for us did gain,
What God to us in Him hath given,
Pardon and holiness and heaven?

2 We now forgiveness have,
We feel His work begun,
And He shall fully save
And perfect us in one,

Shall soon in all His image drest
Receive us to the marriage feast.

3 This token of Thy love
We thankfully receive,
And hence with joy remove
With Thee in heaven to live;
There, Lord, we shall Thy pledge restore,
And live to praise Thee evermore.

HYMN CXII.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, gone up on high
Blessings for mortals to receive,
Send down those blessings from the sky,
To us Thy gifts and graces give;
With holy things our mouths are fill'd,
O let our hearts with joy o'erflow;
Descend in pardoning love reveal'd,
And meet us in Thy courts below.

2 Thy sacrifice without the gate
Once offer'd up we call to mind,
And humbly at Thy altar wait
Our interest in Thy death to find;
We thirst to drink Thy precious blood,
We languish in Thy wounds to rest,
And hunger for immortal food,
And long on all Thy love to feast.

3 O that we now Thy flesh may eat,
Its virtues really receive;
Empower'd by this immortal meat
The life of holiness to live:

Partakers of Thy sacrifice,
O may we all Thy nature share,
Till to the holiest place we rise
And keep the feast for ever there.

HYMN CXIII.

1 GIVE us, O Lord, the children's bread,
By ministerial angels fed,
(The angels of Thy church below,)
Nourish us with preserving grace
Our forty years or forty days,
And lead us through the vale of woe.

2 Strengthen'd by this immortal food,
O let us reach the mount of God,
And face to face our Saviour see;
In songs of praise, and love, and joy,
With all thy first-born sons employ
A happy whole eternity.

HYMN CXIV.

1 SEE there the quickening Cause of all
Who live the life of grace beneath!
God caused on Him the sleep to fall,
And lo, His eyes are closed in death!

2 He sleeps; and from His open side
The mingled blood and water flow;
They both give being to His bride,
And wash His church as white as snow.

3 True principles of life Divine,
Issues from these the second *Eve*,
Mother of all the faithful line,
Of all that by His passion live.

4 O what a miracle of love
Hath He, our heavenly *Adam*, show'd!
Jesus forsook His throne above,
That we might all be born of God.

5 'Twas not a useless rib He lost,
His heart's last drop of blood He gave;
His life, His precious life it cost
Our dearly ransom'd souls to save.

6 And will He not His purchase take,
Who died to make us all His own,
One spirit with Himself to make,
Flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone?

7 He will, our hearts reply He will:
He hath even here a token given,
And bids us meet Him on the hill,
And keep the marriage feast in heaven.

HYMN CXV.

1 O GLORIOUS instrument Divine,
Which blessings to our souls conveys,
Brings with the hallow'd bread and wine
His strengthening and refreshing grace,
Presents His bleeding sacrifice,
His all-reviving death applies!

2 Glory to God who reigns above,
But suffer'd once for man below!

With joy we celebrate His love,
And thus His precious passion show,
Till in the clouds our Lord we see,
And shout with all His saints—'Tis He !

IV. *The Holy Eucharist as it implies a Sacrifice.*

HYMN CXVI.

1 Victim Divine, Thy grace we claim
While thus Thy precious death we show;
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
Thy blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All-prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And spreads salvation all around.

3 The smoke of Thy atonement here
Darken'd the sun and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And show'd the great Invisible;
Well pleased in Thee our God look'd down,
And call'd His rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects Thy sacrifice,
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace;

To these Thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now Thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here!

HYMN CXVII.

1 THOU Lamb that sufferedst on the tree,
And in this dreadful mystery
Still offers't up Thyself to God,
We cast us on Thy sacrifice,
Wrapp'd in the sacred smoke arise,
And cover'd with the' atoning blood.

Thy death presented in our stead
Enters us now among the dead,
Parts of Thy mystic body here,
By Thy Divine oblation raised,
And on our *Aaron's* ephod placed
We now with Thee in heaven appear.

2 Thy death exalts Thy ransom'd ones,
And sets 'midst the precious stones,
Closest Thy dear, Thy loving breast;
Israel as on Thy shoulders stands,
Our names are graven on the hands,
The heart of our Eternal Priest.

For us He ever intercedes,
His heaven-deserving passion pleads,
Presenting us before the throne;

We want no sacrifice beside,
By that great Offering sanctified,
One with our Head, for ever one.

HYMN CXVIII.

1 LIVE, our Eternal Priest,
By men and angels blest!
Jesus Christ the Crucified,
He who did for us atone,
From the cross where once He died,
Now He up to heaven is gone.

2 He ever lives, and prays
For all the faithful race;
In the holiest place above
Sinners' Advocate He stands,
Pleads for us His dying love,
Shows for us His bleeding hands.

3 His body torn and rent
He doth to God present,
In that dear memorial shows
Israel's chosen tribes imprest;
All our names the Father knows,
Reads them on our *Aaron's* breast.

4 He reads, while we beneath
Present our Saviour's death,
Do as Jesus bids us do,
Signify His flesh and blood,
Him in a memorial show,
Offer up the Lamb to God.

5 From this thrice hallow'd shade
Which Jesus' cross hath made,
Image of His sacrifice,
Never, never will we move,
Till with all His saints we rise,
Rise, and take our place above.

HYMN CXIX.

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
See Thine own Anointed One,
Look on Thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me Thy glorious eyes
To that bloody Sacrifice,
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid;

3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for Thy forgiving love;
To the tokens of His death
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear His blood's prevailing cry,
Let Thy bowels then reply,
Then through Him the sinner see
Then in Jesus look on me.

HYMN CXX.

1 FATHER, see the Victim slain,
Jesus Christ, the just, the good,
Offer'd up for guilty man,
Pouring out His precious blood;

Him, and then the sinner see,
Look through Jesu's wounds on me.

2 Me, the sinner most distrest,
Most afflicted and forlorn,
Stranger to a moment's rest,
Rueing that I e'er was born,
Pierced with sin's envenom'd dart,
Dying of a broken heart.

3 Dying, whom Thy hands have made
All Thy blessings to receive;
Dying, whom Thy love hath stay'd,
Whom Thy pity would have live;
Dying at my Saviour's side,
Dying, for whom Christ hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be?
What doth Jesu's blood reply?
If it doth not plead for me,
Let my soul for ever die;
But if mine through Him Thou art,
Speak the pardon to my heart.

HYMN CXXI.

1 FATHER, behold Thy favourite Son,
The glorious Partner of Thy throne,
For ever placed at Thy right hand;
O look on Thy Messiah's face,
And seal the covenant of Thy grace
To us who in Thy Jesus stand.

To us Thou hast redemption sent;
And we again to Thee present
The blood that speaks our sins forgiven,

That sprinkles all the nations round;
And now Thou hear'st the solemn sound
Loud echoing through the courts of heaven.

2 The cross on *Calvary* He bore,
He suffer'd once to die no more,
But left a sacred pledge behind:
See here!—It on Thy altar lies,
Memorial of the sacrifice
He offer'd once for all mankind.

Father, the grand oblation see,
The death as present now with Thee
As when He gasp'd on earth—*Forgive!*
Answer, and show the curse removed,
Accept us in the Well-beloved,
And bid Thy world of rebels live.

HYMN CXXII.

1 FATHER, let the sinner go,
The Lamb did once atone,
Lo! we to Thy justice show
The passion of Thy Son:
Thus to Thee we set it forth;
He the dying precept gave,
He that hath sufficient worth
A thousand worlds to save.

2 Can Thy justice aught reply
To our prevailing plea?
Jesus died Thy grace to buy
For all mankind and me;

Still before Thy righteous throne
Stands the Lamb as newly slain:
Canst Thou turn away Thy Son,
Or let Him bleed in vain?

3 Still the wounds are open wide,
The blood doth freely flow
As when first His sacred side
Received the deadly blow:
Still, O God, the blood is warm,
Cover'd with the blood we are;
Find a part it doth not arm,
And strike the sinner there!

HYMN CXXIII.

1 O THOU whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshow'd,
Borrow'd their whole effects from Thee,
And drew their virtue from Thy blood:
The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone:
To purge the guilty offerer's stain
Thine was the work, and *Thine* alone.

2 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till join'd with Thine, and made to share
The merits of Thy righteousness;
Forward they cast a faithful look
On Thy approaching sacrifice,
And thence their pleasing savour took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

3 Those feeble types and shadows old
Are all in Thee, the Truth, fulfill'd,
And through this sacrament we hold
The substance in our hearts reveal'd;
By faith we see Thy sufferings past
In this mysterious rite brought back,
And on Thy grand oblation cast
Its saving benefit partake.

4 Memorial of Thy sacrifice,
This Eucharistic mystery
The full atoning grace supplies,
And sanctifies our gifts in Thee:
Our persons and performance please,
While God in Thee looks down from heaven,
Our acceptable service sees,
And whispers all our sins forgiven.

HYMN CXXIV.

1 ALL hail, Redeemer of mankind!
Thy life on *Calvary* resign'd
Did fully once for all atone;
Thy blood hath paid our utmost price,
Thine all-sufficient sacrifice
Remains eternally alone:

Angels and men might strive in vain,
They could not add the smallest grain
To' augment Thy death's atoning power,
The sacrifice is all complete,
The death Thou never canst repeat,
Once offer'd up to die no more.

2 Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus Thine offering show
Exposed before Thy Father's eyes;
In this tremendous mystery
Present Thee bleeding on a tree,
Our everlasting Sacrifice;

Father, behold Thy dying Son!
Even now He lays our ransom down,
Even now declares our sins forgiven;
His flesh is rent, the living way
Is open'd to eternal day,
And lo, through Him we pass to heaven!

HYMN CXXV.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies known;
To Thee through Jesus we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom Thy smiling face we see,
In whom Thou art well pleased with *me*.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through His only name,
Forgiveness in His blood we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him who died our souls to save,

To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold Thy dying Son,
And hear His blood that speaks above;
On us let all Thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

HYMN CXXVI.

1 FATHER, to Him we turn our face
Who did for all atone,
And worship toward Thy holy place,
And seek Thee in Thy Son.

2 Him the true ark and mercy-seat
By faith we call to mind,
Faith in the blood atoning yet
For us and all mankind.

3 To Thee His passion we present,
Who for our ransom dies;
We reach by this great instrument
The' eternal sacrifice.

4 The Lamb as crucified afresh
Is here held out to men,
The tokens of His blood and flesh
Are on this table seen.

5 The Lamb His Father now surveys,
As on this altar slain,
Still bleeding and imploring grace
For every soul of man.

6 Father, for us, even us, He bleeds;
The sacrifice receive;
Forgive, for Jesus intercedes,
He gasps in death—*Forgive!*

HYMN CXXVII.

1 DID Thine ancient *Israel* go
With solemn praise and prayer
To Thy hallow'd courts below,
To meet and serve Thee there?
To Thy body, Lord, we flee;
This the consecrated shrine,
Temple of the Deity,
The real house Divine.

2 Did they toward the altar turn
Their hopes, their heart, and face,
Whence the victim's blood was borne
Into the holiest place?
Toward the cross we still look up,
Toward the Lamb for sinners given,
Through Thine only death we hope
To find our way to heaven.

V. *Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.*

HYMN CXXVIII.

1 ALL hail, Thou mighty to atone!
To expiate sin is Thine alone,
Thou hast alone the wine-press trod,

Thou only hast for sinners died,
By one oblation satisfied
The' inexorably righteous God.

Should the whole church in flames arise,
Offer'd as one burnt sacrifice,
The sinner's smallest debt to pay,
They could not, Lord, Thine honour share,
With Thee the Father's justice bear,
Or bear one single sin away.

2 Thyself our utmost price hast paid;
Thou hast for all atonement made,
For all the sins of all mankind:
God doth in Thee redemption give:
But how shall we the grace receive?
But how shall we the blessing find?

We only can *accept* the grace,
And humbly our Redeemer praise,
Who bought the glorious liberty;
The life Thou didst for all procure
We make, by our believing, sure
To us who live and die to Thee.

3 While faith the' atoning blood applies,
Ourselves a living sacrifice
We freely offer up to God;
And none but those His glory share,
Who crucified with Jesus are,
And follow where their Saviour trod.

Saviour, to Thee our lives we give,
Our meanest sacrifice receive,
And to Thine own oblation join,

Our suffering and triumphant Head,
Through all Thy states Thy members lead,
And seat us on the throne Divine.

HYMN CXXIX.

1 SEE where our great High-Priest
Before the Lord appears,
And on His loving breast
The tribes of *Israel* bears,
Never without His people seen,
The Head of all believing men!

2 With Him, the Corner-stone,
The living stones conjoin;
Christ and His church are one,
One body and one vine;
For us He uses all His powers,
And all He has, or is, is ours.

3 The motions of our Head
The members all pursue,
By His good Spirit led
To act, and suffer too
Whate'er He did on earth sustain,
Till glorious all like Him we reign.

HYMN CXXX.

1 JESU, we follow Thee,
In all Thy footsteps tread,
And pant for full conformity
To our exalted Head;

We would, we would partake
Thy every state below,
And suffer all things for Thy sake,
And to Thy glory do.

2 We in Thy birth are born,
Sustain Thy grief and loss,
Share in Thy want, and shame, and scorn,
And die upon Thy cross.

Baptized into Thy death
We sink into Thy grave,
Till Thou the quickening Spirit breathe,
And to the utmost save.

3 Thou said'st, "Where'er I am
There shall My servant be;"
Master, the welcome word we claim,
And die to live with Thee.

To us who share Thy pain,
Thy joy shall soon be given,
And we shall in Thy glory reign,
For Thou art now in heaven.

HYMN CXXXI.

1 WOULD the Saviour of mankind
Without His people die?
No, to Him we all are join'd
As more than standers by.
Freely as the Victim came
To the altar of His cross,
We attend the slaughter'd Lamb,
And suffer for His cause.

2 Him even now by faith we see;
Before our eyes He stands!
On the suffering Deity
We lay our trembling hands,
Lay our sins upon His head,
Wait on the dread Sacrifice,
Feel the lovely Victim bleed,
And die while Jesus dies!

3 Sinners, see, He dies for all,
And feel His mortal wound,
Prostrate on your faces fall,
And kiss the hallow'd ground;
Hallow'd by the streaming blood,
Blood whose virtue all may know,
Sharers with the dying God,
And crucified below.

4 Sprinkled with the blood we lie,
And bless its cleansing power;
Crying in the Spirit's cry,
Our Saviour we adore!
Jesu, Lord, whose cross we bear,
Let Thy death our sins destroy,
Make us who Thy sorrows share
Partakers of Thy joy.

HYMN CXXXII.

1 Let heaven and earth proclaim
Our common Saviour's name,
Offer'd by Himself to God
In His temple here beneath,
Him who shed for all His blood,
Him for all who tasted death.

2 By faith even now we see
The suffering Deity,
At the head of whole mankind;
Lo! He comes for all to die,
Not a soul is left behind
Whom He did not love and buy.

3 First-born of many sons,
His blood for us atones,
Saves us from the mortal pain
If we by His cross abide,
If we in the house remain
Where our Elder Brother died.

HYMN CXXXIII.

1 O THOU who hast our sorrows took,
Who all our sins didst singly bear,
To Thy dear bloody cross we look,
We cast us on Thy offering there,
For pardon on Thy death rely,
For grace and strength to reach the sky.

2 We look on Thee our dying Lamb,
On Thee whom we have pierced, and mourn,
Partakers of Thy grief and shame;
Thy anguish hath our bosoms torn,
For us Thou didst Thy life resign;
Was ever love or grief like Thine?

3 O what a killing thought is this,
A sword to pierce the faithful heart!
Our sins have slain the Prince of Peace;
Our sins which caused His mortal smart

With Him we vow to crucify;
Our sins which murder'd God shall die!

4 We nail the' old *Adam* to the tree,
Till not one breath of life remain;
But what we can present to Thee,
(To Thee whose blood hath purged our stain,)
Conjoin'd to Thy great sacrifice,
Well-pleasing in Thy Father's eyes.

5 The saved and Saviour now agree,
In closest fellowship combin'd;
We grieve, and die, and live with Thee,
To Thy great Father's will resign'd;
And God doth all Thy members own
One with Thyself, for ever one.

HYMN CXXXIV.

1 JESU, we know that Thou hast died,
And share the death we show:
If the first-fruits be sanctified,
The lump is holy too.

2 The sheaf was waved before the Lord,
When Jesus bow'd His head,
And we who thus His death record
One with Himself are made.

3 The sheaf and harvest is but one
Accepted sacrifice,
And we who have Thy sufferings known
Shall in Thy life arise.

4 Still all-involved in God we are,
And offer'd with the Lamb,
Till all in heaven with Christ appear
Eternally the same.

HYMN CXXXV.

1 AMAZING love to mortals show'd!
The sinless body of our God
Was fasten'd to the tree.
And shall our sinful members live?
No, Lord, they shall not Thee survive,
They all shall die with Thee.

2 The feet which did to evil run,
The hands which violent acts have done,
The greedy heart and eyes,
Base weapons of iniquity,
We offer up to death with Thee,
A whole burnt sacrifice.

3 Our sins are on Thine altar laid,
We do not for their being plead,
Or circumscribe Thy power;
Bound on Thy cross Thou seest them lie:
Let all this cursed *Adam* die,
Die, and revive no more.

4 Root out the seeds of pride and lust,
That each may of Thy passion boast
Which doth the freedom give:
The world to me is crucified,
And I who on His cross have died
To God for ever live.

HYMN CXXXVI.

1 O THOU holy Lamb Divine,
How canst Thou and sinners join?
God of spotless purity,
How shall man concur with Thee;

2 Offer up one sacrifice
Acceptable to the skies?
What shall wretched sinners bring
Pleasing to the glorious King?

3 Only sin we call our own;
But Thou art the darling Son,
Thine it is our God to' appease,
Him Thou dost for ever please.

4 We on Thee alone depend,
With Thy sacrifice ascend,
Render what Thy grace hath given,
Lift our souls with Thee to heaven.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1 YE royal priests of Jesus, rise,
And join the daily sacrifice;
Join all believers, in His name
To offer up the spotless Lamb.

2 Your meat and your drink offerings throw
On Him who suffer'd once below,
But ever lives with God above
To plead for us His dying love.

3 Whate'er we cast on Him alone
Is with His great oblation one;

His sacrifice doth ours sustain,
And favour and acceptance gain.

4 On Him, who all our burdens bears,
We cast our praises and our prayers,
Ourselves we offer up to God,
Implunged in His atoning blood.

5 Mean are our noblest offerings,
Poor feeble unsubstantial things;
But when to Him our souls we lift,
The altar sanctifies the gift.

6 Our persons and our deeds aspire
When cast into that hallow'd fire,
Our most imperfect efforts please
When join'd to Christ our righteousness.

7 Mix'd with the sacred smoke we rise,
The smoke of His burnt sacrifice;
By the Eternal Spirit driven
From earth, in Christ we mount to heaven.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

1 ALL praise to the Lord, All praise is His due,
To day is His word Of promise found true;
We, we are the nations, Presented to God,
Well-pleasing oblations Through Jesus's blood.

2 Poor heathens from far To Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are To God through His name,
To God through the Spirit Ourselves do we give,
And saved by the merit Of Jesus we live.

HYMN CXXXIX.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
  By Thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to Thee our souls we raise,
  Up to Thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
  Acceptable through Thy Son,
While to Thee alone we live,
  While we die to Thee alone.

3 Just it is, and good, and right
  That we should be wholly Thine,
In Thy only will delight,
  In Thy blessed service join.

4 O that every thought and word
  Might proclaim how good Thou art,
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD
  Still be written on our heart.

HYMN CXL.

1 HE dies, as now for us He dies!
  That all-sufficient sacrifice
Subsists, eternal as the Lamb,
  In every time and place the same;
To all alike it co-extends,
  Its saving virtue never ends.

2 He lives for us to intercede,
  For us He doth this moment plead,
And all who could not see Him die
  May now with faith's interior eye
Behold Him stand as slaughter'd there,
  And feel the answer to His prayer.

3 While now for us the Saviour prays,
Father, we humbly sue for grace;
Poor helpless dying victims we,
Laden with sin and misery,
His infinite atonement plead,
Ourselves presenting with our Head.

4 Assured we shall acceptance find,
To Jesus in oblation join'd,
Where'er the scatter'd members look
To Him who all our sorrows took,
The saving efflux we receive,
And, quicken'd by His passion, live.

HYMN CXLI.

1 HAPPY the souls that follow'd Thee,
Lamenting, to the' accursed wood;
Happy, who underneath the tree
Unmovable in sorrow stood.

2 When Nature felt the deadly blow
By which Thy soul to God was driven,
Which shook with sympathetic woe
Temple, and graves, and earth, and heaven,

3 O what a time for offering up
Their souls upon Thy sacrifice!
Who would not with Thy burden stoop,
And bow the head when Jesus dies?

4 Not all the days before or since
An hour so solemn could afford,
For suffering with our bleeding Prince,
For dying with our slaughter'd Lord.

5 Yet in this ordinance Divine
We still the sacred load may bear;
And now we in Thy offering join,
Thy sacramental passion share.

6 We cast our sins into that fire
Which did Thy sacrifice consume,
And every base and vain desire
To daily crucifixion doom.

7 Thou art with all Thy members here,
In this tremendous mystery
We jointly before God appear,
To offer up ourselves with Thee.

8 True followers of our bleeding Lamb,
Now on Thy daily cross we die,
And, mingled in a common flame,
Ascend triumphant to the sky.

HYMN CXLII.

1 Come we that record
The death of our Lord,
The death let us bear,
By faithful remembrance His sacrifice share.

2 Shall we let our God groan
And suffer alone?
Or to *Calvary* fly,
And nobly resolve with our Master to die?

3 His servants shall be
With Him on the tree,
Where Jesus was slain
His crucified servants shall always remain.

4 By the cross we abide
Where Jesus hath died,
To all we are dead;
The members can never outlive their own Head.

5 Poor penitents, we
Expect not to see
His glory above,
Till first we have drank of the cup of His love;

6 Till first we partake
The cross for His sake,
And thankfully own
The cup of His love and His sorrow are one.

7 Conform'd to His death
If we suffer beneath,
With Him we shall know
The power of His first resurrection below.

8 If His death we receive,
His life we shall live;
If His cross we sustain,
His joy and His crown we in heaven shall gain.

HYMN CXLIII.

1 FATHER, behold I come to do
Thy will, I come to suffer too
Thy acceptable will;
Do with me, Lord, as seems Thee good,
Dispose of this weak flesh and blood,
And all Thy mind fulfil.

2 Thy creature, in Thy hands I am,
Frail dust and ashes is my name;
The earthen vessel use,
Mould as Thou wilt the passive clay,
But let me all Thy will obey,
And all Thy pleasure choose.

3 Welcome whate'er my God ordain!
Afflict with poverty or pain
This feeble flesh of mine,
(But grant me strength to bear my load,)
I will not murmur at Thy rod,
Or for relief repine.

4 My spirit wound (but oh! be near)
With what far more than death I fear,
The darts of keenest shame;
Fulfill'd with more than killing smart,
And wounded in the tenderest part,
I still adore Thy name.

5 Beneath Thy bruising hand I fall;
Whate'er Thou send'st, I take it all,
Reproach, or pain, or loss;
I will not for deliverance pray,
But humbly unto death obey,
The death of Jesu's cross.

HYMN CXLIV.

1 LET both *Jews* and *Gentiles* join,
Friends and enemies combine,
Vent their utmost rage on me,
Still I look through all to Thee;

2 Humbly own it is the Lord!
Let Him wake on me His sword:
Lo, I bow me to Thy will;
Thou Thy whole design fulfil.

3 Stricken by Thine anger's rod,
Dumb I fall before my God;
Or my dear Chastiser bless,
Sing the paschal psalm of praise.

4 While the bitter herbs I eat,
Him I for my foes intreat;
Let me die, but oh! forgive,
Let my pardon'd murderers live.

HYMN CXLV.

1 FATHER, into Thy hands alone
I have my all restored,
My all, Thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at Thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in Thy only love
Through Him who died for me,
I wait Thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to Thee.

4 Take when Thou wilt into Thy hands,
And as Thou wilt require;
Resume by the *Sabean* bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determined all Thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take Thy gifts away,
I praise Thee evermore.

HYMN CXLVI.

1 FATHER, if Thou willing be,
Then my griefs awhile suspend,
Then remove the cup from me,
Or Thy strengthening angel send;
Wouldst Thou have me suffer on?
Father, let Thy will be done.

2 Let my flesh be troubled still,
Fill'd with pain or sore disease,
Let my wounded spirit feel
Strong redoubled agonies;
Meekly I my will resign,
Thine be done, and only Thine.

3 Patient as my great High-Priest
In His bitterness of pain,
Most abandon'd and distrest,
Father, I the cross sustain;
All into Thy hands I give,
Let me die, or let me live.

4 Following where my Lord hath led,
Thee I on the cross adore,
Humbly bow like Him my head,
All Thy benefits restore,
Till my spirit I resign,
Breathed into the hands Divine.

HYMN CXLVII.

1 JESU, to Thee in faith we look;
O that our services might rise
Perfumed and mingled with the smoke
Of Thy sweet-smelling sacrifice.

2 Thy sacrifice with heavenly powers
Replete, all holy, all Divine;
Human and weak, and sinful ours:
How can the two oblations join?

3 Thy offering doth to ours impart
Its righteousness and saving grace,
While charged with all our sins Thou art,
To death devoted in our place.

4 Our mean imperfect sacrifice
On Thine is as a burden thrown;
Both in a common flame arise,
And both in God's account are one.

HYMN CXLVIII.

1 FATHER of mercies, hear
Through Thine atoning Son,
Who doth for us in heaven appear,
And prays before Thy throne;

2 By that great sacrifice
Which He for us doth plead,
Into our Saviour's death baptize,
And make us like our Head.

3 Into the fellowship
Of Jesu's sufferings take
Us who desire with Him to sleep,
That we with Him may wake:

4 Plant us into His death,
That we His life may prove;
Partakers of His cross beneath,
And of His crown above.

HYMN CXLIX.

1 JESU, my strength and hope,
My righteousness and power,
My soul is lifted up
Thy mercy to implore;
My hands I still stretch out to Thee,
My hands I fasten to the tree.

2 No more may they offend,
But do Thy work below;
Thou know'st I fain would spend
My life Thy praise to show;
Nor will Thy gracious love despise
A sinner's meanest sacrifice.

3 Thy wounds have wounded me,
Thy bloody cross subdued,
I feel my misery
And ever gasp for God;
My prayers, and griefs, and groans I join,
And mingle all my pangs with Thine.

4 Jesu, a soul receive,
Upon Thine altar cast
To die with Thee, and live
When all my deaths are past;
To live where grief can never rise,
To reign with Thee above the skies.

HYMN CL.

1 FATHER, on us the Spirit bestow,
Through which Thine everlasting Son
Offer'd Himself for man below,
That *we*, even *we*, before Thy throne
Our souls and bodies may present,
And pay Thee all Thy grace hath lent.

2 O let Thy Spirit sanctify
Whate'er to Thee we now restore,
And make us with Thy will comply;
With all our mind, and soul, and power
Obey Thee, as Thy saints above,
In perfect innocence and love.

HYMN CLI.

1 COME, Thou Spirit of contrition,
Fill our souls with tender fears;
Conscious of our lost condition,
Melt us into gracious tears;
Just and holy detestation
Of our bosom sins impart,
Sins that caused our Saviour's passion,
Sins that stabb'd Him to the heart.

2 Fill our flesh with killing anguish,
All our members crucify,
Let the' offending nature languish
Till on Jesu's cross it die;

All our sins to death deliver,
Let not one, not one survive;
Then we live to God for ever,
Then in heaven on earth we live.

HYMN CLII.

1 ARM of the Lord, whose vengeance laid
My sins upon my Saviour's head,
In mercy now the sinner see,
And oh! destroy them all in me.

2 Accept, all-gracious as Thou art,
Accept a mournful sinner's heart,
Who pour my tears before my God
As a poor victim doth his blood.

3 My feeble soul would fain aspire;
Its zeal, and thoughts, and whole desire
Lift up to Thee, (through Jesu's name,)
As a burnt sacrifice its flame.

4 And since it cannot please alone,
Accept it, Father, through Thy Son;
Supported by His sacrifice,
O may it from His altar rise.

5 Clothed in His righteousness, receive,
And bid me one with Jesus live;
Join all He sanctifies in one,
One cross, one glory, and one crown.

HYMN CLIII.

1 FATHER, Thy feeble children meet,
And make Thy faithful mercies known;
Give us through faith the flesh to eat,
And drink the blood of Christ Thy Son;
Honour Thine own mysterious ways,
Thy sacramental presence show,
And all the fulness of Thy grace,
With Jesus, on our souls bestow.

2 Father, our sacrifice receive;
Our souls and bodies we present,
Our goods, and vows, and praises give,
Whate'er Thy bounteous love hath lent.
Thou canst not now our gift despise,
Cast on that all-atoning Lamb,
Mix'd with that bleeding Sacrifice,
And offer'd up through Jesu's name.

HYMN CLIV.

1 JESU, did they crucify
Thee, by highest heaven adored?
Let us also go and die
With our dearest dying Lord!

2 Lord, Thou seest our willing heart,
Know'st its uppermost desire
With our nature's life to part,
Meekly on Thy cross to' expire.

3 Fain we would be all like Thee,
Suffer with our Lord beneath:
Grant us full conformity,
Plunge us deep into Thy death.

4 Now inflict the mortal pain,
Now exert Thy passion's power,
Let the Man of Sin be slain;
Die the flesh, to live no more.

HYMN CLV.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the fallen race,
Lo, I answer to Thy call;
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
(Grace divinely free for all,)
Lo, I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do;
Take my heart—but make it new.

5 Now, O God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thy own,
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Consecrate to Thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still, for Thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

HYMN CLVI.

1 ALL glory and praise
To the Ancient of Days,
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God,
Who carried our load,
And purchased our lives with the price of His blood.

3 And shall He not have
The lives which He gave
Such an infinite ransom for ever to save?

4 Yes, Lord, we are Thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness Divine.

5 We yield Thee Thine own,
We serve Thee alone,
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.

6 How, when it shall be
We cannot foresee;
But oh! let us live, let us die unto Thee.

HYMN CLVII.

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to *Christ* alone,
To *Christ* alone he dies.

3 Jesu, Thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our heart's desire,
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render Thee
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
Through all eternity!

VI. *After the Sacrament.*

HYMN CLVIII.

1 ALL praise to God above,
In whom we have believed,
The tokens of whose dying love
We have even now received.

Have with His flesh been fed,
And drank His precious blood:
His precious blood is drink indeed,
His flesh immortal food.

2 O what a taste is this,
Which now in *Christ* we know,
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!
When He the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 He bids us taste His grace,
The joys of angels prove,
The stammerers' tongues are loosed to praise
Our dear Redeemer's love.
Salvation to our God
That sits upon the throne;
Salvation be alike bestow'd
On His triumphant Son!

4 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom'd sons of men
With all His hosts adore:
Let earth and heaven be join'd
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

HYMN CLIX.

1 ALL glory and praise To Jesus our Lord!
His ransoming grace We gladly record,
His bloody oblation And death on the tree
Hath purchased salvation And heaven for me.

2 The Saviour hath died For *me* and for *you*,
The blood is applied, The record is true;
The Spirit bears witness And speaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitness For living with God.

[Hymn CLX. will be found in Vol. I., p. 113.]

[Hymn CLXI. will be found in Vol. I., p. 114.]

HYMN CLXII.

1 HOSANNAH in the highest
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all mankind
These tokens of His favour:

His bleeding love and mercy,
His all-redeeming passion,
Who here displays
And gives the grace
Which brings us our salvation.

2 Louder than gather'd waters,
Or bursting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice
And speak our joys,
And shout our loving wonder.

Shout all our Elder Brethren,
While we record the story
Of Him that came,
And suffer'd shame
To carry us to glory.

3 Angels in fix'd amazement
Around our altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our eternal Lover;
Himself, and all His fulness,
Who gives to the believer;
And by this Bread
Whoe'er are fed
Shall live with God for ever.

[Hymn CLXIII. will be found in Vol. I., p. 115.]
[Hymn CLXIV. will be found in Vol. I., p. 170.]

HYMN CLXV.

1 How happy are Thy servants, Lord,
Who thus remember Thee!
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
Our perfect harmony?

2 Who Thy mysterious supper share,
Here at Thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.

3 One with the living Bread Divine
Which now by faith we eat,
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the tie where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love:
Then only can it closer be,
When all are join'd above.

HYMN CLXVI.

1 HAPPY the saints of former days,
Who first continued in the word,
A simple, lowly, loving race,
True followers of their lamblike Lord.

2 In holy fellowship they lived,
Nor would from the commandment move,
But every joyful day received
The tokens of expiring Love.

3 Not then above their Master wise,
They simply in His paths remain'd,
And call'd to mind His sacrifice
With steadfast faith and love unfeign'd.

4 From house to house they broke the bread
Impregnated with life Divine,
And drank the Spirit of their Head
Transmitted in the sacred wine.

5 With Jesu's constant presence blest,
While duteous to His dying word,
They kept the Eucharistic feast,
And supp'd in *Eden* with their Lord.

6 Throughout their spotless lives was seen
The virtue of this heavenly food;
Superior to the sons of men,
They soar'd aloft, and walk'd with God.

7 O what a flame of sacred love
Was kindled by the altar's fire!
They lived on earth like those above,
Glad rivals of the heavenly choir.

8 Strong in the strength herewith received,
And mindful of the Crucified,
His confessors for Him they lived,
For Him His faithful martyrs died.

9 Their souls from chains of flesh released,
By torture from their bodies driven,
With violent faith the kingdom seized,
And fought and forced their way to heaven.

10 Where is the pure primeval flame,
Which in their faithful bosom glow'd?
Where are the followers of the Lamb,
The dying witnesses for God?

11 Why is the faithful seed decreased,
The life of God extinct and dead?
The daily sacrifice is ceased,
And charity to heaven is fled.

12 Sad mutual causes of decay,
Slackness and vice together move;
Grown cold, we cast the means away,
And quench the latest spark of love.

13 The sacred signs Thou didst ordain,
Our pleasant things, are all laid waste;
To men of lips and hearts profane,
To dogs and swine and heathens cast.

14 Thine holy ordinance contemn'd
Hath let the flood of evil in,
And those who by Thy name are named
The sinners unbaptized out-sin.

15 But canst Thou not Thy work revive
Once more in our degenerate years?
O, wouldst Thou with Thy rebels strive,
And melt them into gracious tears!

16 O, wouldst Thou to Thy church return,
For which the faithful remnant sighs,
For which the drooping nations mourn!
Restore the daily sacrifice.

17 Return, and with Thy servants sit
Lord of the sacramental feast;
And satiate us with heavenly meat,
And make the *world* Thy happy guest.

18 Now let the spouse, reclined on Thee,
Come up out of the wilderness,
From every spot and wrinkle free,
And wash'd and perfected in grace.

19 Thou hear'st the pleading Spirit's groan,
Thou know'st the groaning Spirit's will:
Come in Thy gracious kingdom down,
And all Thy ransom'd servants seal.

20 Come quickly, Lord, the Spirit cries,
The number of Thy saints complete;
Come quickly, Lord, the bride replies,
And make us all for glory meet;

21 Erect Thy tabernacle here,
The *New Jerusalem* send down,
Thyself amidst Thy saints appear,
And seat us on Thy dazzling throne.

22 Begin the great millennial day;
Now, Saviour, with a shout descend,
Thy standard in the heavens display,
And bring the joy which ne'er shall end.

Gloria Patri, &c.

OR

HYMNS

TO THE

TRINITY.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, M DCC XLVI.

HYMNS

TO

THE TRINITY.

I.*

FOUNTAIN of Deity,
Father, all hail to Thee!
Ever equally adored,
Hail the Spirit and the Son,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
One in Three, and Three in One!

II.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love:
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

III.

FATHER, live, by all things fear'd;
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be Thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

* Nos. I. to VII. appeared first in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1740, pp. 100—104.

Three in person, One in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

IV.

1 PRAISE be to the Father given!
Christ He gave
Us to save,
Now the heirs of heaven.

2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son:
He alone
Wrought out our salvation.

3 Glory to the Eternal Spirit!
Us He seals,
Christ reveals,
And applies His merit.

4 Worship, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing!

V.*

To God who reigns enthroned on high,
To His dear Son who deign'd to die
Our guilt and misery to remove,
To that blest Spirit who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endless glory, praise, and love!

* Compare Vol. I., p. 124.

VI.

1 LET heaven and earth agree
The Father's praise to sing,
Who draws us to the Son, that He
May us to glory bring.

2 Honour and endless love
Let God the Son receive,
Who saves us here, and prays above,
That we with Him may live.

3 Be everlasting praise
To God the Spirit given,
Who now attests us sons of grace,
And seals us heirs of heaven.

4 Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
We'll sing the One and Three,
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd
To all eternity.

VII.

1 FATHER of mankind, Be ever adored;
Thy mercy we find, In sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us; Thy goodness we praise
For sending, in Jesus, Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of His love, Who deignedst to die,
Our curse to remove, Our pardon to buy;
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of love, Of health, and of power,
Thy working we prove, Thy grace we adore,
Whose inward revealing Applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing us Children of God.

VIII.

HAIL, Father, Friend of human race,
Hail, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Hail, Holy Spirit of love;
Thy Triune majesty we show,
With all Thy suffering saints below,
Thy glorious saints above.

IX.

GLORY to God on high!
The God of love and power,
Who made both earth and sky,
Let all His works adore:
Praise to the great Three-One be given
By all in earth, and all in heaven.

X.

1 ALL glory and praise
To the God of all grace!
The Father of Him
Who died on a cross the whole world to redeem.
All honour and love
To the Saviour above,
The glorified Son,
Who remembers and sends us the Comforter down.

2 The Spirit adore
Till time is no more,
And then the One-Three
Our matter of endless rejoicing shall be:
We then in the sky
Hallelujah shall cry,
And the praise of our King
Through the days of an happy eternity sing.

XI.

To Father, Son, and Spirit
Ascribe we equal glory!
One Deity
In persons Three,
Let all Thy works adore Thee.

As was from the beginning,
Glory to God be given,
By all who know
Thy name below,
And all Thy hosts in heaven!

XII.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons Three,
Give praise, ye saints and heavenly host,
Through all eternity.

XIII.

1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thrice blessed Trinity,
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored,
Ere man began to be;
Worshipp'd by all Thy saints below,
The God of truth and grace,
Through faith the great Three-One they know,
And triumph in Thy praise.

2 The upper and the lower choir
Shall soon be join'd in one,
And both triumphantly conspire
To worship round Thy throne:

Angels and saints, when time shall end,
Shall all Thy love display,
And in Thy glorious praises spend
An everlasting day.

XIV.

PATERNAL Source of Deity,
Accept the thanks Thy creatures bring;
Jesus, Thy Filial Godhead we
With angels and archangels sing;
Honour Divine and equal praise
To Thee, O Holy Ghost, be given
In glorious everlasting lays,
When earth is swallow'd up in heaven.

XV.

GLORY to God the Father give,
Glory ascribe to God the Son,
Glory let God the Spirit receive,
Inexplicably Three and One:
Angels and men His tribute raise,
A whole eternity of praise.

XVI.

FATHER, Lord of earth and heaven,
Take the praise
Of Thy grace
By Thy creatures given.
Son of God, let all confess Thee
One with Him;
God supreme,
Saints and angels bless Thee.

Holy Ghost, let all before Thee
Prostrate fall,
Lord of all,
Very God adore Thee.
Let us soon in heavenly places,
One and Three,
Render Thee
Everlasting praises.

XVII.

1 LIVE our great God on high,
Eternally adored,
Who gave His Son to die;
Our dear redeeming Lord
He from His throne and bosom gave,
A world, a sinful world to save.

2 Worship, and praise, and power
Ascribe we to the Lamb;
His bleeding wounds adore,
And kiss His precious name,
Jesus! the name to sinners given,
The name that lifts us up to heaven.

3 That blessed Spirit praise
Who shows the' atoning blood,
Applies the Saviour's grace,
And seals the sons of God;
Spirit of grace, and glory too,
He claims eternal praise His due.

4 We with our friends above,
When time and death shall end,
In ecstasies of love
An heavenly life shall spend,

Spend in the great Jehovah's praise
An age of everlasting days.

XVIII.

1 FATHER of all above, below,
Thy praise let every creature show,
In Thee who live and move and are;
The Father's Fellow and His Son,
Eternal sharer of His throne,
Let all in heaven and earth declare;

2 Hail, Holy Ghost! alike adored,
One with the Father and the Word,
The Lord of Life, the great I AM!
Coequal, Coeternal Three,
The glorious Triune Deity,
Let all eternally proclaim!

XIX.

1 THEE, Father of men
And angels, we praise;
Whose wonders are seen
In nature and grace,
Throughout Thy creation;
Whose goodness we prove,
And boundless compassion,
And infinite love.

2 Thee, Jesus the Son
Of God, we confess;
Whose passion alone
Hath purchased our peace;

With cherubs before Thee
And seraphs we fall,
And prostrate adore Thee
The Saviour of all.

3 O Spirit of might,
Of joy, and of love,
Who guidest us right
To mansions above,
Whose hallowing graces
For heaven prepare,—
We pay Thee our praises
Till glorified there.

4 There, there we shall see
The Substance Divine,
And, fashion'd like Thee,
Transcendently shine ;
Thy personal essence
Be bold to explain,
And wrapp'd in Thy presence
Eternally reign.

XX.

ALL glory to God
In His highest abode,
Who sits on the throne!
All glory to Jesus, His crucified Son!
All glory and praise
To the Spirit of Grace!
The eternal I AM
Let His saints and His angels for ever proclaim!

XXI.

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's praise,
Ye sons of glory and of grace,

One God in Persons Three adore,
The same in majesty and power;
Ye suffering and triumphant host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[No. XXII. published as No. V., p. 100.]

XXIII.

1 ALL worship and praise
To the Ancient of Days,
The Father, the Word, and the Spirit of Grace!
With our friends in the sky
Let us glorify
The mystical Three that bear record on high!

2 The Three that are One
In a *manner unknown*,
The Substance Divine in a mystery, own,
Till in Him we remove
To His presence above,
And eternally plunge in the depths of His love.

XXIV.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host
Who praise Thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee!

GRACES.

THE Authors of this beautiful tract published it without any name or date, or even a separate title. A Dublin edition, in which it is combined with the foregoing tract, is dated 1747; nor could it have appeared much sooner in England, inasmuch as the Tune-Book referred to by the figures at the head of each "Grace" is dated 1746. It is erroneously described on its title as "Hymns for the Great Festivals," and under that designation is mentioned here.

GRACES.

Before Meat.

I.

To—"*Father, our hearts we lift.*" Hymn 1.*

FATHER of earth and heaven,
Thy hungry children feed,
Thy grace be to our spirits given,
That true immortal bread!
Grant us and all our race
In Jesus Christ to prove
The sweetness of Thy pardoning grace,
The manna of Thy love.

II.

To—"*With pity, Lord, a sinner see.*" Hymn 7.

1 JESUS, to whom alone we live,
Let us from Thyself receive
Our consecrated food,
In nature's acts Thy will pursue,
And do with faith whate'er we do,
To glorify our God.

* The first of the "Hymns on the Great Festivals."

2 O let us of the gift partake
Only for the Giver's sake,
And not ourselves to please;
In all our conversation here
Be Thou our joy, our hope, our fear,
Our total happiness.

3 Our meanest deeds exalt, improve,
On the altar of Thy love
Accept them, Lord, as Thine;
Consume us in that sacred fire,
And let our hallow'd lives expire
A sacrifice Divine.

III.

To—"*Jesus, dear departed Lord.*" Hymn 15.

LORD of all, Thy creatures see
Waiting for their food on Thee;
That we may with thanks receive
Give, herewith Thy blessing give;
Fill our mouths with food and praise;
Taste we in the gift the grace,
Take it as through Jesus given,
Eat on earth the bread of heaven.

IV.

To—"*Sinners, obey the gospel word.*" Hymn 18.

1 FATHER, accept our sacrifice,
Through Christ well pleasing in Thine eyes:
Thy glory here we make our aim,
And eat and drink in Jesu's name;

2 Our food we now with fear receive,
Nor live to eat, but eat to live,

To live till all our work is done,
And serve Thy blessed will alone.

V.

To—"*Hearts of stone, relent, relent.*" Hymn 6.

1 JESU, we Thy promise plead,
Grant the things for which we pray;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread
This and every happy day,
Now our bodies' strength renew,
Feed our needy spirits too.

2 Comfort every longing heart,
Longing Thee alone to know,
Nourishment Divine impart,
Immaterial bread bestow,
Bread by which our souls may live;
Give, Thyself for ever give!

VI.

To—"*'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!*" Hymn 23.

1 O FATHER of all,
Who fillest with good
The ravens that call
On Thee for their food;
Them ready to perish
Thou lov'st to sustain,
And wilt Thou not cherish
The children of men?

2 On Thee we depend
Our wants to supply,
Whose goodness shall send
Us bread from the sky:

On earth Thou shalt give us
A taste of Thy love,
And shortly receive us
To banquet above.

VII.

To—"*O Love Divine.*" Hymn 19.

1 O THOU, whose bowels yearn'd to see
The hungry crowd that follow'd Thee
And nothing had to eat,
Pity again the famish'd throng,
Who have with Thee continued long,
And faint for want of meat.

2 Jesus, our outward wants relieve,
But O! the food immortal give
Our empty souls to fill;
Sustain us by Thy pardoning grace,
And bring us through this wilderness
To Thy celestial hill.

VIII.

To—"*Spirit of Truth, descend.*" Hymn 16.

1 LIFE of the World, come down,
And stir within our breast,
And by Thy presence crown
The sober *Christian* feast:
Jesus, of life the Bread and Well,
Come at Thy creature's call,
And give our inmost souls to feel
That Thou art all in all.

2 The tender life of God,
By Thee in us begun,
Sustain with heavenly food,
And ever keep Thine own:
Our faith and hope and joy increase,
Till strong in perfect love
We all with holy violence seize
The crown of life above.

For Mourners.

IX.

To—"*Happy Magdalene, to whom.*" Hymn 10.

1 WAITING for the Comforter,
Hungering for immortal food,
Can I taste a blessing here
In the absence of my God?
No: till Christ again return,
Christ, whose word the sinner cheers,
Still I obstinately mourn,
Eat my bitter bread with tears.

2 Love was once my pleasant meat,
Meat that season'd all the rest;
Jesus to my taste was sweet,
Jesus was my constant feast:
But the Comforter is fled,
But the pardoning God is gone,
He who turn'd my stone to bread,
He hath turn'd my bread to stone.

3 Tasteless all the world to me
Till His favour I regain,
Happiness is misery,
Joy is grief, and pleasure pain;
But my Lord, for whom I grieve,
Shall at last my want supply,
Bid me taste His love and live,
Bid me see His face, and die.

X.

To—"*Jesu, dear departed Lord.*" Hymn 15.

1 PERISHING for hunger, I,
Ever at the point to die,
Languishing for want of God,
Can I taste my outward food?

2 Yet for Thy commandment sake,
Lord, my outward food I take,
Strength for farther sufferings gain,
Lengthen out a life of pain.

3 Lo! my necessary meat
Still with bitter herbs I eat,
Till I out of *Egypt* pass,
Till I know Thy pardoning grace.

4 Spare, my friends, your vain expense,
Take your tasteless dainties hence,
Give your idle reasonings o'er,
Grieve me with your love no more.

5 Well I know the promise sure,
"All things to the pure are pure;"
But to me of lips unclean
Good is ill, and pleasure sin.

6 Leave me then, without relief,
Obstinately fix'd in grief,
Steadfastly resolved to know
No enjoyment here below.

7 'Pleasure will I never taste
Till the pain of sin is past,
Never take delight in food
Till I feed upon my God.

XI.

To—"*Ah! lovely appearance of death.*" Hymn 22.

1 Oh, how can a criminal feast
In chains and appointed to die?
Oh, how can a sinner be blest
With only an outward supply?
Till Him at the table I meet
Who chases my sorrows and fears,
The bread of affliction I eat,
And mingle my drink with my tears.

2 For mercy I languish and faint,
My only refreshment and food;
Thy mercy, O Jesus, I want,
I hunger and thirst after God:
No blessing or good I desire
On earth or in heaven above,
But grant me the grace I require,
But give me a taste of Thy love!

At or After Meat.

XII.

To—"*Jesus, show us Thy salvation.*" Hymn 9.

1 JESUS, life-inspiring Saviour,
Life's continual Nourisher,
How have we abused Thy favour,
Rashly feeding without fear,
Fondly our own souls ensnaring
By the gifts Thy grace bestow'd,
Nothing for the Giver caring,
Poisoning all our pleasant food.

2 But Thy love hath taught us better;
Ransom'd now from sensual thrall,
Thee we find in every creature,
Thee we sweetly taste in all;
Pure delight from Thee receiving,
We these outward blessings share,
Still accepted with thanksgiving,
Hallow'd by the word and prayer.

XIII.

To—"*Angels speak, let man,*" &c. Hymn 2.

1 GLORY, love, and praise, and honour
For our food
Now bestow'd
Render we the Donor.
Bounteous God, we now confess Thee;
God, who thus
Blessest us,
Meet it is to bless Thee.

2 Knows the ox his master's stable,
And shall we
Not know Thee,
Nourish'd at Thy table?
Yes, of all good gifts the Giver
Thee we own,
Thee alone
Magnify for ever.

XIV.

To—"*Away with our fears.*" Hymn 3.

1 O GOD of all grace,
Thy bounty we praise,
And joyfully sing,
Poor beggars admitted to feast with a King.
The honour we claim
In Jesus's name,
Even now we receive,
And happy in Jesus's presence we live.

2 How royal the cheer
When Jesus is here!
The scantiest meal
Is feasting indeed when His favour we feel.
In His pardoning peace
We all things possess,
And richly enjoy
A fulness of pleasures that never can cloy.

3 Thee, Saviour, to know
Is heaven below,
Thy witnesses we
That heaven is found in the knowledge of Thee:

Thee, Jesus, we taste;
But, oh! let it last,
This sense of Thy love,
Till with all the assembly we banquet above.

XV.

To—"*Rejoice, the Lord is King.*" Hymn 8.

1 PRAISE Him who by His word
Supplies our every need,
And gives us Christ the Lord,
Our fainting souls to feed:
Thanks be to God, whose Son we feel,
His Gift unknown, unspeakable.

2 The gospel mystery
Unknown to ages past,
The hidden manna, we
In Jesu's mercy taste:
Thanks be to God, whose Son we feel.
His Gift unknown, unspeakable.

3 O that the world might prove
Our happiness Divine,
And in the song of love
With all His people join:
Thanks be to God, whose Son we feel,
His Gift unknown, unspeakable.

XVI.

To—"*Hail the day that sees Him rise!*" Hymn 11.

1 FATHER, Friend of human race,
Thee let all Thy children praise,
By Thy merciful supplies
Nourish'd till we reach the skies:

Thither we with joy repair,
Sings our heart already there,
Fill'd with cheerful melody,
Feasting with Thy saints on Thee.

2 We that on Thy goodness feast
Antedate our heavenly rest,
On the hidden manna feed,
On the everlasting bread;
Thee by faith in Christ to know,
O 'tis heaven begun below:
Thee to' enjoy by glorious love,
O 'tis heaven complete above!

XVII.

To—"*Angels, speak, let men give ear.*" Hymn 2.

1 THANKFUL for our every blessing,
Let us sing
Christ the Spring,
Never, never ceasing.
Source of all our gifts and graces
Christ we own,
Christ alone
Calls for all our praises.

2 He dispels our sin and sadness,
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.
Who Himself for all hath given,
Us He feeds,
Us He leads
To a feast in heaven.

XVIII.

To—"*Lamb of God, whose,*" *&c.* Hymn 5.

FATHER, through Thy Son receive
Our grateful sacrifice,
All the wants of all that live
Thine open hand supplies,
Fills the world with plenteous food;
For the riches of Thy grace,
Take, Thou universal Good,
The' universal praise.

XIX.

To—"*Hail holy, holy, holy Lord.*" Hymn 17.

1 THEE, Father, Son, and Spirit, we
Our kind Preserver praise,
While in Thy threefold gifts we see
And taste Thy threefold grace.
Thou feed'st the needy sons of men,
Thou dost our strength renew,
With corn, and wine, and oil sustain
Our fainting spirits too.

2 Father, in Thee we taste the bread
That cheers the church above,
And drink, from sin and sorrow freed,
The wine of Jesu's love.
The oil of joy, the spirit of grace,
To us Himself imparts,
The oil that brightens every face,
And gladdens all our hearts.

3 With awful thanks we now receive
Our emblematic food,
On Father, Son, and Spirit live,
And daily feast on God:
We to Thy glory drink and eat,
Till all from earth remove,
The endless praises to repeat
Of all-sustaining Love.

XX.

To—"*Hail, Jesus, hail,*" *&c.* Hymn 12.

1 FATHER, we render Thee Thine own:
Man doth not live by bread alone,
But every gracious word of Thine;
By Thy continued act he lives,
Thy blessing with his food receives,
That balmy quintessence Divine.

2 Thy blessing feeds us in the food;
Our utmost strength hereby renew'd
To Thee we cheerfully restore;
Sustain'd by Thy preserving grace
We live to our Preserver's praise,
And bless and love Thee evermore.

XXI.

To—"*Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made.*" Hymn 13.

BLESSING to God, for ever blest,
To God the Master of the feast,
Who hath for us a table spread,
And in this howling desert fed,
And doth with all His gifts impart
The crown of all, a thankful heart.

XXII.

To—"*Jesus, we hang upon Thy word.*" Hymn 14.

1 THANKS be to God, whose truth we prove!
Thou art not, Lord, a wilderness
To those that know Thy pardoning love,
To those who but desire Thy grace;
Thou dost our souls and bodies feed,
And richly grant whate'er we need.

2 Still, gracious Lord, on us bestow
The meat which earthly minds despise,
And let us all Thy sweetness know,
And sup with Thee in paradise:
Our meat Thy counsel to fulfil,
Our heaven on earth to do Thy will.

XXIII.

To—"*Thanks be to God alone.*" Hymn 24.

1 WHEN shall we see the day
That summons us away
To the realms of light and love,
To the beatific place,
To the marriage feast above,
To the sight of Jesu's face?

2 For this alone we pine,
To see the face Divine,
Him who veil'd His majesty
To restore our paradise,
Stoop'd to earth, to death, for me,
Me to mount above the skies.

3 Jesu, descend again
With all Thy heavenly train;
Our eternal life appear
With Thy robes of glory on,
Manifest Thy kingdom here,
Take us up into Thy throne.

XXIV.

To—"*Head of Thy Church*," &c. Hymn 20.

AWAY with all our trouble
And caring for the morrow.
The God of love
Shall still remove
Our every want and sorrow.

Still, Lord, with joy we bless Thee
Of all good gifts the Giver,
For Christ our Lord
Hath spoke the word
Which seals Thee ours for ever.

XXV.

To—"*Ye servants of God.*" Hymn 21.

1 AND can we forbear, In tasting our food,
The grace to declare And goodness of God!
Our Father in heaven, With joy we partake
The gifts Thou hast given For Jesus's sake.

2 In Thee do we live, Thy daily supplies
As manna receive Dropp'd down from the skies;
In thanks we endeavour Thy gifts to restore,
And praise Thee for ever, When time is no more.

XXVI.

To—"*All ye that pass by.*" Hymn 4.

1 AND can we forget
In tasting our meat
The' angelical food which ere long we shall eat?
When enroll'd with the blest
In glory we rest,
And for ever sit down at the heavenly feast! *

2 O the infinite height
Of our solemn delight
While we look on the Saviour, and walk in His sight!
The blessing who knows,
The joy He bestows
While we follow the Lamb wheresoever He goes?

3 What good can we need,
Whom Jesus doth feed,
And to fountains of life beatifical lead?
Lo! He sits on His throne;
Lo! He dwells with His own,
And enlarges our souls with His mercies unknown.

4 Not a spirit above
To perfection can prove
Or count His unsearchable riches of love;
But we all shall obtain
What none can explain,
And in Jesus's bosom eternally reign.

* See "Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Burgess," 1853, p. 29, for an interesting anecdote relating to the use of this hymn.

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